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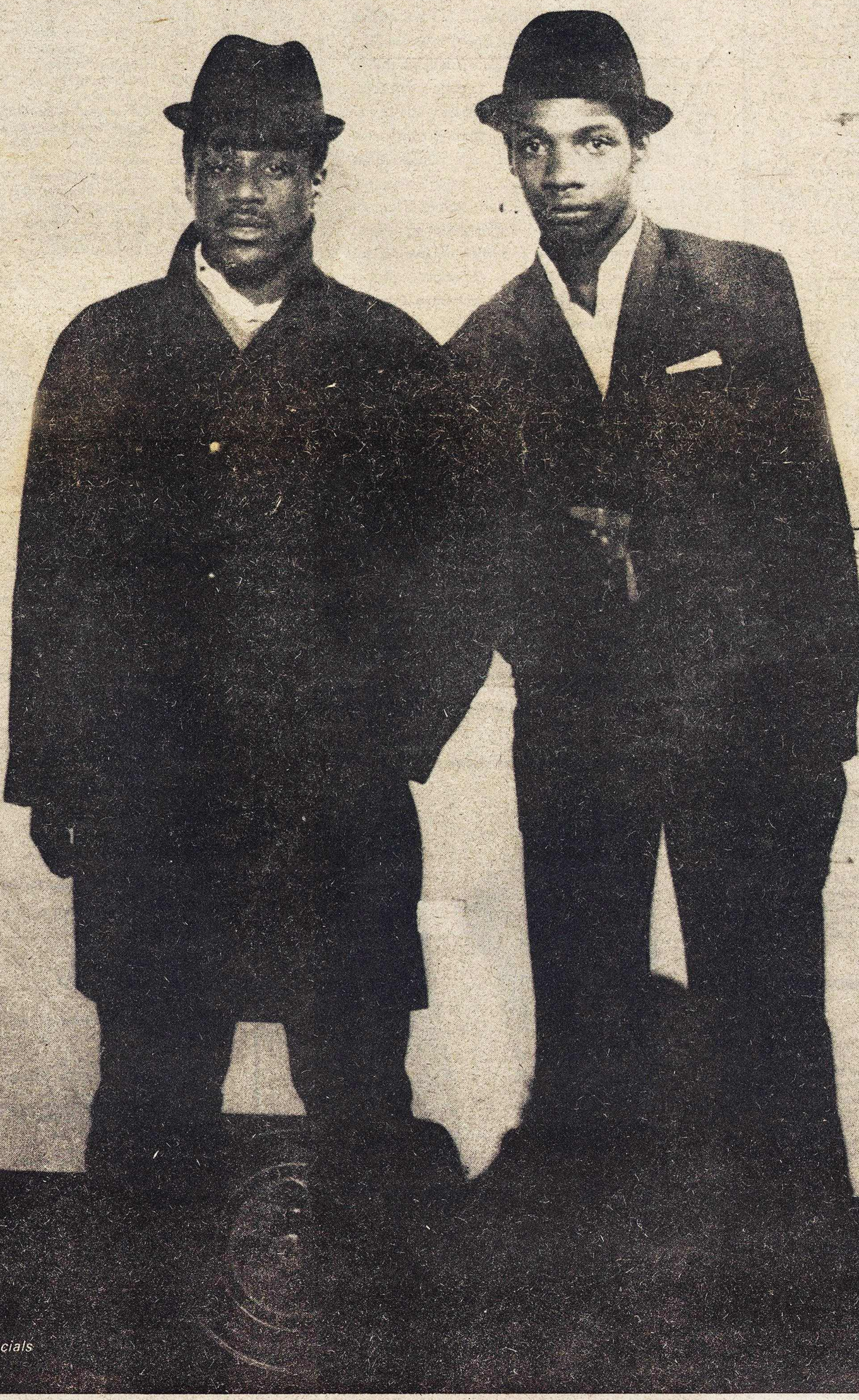
NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

NME

Dylan LP In Church ★ Al Green In Clover ★ Purple Hearts On The Road ★ Rock 'n' Roll In Japan ★ Excelsis ★ Motorhead In Exit ★ The Who At Wotsit



Lynval & Neville of The Specials On The Run In Belgium

Pic: Pennie Smith

Two Extra SPECIALS Extra Tone

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

CHARTS

Week ending August 25, 1979

uk singles

This Week			Weeks in chart	Highest
1	(1)	**I Don't Like Mondays** Boomtown Rats (Ensign)	5	1
2	(2)	**We Don't Talk Anymore** Cliff Richard (EMI)	5	2
3	(3)	**Reasons To Be Cheerful** Ian Dury & The Blockheads (Stiff)	3	3
4	(8)	**After The Love Has Gone** Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	4	4
5	(7)	**Hersham Boys** Sham 69 (Polydor)	3	5
6	(11)	**Duke Of Earl** Darts (Magnet)	5	6
7	(18)	**Bang Bang** B.A. Robertson (Asylum)	2	7
8	(15)	**Gangsters** Specials (2 Tone)	2	8
9	(21)	**Angel Eyes** Roxy Music (Polydor)	2	9
10	(6)	**Angel Eyes/Voulez Vous** Abba (Epic)	6	5
11	(5)	**The Diary Of Horace Wimp** Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	4	5
12	(9)	**Wanted** Dooleys (GTO)	6	4
13	(13)	**Stay With Me Till Dawn** Judy Tzuke (Rocket)	4	13
14	(4)	**Can't Stand Losing You** Police (A&M)	6	2
15	(16)	**Ooh What A Life** Gibson Bros (Island)	2	15
16	(12)	**Morning Dance** Spyro Gyra (Infinity)	4	12
17	(30)	**Sweet Little Rock N Roller** Showaddywaddy (Arista)	3	17
18	(10)	**Beat The Clock** Sparks (Virgin)	4	6
18	(25)	**Is She Really Going Out With Him** Joe Jackson (A&M)	2	18
20	(24)	**Gotta Go Home** Boney M (Atlantic/Hansa)	2	20
21	(14)	**Girls Talk** Dave Edmunds (Swan Song)	7	2
22	(20)	**Born To Be Alive** Patrick Hernandez (Gem/Aquarius)	7	11
23	(—)	**Street Life** Crusaders (MCA)	1	23
24	(—)	**Money** Flying Lizards (Virgin)	1	24
25	(26)	**Just When I Needed You Most** Randy Vanwarmer (Island)	3	25
26	(—)	**Duchess** Stranglers (United Artists)	1	26
27	(—)	**Lost In Music** Sister Sledge (Atlantic)	1	27
28	(29)	**Teenage Warning** Angelic Upstarts (Warner Bros)	1	28
29	(22)	**If I Had You** Korgis (Rialto)	6	11
30	(27)	**Girls Girls Girls** Kandidate (RAK)	2	27

UP AND COMING: Get It Right Next Time — Gerry Rafferty (United Artists); **You Need Wheels** — Merton Parkas (Beggars Banquet); **Gone Gone Gone** — Johnny Mathis (CBS); **If I Said You Had A Beautiful** — Bellamy Brothers (Warner Brothers); **Rock Lobster** — B-52s (Island); **Madness** — Madness (2 Tone).

years 5 ago

Week ending August 20, 1974

1 When Will I See You Again ..... Three Degrees (Philadelphia)
2 You Make Me Feel Brand New ..... Stylistics (Avco)
3 Summerlove Sensation ..... Bay City Rollers (Bell)
4 Rock Your Baby ..... George McCrae (Jay Boy)
5 Rock The Boat ..... Hues Corporation (RCA)
6 What Becomes Of The Broken Hearted ..... Jimmy Ruffin (Tamla Motown)
7 I Shot The Sheriff ..... Eric Clapton (RSO)
8 I'm Leaving It All Up To You .. Donny & Marie Osmond (MGM)
9 Rocket ..... Mud (Rak)
10 It's Only Rock 'N' Roll. Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones Records)

10

Week ending August 20, 1969

1 Honky Tonk Women ..... Rolling Stones (Decca)
2 Saved By The Bell ..... Robin Gibb (Polydor)
3 My Cherie Amour ..... Stevie Wonder (Tamla Motown)
4 In The Year 2525 ..... Zager & Evans (RCA)
5 Make Me An Island ..... Joe Dolan (Pye)
6 Give Peace A Chance ..... Plastic Ono Band (Apple)
7 Early In The Morning ..... Vanity Fare (Page One)
8 Conversations ..... Cilla Black (Parlophone)
9 Goodnight Midnight ..... Clodagh Rodgers (RCA)
10 Too Busy Thinking about My Baby ..... Marvin Gaye (Tamla Motown)

15

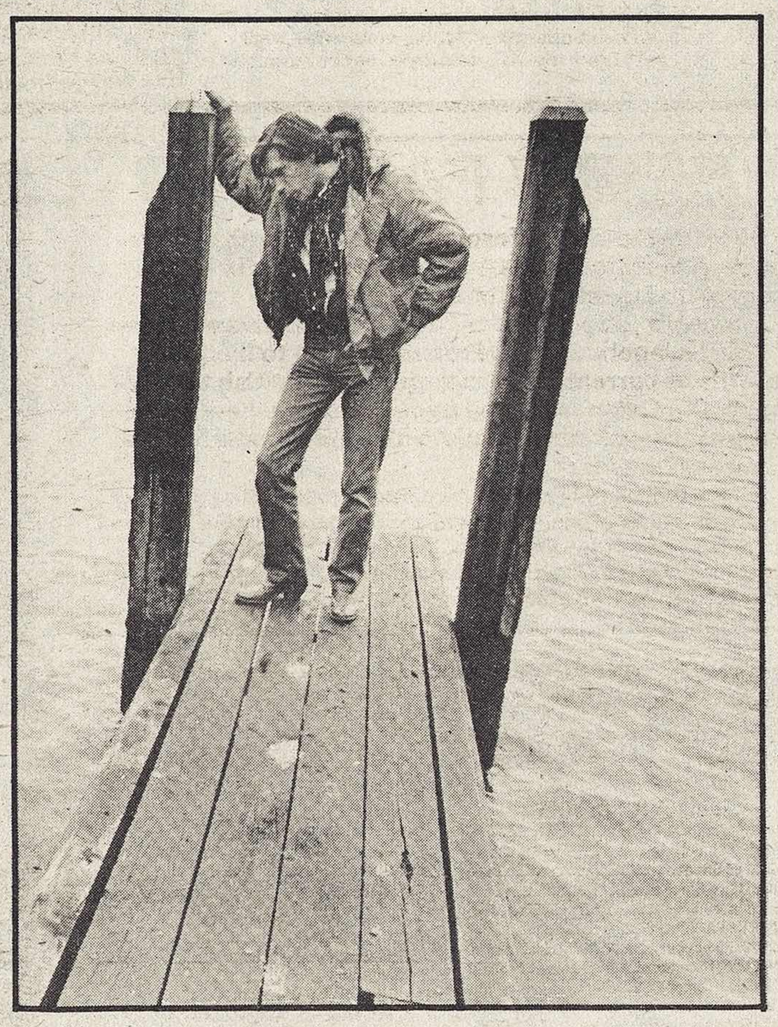
Week ending August 21, 1964

1 Do Wah Diddy Diddy ..... Manfred Mann (HMV)
2 Have I The Right ..... Honeycombs (Pye)
3 A Hard Day's Night ..... Beatles (Parlophone)
4 Call Up The Groups ..... Barron Knights (Columbia)
5 Tobacco Road ..... Nashville Teens (Decca)
6 I Won't Forget You ..... Jim Reeves (RCA)
7 It's All Over Now ..... Rolling Stones (Decca)
8 You Really Got Me ..... Kinks (Pye)
9 It's For You ..... Cilla Black (Parlophone)
10 I Get Around ..... Beach Boys (Capitol)

uk albums

This Week			Weeks in chart	Highest
1	(2)	**Discovery** ..... Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	12	1
2	(1)	**Best Disco Album In The World** Various (WEA)	7	1
3	(3)	**Replicas** Tubeway Army (Beggars Banquet)	10	1
4	(4)	**Breakfast In America** Supertramp (A & M)	22	2
5	(4)	**I Am** ..... Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	11	2
6	(6)	**Voulez Vous** ..... Abba (Epic)	16	1
7	(8)	**Some Product** ..... Sex Pistols (Virgin)	4	7
8	(9)	**The Best Of The Dooleys** ..... (GTO)	6	8
9	(16)	**Morning Dance** ..... Spyro Gyra (Infinity)	6	9
10	(13)	**Street Life** ..... Crusaders (MCA)	5	10
11	(7)	**Outlandos D'Amour** ..... Police (A & M)	15	7
12	(19)	**Exposed** ..... Mike Oldfied (Virgin)	2	12
13	(10)	**Parallel Lines** ..... Blondie (Chrysalis)	45	1
14	(18)	**Live Killers** ..... Queen (EMI)	7	6
15	(—)	**Highway To Hell** ..... AC/DC (Atlantic)	1	15
16	(12)	**Bridges** ..... John Williams (Lotus)	8	4
17	(14)	**Night Owl** .. Gerry Rafferty (United Artists)	11	10
18	(15)	**Manilow Magic** ..... Barry Manilow (Arista)	23	2
19	(—)	**Down To Earth** ..... Rainbow (Polydor)	1	19
20	(23)	**20 Golden Greats** ..... Beach Boys (Capitol)	4	20
21	(11)	**Communique** ..... Dire Straits (Vertigo)	11	3
22	(26)	**The Very Best Of Leo Sayer** (Chrysalis)	20	1
23	(20)	**Do It Yourself** Ian Dury & The Blockheads (Stiff)	14	2
24	(—)	**Midnight Magic** .. Commodores (Motown)	1	24
25	(—)	**Teenage Warning** Angelic Upstarts (Warner Bros)	1	25
26	(—)	**Bad Girls** ..... Donna Summer (Casablanca)	9	16
27	(—)	**Risque** ..... Chic (Atlantic)	1	27
28	(27)	**Welcome To The Cruise** Judy Tzuke (Rocket)	2	27
29	(17)	**Rust Never Sleeps** ... Neil Young (Reprise)	6	14
30	(—)	**Warriors** ..... Original Soundtrack (A&M)	1	30

UP AND COMING:
Mirrors — Blue Oyster Cult (CBS); **Singles Album** — Eddie Cochran (United Artists); **Look Sharp** — Joe Jackson (A&M); **Drums and Wires** — XTC (Virgin); **The First Album** — Tubeway Army (Beggars Banquet); **Fear Of Music** — Talking Heads (Sire).



In deep despair, our Brian contemplates throwing himself in the river as Angel Eyes rises a meagre twelve places in this week's single chart.
Pic: Chalkie Davies.

us singles

This Week			
1	(1)	**My Sharona**	The Knack
2	(2)	**Good Times**	Chic
3	(4)	**The Main Event/Fight**	Barbra Streisand
4	(3)	**Bad Girls**	Donna Summer
5	(7)	**The Devil Went Down To Georgia**	Charlie Daniels Band
6	(5)	**When You're In Love With A Beautiful Woman**	Dr Hook
7	(9)	**After The Love Is Gone**	Earth Wind & Fire
8	(11)	**Lead Me On**	Maxine Nightingale
9	(6)	**Ring My Bell**	Anita Ward
10	(10)	**Mama Can't Buy You Love**	Elton John
11	(14)	**Sad Eyes**	Robert John
12	(15)	**Don't Bring Me Down**	Electric Light Orchestra
13	(8)	**Gold**	John Stewart
14	(18)	**Lonesome Loser**	Little River Band
15	(17)	**Let's Go**	The Cars
16	(19)	**I'll Never Love This Way Again**	Dionne Warwick
17	(12)	**You Can't Change That**	Raydio
18	(20)	**Goodbye Stranger**	Supertramp
19	(13)	**I Was Made For Lovin' You**	Kiss
20	(22)	**Suspicions**	Eddie Rabbitt
21	(16)	**I Want You To Want Me**	Cheap Trick
22	(21)	**Is She Really Going Out With Him**	Joe Jackson
23	(29)	**Heaven Must Have Sent You**	Bonnie Pointer
24	(23)	**Makin' It**	David Naughton
25	(30)	**Bad Case Of Loving You**	Robert Palmer
26	(24)	**Ain't No Stoppin' Us Now**	McFadden & Whitehead
27	(27)	**Morning Dance**	Spyro Gyra
28	(—)	**Hot Summer Nights**	Night
29	(—)	**Born To Be Alive**	Patrick Hernandez
30	(—)	**I Do Love You**	GQ

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

us albums

This Week			
1	(1)	**Get The Knack**	The Knack
2	(2)	**Bad Girls**	Donna Summer
3	(3)	**Candy O**	The Cars
4	(4)	**Breakfast In America**	Supertramp
5	(5)	**I Am**	Earth Wind & Fire
6	(6)	**Discovery**	Electric Light Orchestra
7	(9)	**Million Mile Reflections**	Charlie Daniels Band
8	(7)	**Teddy**	Teddy Pendergrass
9	(11)	**Rust Never Sleeps**	Neil Young
10	(8)	**Cheap Trick At The Budokan**	Cheap Trick
11	(—)	**Risque**	Chic
12	(15)	**Reality — What A Concept**	Robin Williams
13	(10)	**The Kids Are Alright**	The Who
14	(14)	**Rickie Lee Jones**	
15	(30)	**First Under The Wire**	Little River Band
16	(12)	**Back To The Egg**	Wings
17	(17)	**Bombs Away Dream Babies**	John Stewart
18	(—)	**Midnight Magic**	Commodores
19	(16)	**Dynasty**	Kiss
20	(22)	**The Main Event**	Original Soundtrack
21	(23)	**The Boss**	Diana Ross
22	(26)	**Low Budget**	The Kinks
23	(18)	**The Gambler**	Kenny Rogers
24	(24)	**Van Halen II**	Van Halen
25	(25)	**Streetlife**	Crusaders
22	(29)	**Secrets**	Robert Palmer
27	(28)	**Voulez-Vous**	Abba
28	(21)	**Desolation Angels**	Bad Company
29	(—)	**Cars**	Cars
30	(—)	**What You Gonna Do With My Lovin'**	Stephanie Mills

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

disco

***Denotes import. †denotes 12" only.**

(1) **Street Life** ..... Crusaders (MCA)
(2) **Morning Dance** ..... Spyro Gyra (Infinity)
(3) **Strut Your Funky Stuff** ..... Frantique (Philidelphia)
(4) **Don't Stop Till You Get Enough** ..... Michael Jackson (Epic*)
(5) **Oh What A Life** ..... Gibson Brothers (Island)
(6) **When Your Number One** ..... Gene Chandler (20th Century)
(7) **After The Love Has Gone** ..... Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)
(8) **Get Up And Boogie** ..... Freddy James (Warner Bros*†)
(9) **Groove Me** ..... Fern Kinney (TK*†)
(10) **Love When I'm In Your Arms** ..... Bobbi Humphry (Epic*†)

CHART SUPPLIED BY: Ralph, C C Records, 21 Deptford High Street, London SE8.

reggae

(1) **Golden Seal** ..... Augustus Pablo (Message)
(2) **Tune In** ..... Gregory Isaacs (African Museum)
(3) **Love and Liverty** ..... The Duals (Cash & Carry)
(4) **Rock In Time** ..... Bunny Wailer (Solomonic)
(5) **Nice Up The Dance** ..... Michigan & Smiley (Studio One)
(6) **Homeward Bound** ..... Freddy McGregor (Studio One)
(7) **Sugar & Spice** ..... Carlton & His Shoes (Deb)
(8) **Ambush** ..... Bob Marley & The Wailers (Tuff Gong)
(9) **In The Right Way** ..... Rod Taylor (Freedom Sounds)
(10) **Feel The Spirits** ..... Wailin Soul (Massive)

CHART SUPPLIED BY: Maroons Tunes, 19 Greek Street, London, W1.

NEWS

Edited by Fred Dellar

Derry Fest cancelled

IN A BRIEF press statement, The Undertones and The Clash have announced that the free festival which was to have been held at Derry's Temple More Sports Complex this coming weekend has had to be cancelled.

"We would like to apologise to anybody who had planned to come to Derry and even more so to those in Derry," added The Undertones' Fergal Sharkey.

PiL play sci-fi fest

PUBLIC IMAGE are booked to headline the Leeds Sci-Fi Fest on Saturday September 8.

Said festival promoter John Keenan: "It may seem odd connecting PiL with sci-fi, but it isn't really because the sci-fi idea was only something of a joke and the main aim is to encourage progressive bands — which PiL is — and to raise funds for a local record label."

Accredited space rockers will be delighted to hear that Nik Turner is now set to appear with his new band Inner City Limit on September 8 — the same day as Hawkwind and Robert Calvert.

Lou in London

LOU REED is to play three dates at London's Hammersmith Odeon on October 17, 18 and 19.

It is expected that Reed will be bringing the band that accompanied him on his last British dates, namely Ellard Bowles (bass), Stuart Heinrich and Charles Hammer (guitars), Mike Suchorsky (drums) and Martin Fogel (horns). Tickets are priced at £5.00, £4.00 and £3.00 and are already on sale.

Scorpions at Reading

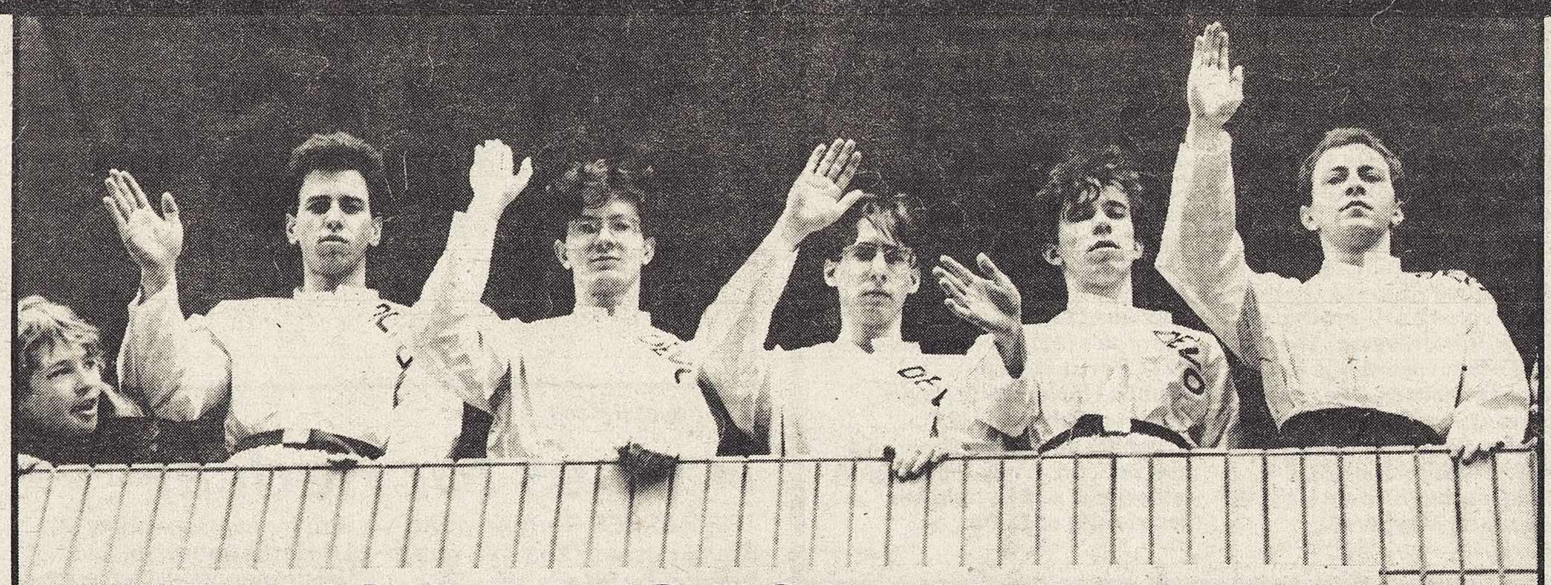
SCORPIONS, the German heavy-metal band headed by Rudi Schenker, have been signed to replace Thin Lizzy as bill-toppers at Reading on Bank Holiday Saturday.

The band, who were touring the U.S. as support to Ted Nugent, cancelled three of their shows in order to play Reading and will be flying in directly from the States, bringing with them their whole new range of stage effects.

Scorpions have toured Britain several times in the past and have had albums released here on both RCA and Harvest. Harvest are now arranging for a picture disc version of their "Lovedrive" album to be on sale at the Festival, while a 12" version of the band's new single 'Lovedrive'/'Coast To Coast' is already available in a red vinyl pressing.

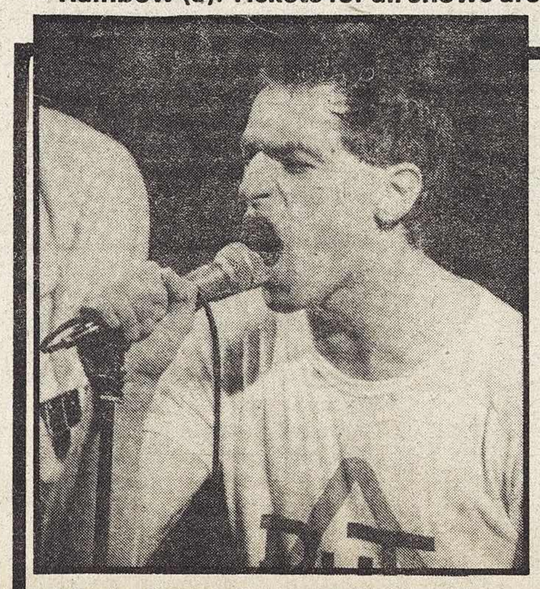
It is now confirmed that the Friday and Saturday shows at Reading will begin at 3pm and 12.30pm respectively, both running through to 11.15pm, while the final programme, on Sunday August 26, commences at 12.30pm and ends at 11.30pm.

● STOP PRESS: And now **The Ramones** have pulled out of Reading. According to A. Spokesman, da Brudders appearance on this side of the pond was not considered financially viable at this point in time.



DEVO DATES FOR THE FUTURE

AKRON technologists Devo return to this country in October to present their new stage show on four UK dates. The quintet, who are playing their brief tour in support of the 'Duty Now For The Future' LP, open at Southampton Gaumont on October 5, their three other shows being at Manchester Apollo (7), Birmingham Odeon (8) and London Rainbow (9). Tickets for all shows are already on sale at the various venues.



Malcolm Owen *Pic: Al Johnson*

Ruts on road

THE RUTS, whose new single 'Something That I Said'/'Give Youth A Chance' goes into the shops on August 31, now have their debut album lined up for September 28.

Titled 'The Crack', its release coincides with the band's Autumn tour, which takes in Gwent Stowaway (September 12), Port Talbot Troubadour (13), Cambridge Corn Exchange (14), Aylesbury Friars (15), Jacksdale Grey Topper (16), Ross On Wye Harvey's (21), Sheffield Limit Club (27), Newport Village Bowl (28), Liverpool Erics (29 — two shows), Dyfed Aberystwyth University (October 2), Birmingham University (5), Brighton Polytechnic (6), Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (7), Bristol Romeo And Juliets (8), Newcastle Mayfair (12), Manchester Factory (13), Redcar Coatham Hall (14), London Electric Ballroom (19), Northampton Cricket Ground (20), Canterbury Kent University (23), Shrewsbury Music Hall (24), Guildford Surrey University (26), and West Runton Pavilion (27). Other dates have yet to be confirmed.

Charlie Harper *Pic: Neil Anderson*

Subs off bench

UK SUBS, now signed to RCA, kick off a lengthy British tour at Derby's Adjenta Club on September 20.

They then play West Runton Pavilion (21), Northampton Cricket Club (22), Bristol Locarno (23), Plymouth Monroe's (24), Exeter Roots (25), High Wycombe Town Hall (27), Peterborough Wirrina Stadium (28), Bradford St George's Hall (29), Poole Arts Centre (30), Hull Wellington Club (October 4), Carlisle Market Hall (5), Glasgow — venue to be confirmed (6), Dunfermline Kinema (7), Manchester University (10), Newport, Shropshire, Village (12), Nottingham Sandpiper (13), Jacksdale Grey Topper (14), Sheffield Penthouse (15), London Marquee (16, 17, 18), Scarborough (19), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (20), Digbeth Civic Hall (23), Newport, Wales, Stowaway (24) and York Pop Club (31), plus other dates to be announced.

The Subs, whose recent London Lyceum gig proved a sell-out, have completed a 17-track album 'Another Kind Of Blues', produced by Gillan bassist John McCoy, which will be available in September. A blue vinyl three-track single 'Tomorrow's Girls' comes out on August 31.

Ari Up *Pic: Robert Ellis*

Slits in shops

THE SLITS' debut album, produced by Dennis Bovell, who masterminded Janet Kay's 'Silly Games', has been scheduled for September 7 release by Island.

Titled 'Cut', it features songs penned by The Slits together with former band member Palmolive, who was replaced by drummer Budgie (now with Jimmy Norton Explosion) for the recording sessions. A 30-minute film about The Slits has been made by Don Letts and Mick Calvert and this will go on general release during the Autumn. Details of an extensive tour are now being finalised.

Pursey packs in Pistols

IN AN INTERVIEW on Paul Gambaccini's Radio One *Radio Table* programme last Friday, Jimmy Pursey revealed that the recording sessions at the Manor, where he's been working with Paul Cook and Steve Jones, weren't working out and that he and the Pistols would now be going their separate ways.

He also claimed that his solo contract with Polydor wasn't a solid one and he was attempting to keep all of his options open.

"He was very emotional when he made these statements," Gambaccini later confided, "and he spoke with great conviction."

Blondie tour no-go

ALTHOUGH it was expected that Blondie would be playing some British dates during September to tie-up with the release of the band's latest album 'Eat The Beat', it now seems unlikely that they will appear here until early 1980.

The band recently appointed Shep Gordon, Alice Cooper's manager, to look after their business affairs, and it is understood that he has recommended that Blondie come off the road for a while following an exhausting three-month U.S. tour involving only two rest days.

Police set

THE LONDON dates for the recently announced Police tour have now been set for Hammersmith Odeon on September 22 and 23, while a concert at Brighton Dome on September 21 has also been added.

Police's new self-produced album 'Reggatta De Blanc' is now set for release in early October. It will feature 11 tracks including a forthcoming single, 'Message In A Bottle'. The band's previous 'Outlandos D'Amour' album has now gone gold, while Sting and Co. have received silver discs for sales of their 'Roxanne' and 'Can't Stand Losing You' singles.

SPIRIT PASS ON

SPIRIT, the Randy California-Ed Cassidy band that has undergone various switches and break-ups in its 12 years of existence, has finally split.

California, who is said to have finally delivered tapes of Spirit's legendary 'Potatoland' album to Illegal Records, is currently set to appear on a British tour as support to Gillan (see next page) leading a new band that includes drummer Jack Willoughby and a bassist known as Liberty.

"Randy will be playing no Spirit stuff on this tour," claimed California's U.S. office. Meanwhile, Ed Cassidy is alive and well and living in Boulder, Colorado, "doing nothing in particular", while Larry Knight — Spirit's last drummer — is now engaged in producing a profitable line in guitar straps.

STIFF LITTLE FREE CONCERT

STIFF LITTLE Fingers headline a free concert in Brixton's Brockwell Park on Sunday, September 2.

The concert forms part of Brixton's Carnival Against Racism, which is being organised by Lambeth Council, The Joseph Rountree Trust and the Commission For Racial Equality, and will be SLF's only appearance during the next couple of months. Frontman Jake Burns commented: "We're glad to be able to play the festival for nothing and give people of all races the chance to get together and have a good time."

The Carnival kicks off at noon and there will be two stages, one featuring steel bands, theatre groups and Asian dance troupes, while the other will rock and reggae outfits including The Cool Notes, Ox Eyes, Spoil Sports plus SLF. The nearest tube to Brockwell Park is Brixton and the nearest BR station is Herne Hill.

MUSIC BY POST

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+ NEIL KAY BANDWAGON ~ HEAVY METAL SOUNDHOUSE ON THE ROAD

Randy goes out with Gillan

Randy California — Spirit split, see previous page.

THE NEW Gillan Band — John McCoy, Bernie Torme, Mick Underwood, Colin Towns and Ian Gillan — fly to Germany following their appearance at Reading this Saturday (25), then return to Britain to commence a full UK tour in the company of special guest ex-Spirit chief Randy California.

The tour will be preceded by the release of a single, 'Vengeance'/'Smoke On the Water', plus a self-produced album, 'Mr Universe', the band's first recordings for Acrobat Records. The tour opens at Preston Guildhall on October 2, then follows: Carlisle Market Hall (3), Middlesbrough Town Hall (4), Newcastle Mayfair (5), Northampton County Ground (6), Birmingham Odeon (7), Cleethorpes Winter Gardens (8), Manchester Apollo (9), Leicester De Montfort Hall (11), Hanley Victoria Hall (12), Sheffield City Hall (13), St Albans City Hall (15), Scunthorpe Tiffany's (16), Aberdeen Capitol (18), Edinburgh University (19), Glasgow University (20), Dundee Caird Hall (21), Ayr Pavilion (22), Bradford St George's (23), London Rainbow (24), Portrush Kelly's (26), Dublin University (27) and Belfast Whitla Hall (28). Opening act on the show will be Samson, while the prices at all venues will be held at a maximum of £2.80.

Elkie Brooks — revised dates

THE DATES for Elkie Brooks' forthcoming tour were incorrectly listed in last week's *NME*. Her itinerary *should* read: Hull New Theatre (September 30), Southampton Gaumont (October 3), Birmingham Odeon (4), Manchester Apollo (5), Coventry Theatre (6), London Dominion (8, 9, 10 and 11), Leicester De Montfort Hall (14), Eastbourne Congress (15), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (17), Wolverhampton Civic (18), Southport New Theatre (19), Glasgow Apollo (21), Edinburgh Usher Hall (22), Newcastle City Hall (23), Sheffield City Hall (25), Bradford St George's Hall (26), Ipswich Gaumont (27), Oxford New Theatre (27), Oxford New Theatre (28) and Bristol Colston Hall (29).

Ex--Royal Rasses

Rasses for Redcar

THE RASSES (formerly The Royal Rasses), the J.A. outfit headed by Prince Lincoln Thompson, arrive to play their first-ever British dates next month.

They play an introductory gig at London's Nashville on September 6, and then embark on a two-week European tour before returning for dates at Liverpool Eric's (September 28), Leicester University (29), Redcar Coatham Bowl (30), Manchester Poly (October 2), Birmingham University (4), London Rainbow (5) and Colchester Essex University (6). Vocalist Jennifer Laura and keyboard-player Pablo Black will guest with The Rasses during the tour.

To coincide with the band's arrival in Britain, Ballistic Records release 'Experience', The Rasses' second album, on September 7. A single 'You Gotta Have Love (Jah Love)', taken from the album, will also be available on the same date. While in London, The Rasses will record for the new Capital Radio Roots Rockers Reggae show, which will be broadcast before the Rainbow concert takes place.

Comms one more time

BECAUSE OF the huge demand for tickets The Commodores have added an extra concert at Wembley Arena on Bank Holiday Monday, August 27. Both the previously announced shows on August 25 and 26 are now completely sold out. Tickets for the third date, with guest artists The Emotions, are available immediately, price £6.00 and £4.50, from Harlequin Record Shops, Premier Booking Agency, London Theatre Bookings, Edwards and Edwards, the Virgin Megastore in London's Oxford Street, and from the Wembley Box Office itself (01-902 1234). A limited number of tickets for the Bank Holiday Monday concert will be available on the night.

● THE BOX office is now open for the **Supertramp** concerts at Wembley on October 30-31 and November 1-2. Tickets are priced at £5.50 and £4.75, either from the Wembley Box Office or from major London agencies. Postal applications should be sent to Supertramp Box Office, Wembley Stadium, Wembley, Middx, and all cheques and postal orders should be made payable to 'Wembley Stadium Ltd. (Supertramp)', enclosing SAE.

Brand X 'Product'

'PRODUCT', a new album from Brand X, is being released by Charisma on September 14. It features eight musicians, including all the members of the original Brand X: Mike Clarke (drums), Phil Collins (drums, percussion, vocals), John Goodsall (guitar, vocals), John Giblin (bass), Robin Lumley (keyboards), Morris Pert (percussion), Peter Robinson (keyboards, vocals) and Percy Jones (bass).

A nine-track affair, the album contains 'Soho', a Collins and Goodsall song which will be released as a limited edition 12" single on September 7. On the B-side will be 'Noddy Goes To Sweden' and 'Pool-Room Blues', which do not appear on the album.

Brand X, with a personnel comprising Phil Collins, John Goodsall, Percy Jones, Robin Lumley and Peter Robinson, then play a number of dates to coincide with the release of the album, commencing with gigs at Guildford Civic Hall on September 12 and Retford Porterhouse (14) followed by two London concerts at The Venue (15 and 16), where tickets are priced £3.50.

NEWS BRIEFS

BOSTON add an extra date to their British tour and now appear at Newcastle City Hall on October 22. Tickets are £4.50, £3.75 and £3.00.

THE CRUSADERS have added a third London date to their forthcoming UK tour and will now be playing Hammersmith Odeon on Monday, September 10 in addition to the shows on September 8 and 9, which are now sold out.

RICKIE LEE JONES' concert at London's Dominion Theatre on September 9 has been completely sold out and an early show at 6.30 pm has been added. Ticket prices are £5.00, £4.00 and £3.00.

MERTON PARKAS have added two dates to their current tour, playing Port Talbot tonight (23) and Ross On Wye Harvey's tomorrow (24). In addition, they appear at the London Nashville on September 4 and are set to play a Wednesday residency at London's Marquee on September 5, with other appearances on September 12 and 19.

STEVE RUDI, sax-player with the now defunct X-Ray Spex, will be appearing with The Outpatients at London's Moonlight Club this Saturday (25).

NILS LOFGREN is to play one special concert at the London Venue on August 23 as a prelude to his British tour, which commences at Portsmouth Guildhall on September 3.

PUNISHMENT OF LUXURY play a warm-up gig on August 23, prior to their appearance at Reading. They will also be playing at Leeds Sci-Fi Festival on September 8, while an extensive nationwide tour is to begin during late September, coinciding with the release of the new Punilux album.

THE JAM have had to postpone the much rumoured gigs scheduled for the end of August due to recording commitments. The band are currently in the studio working on their fourth album.

TICH TURNER'S ROARING '80s have won their name-change conflict with Manchester band Roaring '80s, the latter now opting for a switch in identity. Turner's six-piece R&B outfit have recorded a live set, produced by Tony Visconti, and are rumoured to be signing with A&M. The band are to be heard on Capital Radio tomorrow (24), the same night that they appear at London's Music Machine. Further gigs at Tooting Castle (30) and Bridge House (September 4), both London venues, have also been set.

FESTIVAL FUNTIME

Joy Division

Cooper Clarke

Zoo & Factory Label Day

THE BEST of the north-west's up-and-comers appear on Zoo And Factory Label Day at the Leigh Rock Festival next Monday (August 27).

Joy Division will be playing their only festival date this year, while also on the gig are A Certain Smile, Distractions, Echo And The Bunnymen, Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark and Teardrop Explodes.

Prior to this event there will be concerts this Saturday (25) and Sunday (26) with Hot Ice, Armageddon, Gog, Visual Arts, Steroid Kiddies and Exodus appearing at the first gig, and Inertia, The Rick, Sister Ray, Cool Hand, Karma Sutra and Supercharge at the second. The Festival, which takes place at 'The Last Shift', Plank Lane, Leigh, is being organised to raise funds for an Open Door Centre, where the youth of Leigh can meet. Tickets (£2.00 daily or £5.00 for all three days) are now on sale at various locations in Liverpool and Manchester and further information can be obtained by ringing Leigh 679508.

Cooper Clarke gets religion

JOHN COOPER Clarke plays a gig at St Paul's Church, Hammersmith, London, on Sunday, September 23. His 'special evening' forms part of a series of poetry readings and musical events that constitute this year's Hammersmith Poetry Festival, which takes place September 17 to 23.

Linton Kwesi Johnson has taken the title of his latest Island album, 'Forces Of Victory' as the heading for his two late-night readings at Riverside Studios, while Riverside will be screening *Dread Beat 'n' Blood*, a recent film about his work, during the festival week.

Roy Harper, Bob Pegg and George MacBeth, Brian Patten, Steve Turner and The Albion Band will also be appearing at various festival event. Tickets and full details from Liz Walton, Poetry Festival Box Office, 181 King Street, London W6 (01-741-3696).

Edinburgh mystery

THE RUMOUR that a mystery U.S. solo artist was flying in from Rotterdam to appear on the Van Morrison bill on September 1, was being circulated in Edinburgh this week.

But while the festival organisers refused to either confirm or deny the story, they did state that The Revellos, the new Faye Fife-Eugene Reynolds band, would be playing a gig at Edinburgh's Tiffany's on September 3, parading 16 previously unheard songs and "no Rezillos material". The Skids and Berlin Blondes, said to be Scotland's answer to Tubeway Army, will be playing the same venue on September 7.

Here & Now go free again

HERE AND NOW this week embark on a free tour which plays London's Hope And Anchor this Saturday (25) and then moves on to Yeovil Ham Hill Free Festival (26), Bristol Trinity Hall (27), Oldham Tower Club (28), Manchester Factory (29), Leeds Fforde Green (30), Cheltenham Arts Centre (31), Birmingham LSD Club (September 1), Nottingham Samdpipers (2), Liverpool Eric's (3), Norwich The Barn (4) and London Notre Dame Hall (5).

Following a series of disputes, Mark Perry's Good Missionaries are now inactive and their support spot on the tour will be taken by different bands at each gig, these bands including The Pop Group, Misty, Spizz Energi, Danny And The Dressmakers, The Fall, Wilful Damage, Crispy Ambulance, The Mob, The Horrible Nerds, Blank Space, The Astronauts and Dangerous Girls.

Aswad play Carnival

IN AN EFFORT to alleviate the problems that often arise from the Portobello Green area of Notting Hill, usually the Carnival's main flashpoint, the police and local council have agreed to the Festival and Arts Committee organising a two-day concert on the green on August 26 and 27. The shows will commence at mid-day and run through until eight each evening. Bands appearing include Aswad, Sons of Jah, Brimstone, King Sounds, Carol Grimes, Junior Brown, The Passions, Nik Turner's City Unit, Merger, Vincent Unit, Exodus, plus various Rasta poets.

Aswad

FESTIVAL FARCETIME

GLC gets tough

THE ORGANISERS of The Festival For Racial Harmony '79 claim that the GLC is sabotaging the fest by imposing conditions which cannot possibly be met.

The event, due to take place in Leyton, East London, on August Bank Holiday Monday (27), was to have included music by The Buzzards, Tour De Force and reggae band Amba. But when the GLC learned that these bands were to take part they insisted that the Campaign Against Racialism gig should be treated as a major festival.

The organisers of the festival had to attend a seven-hour hearing at County Hall regarding licencing, the conditions of the licence included such items as ensuring the provision of 62 extra toilets in the Leyton County Ground, where the festival is to be held, to be connected to the main drains just for the afternoon; plus the provision of a stage costing around £7,000 — about £5,600 more than the organisers had budgeted for the entire event.

Waltham Forest Council, who had given thier full backing and were ready to provide a stage, now say that the design drawn up by the GLC is impossible to build with their materials and labour. One technical officer remarked: "The GLC must have Isambard Brunel in there!"

"The whole thing is ridiculous," added CAR spokesman Marshall Colman. "This is a community festival, just like dozens of others that have taken place, but the GLC are treating it as if it were Knebworth."

● Meanwhile the National Association of Local Councils has issued a paper entitled *Pop Festivals Are Not Music To Everyone's Ears* in which they claim that local people are subsidising profit-making festivals as a result of extra costs falling upon communities where these events are held. The NALC, which represents some 8,000 councils in England and Wales, are asking for special levies on organisers "who attract large numbers of people to places which are unused to such occasions."

They add: "They can make a substantial profit and leave local people to bear not only the nuisance of the event itself but also the additional local authority costs."

Now the association is making approaches to the government seeking to bring about legal controls which, if implemented, would be similar to those currently only existing in the Isle of Wight.

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OUR PRICE TOP 60

LONDON'S ORIGINAL ALBUM CHART

THIS WEEK	LAST WEEK	TITLE	R.R.P.	OUR PRICE
1	1	SUPERTRAMP — BREAKFAST IN AMERICA	4.78	3.53
2	10	EARTH, WIND AND FIRE — I AM	5.29	4.04
3	2	SPYRO-GYRA — MORNING DANCE	4.69	3.44
4	3	THE BEST DISCO ALBUM IN THE WORLD	5.00	4.20
5	7	CRUSADERS — STREET LIFE	4.69	3.44
6	20	CHIC — RISQUE	5.00	3.75
7	24	J.J.CALE — 5	5.00	3.75
8	28	JUDY TZUKE — WELCOME TO THE CRUISE	4.65	3.40
9	9	POLICE — OUTLANDOS D'AMOUR	4.78	3.53
10	4	TUBEWAY ARMY — REPLICAS	5.00	3.75
11	11	RAINBOW — DOWN TO EARTH	5.06	3.81
12	14	RY COODER — BOP TILL YOU DROP	5.00	3.75
13	13	BLONDIE — PARALLEL LINES	4.78	3.53
14	6	E.L.O. — DISCOVERY	5.49	4.24
15	15	DONNA SUMMER — BAD GIRLS	6.50	4.75
16	8	AC/DC — HIGHWAY TO HELL	5.00	3.75
17	5	NEIL YOUNG — RUST NEVER SLEEPS	5.00	3.75
18	12	DIRE STRAITS — COMMUNIQUE	5.30	4.05
19	16	B.52's	5.00	3.75
20	26	ABBA — VOULEZ-VOUS	5.29	4.04
21	17	JOE JACKSON — LOOK SHARP!	4.78	3.53
22	19	B B KING — TAKE IT HOME	4.69	3.44
23	22	COMMODORES — MIDNIGHT MAGIC	5.69	4.44
24	23	HERMAN BROOD — (inc Lim Ed Free Live LP)	4.80	3.55
25	18	RICKI LEE JONES	5.00	3.75
26	21	WHO — THE KIDS ARE ALRIGHT	9.04	6.54
27	27	BLUE OYSTER CULT — MIRRORS	5.29	4.04
28	29	TUBEWAY ARMY — THE FIRST ALBUM	5.00	3.75
29	31	DAVE EDMUNDS — REPEAT WHEN NECESSARY	5.00	3.75
30	35	BOB DYLAN — AT BUDOKAN	7.99	5.99
31	NEW ENTRY	ROSE ROYCE — RAINBOW CONNECTION	5.00	3.75
32	39	ROXY MUSIC — MANIFESTO	5.31	4.06
33	44	NILS LOFGREN — NILS	4.78	3.53
34	32	SKY	5.25	4.00
35	46	ANGELIC UPSTARTS — TEENAGE WARNING	5.00	3.75
36	43	CHARLIE — FIGHT DIRTY	5.06	3.81
37	25	DIANA ROSS — THE BOSS	5.29	4.04
38	30	JONI MITCHELL — MINGUS	5.00	3.75
39	33	WINGS — BACK TO THE EGG	5.49	4.24
40	36	DAVID BOWIE — LODGER	5.49	4.24
41	38	QUEEN — LIVE KILLERS	8.45	6.45
42	37	ROBERT PALMER — SECRETS	5.00	3.75
43	34	GARY BROOKER — NO MORE FEAR OF FLYING	4.46	3.21
44	41	SQUEEZE — COOL FOR CATS	4.78	3.53
45	40	GEORGE BENSON — LIVING INSIDE YOUR LOVE	7.50	5.75
46	42	PAT TRAVERS BAND — LIVE!	4.63	3.38
47	45	STEEL PULSE — TRIBUTE TO THE MARTYRS	5.00	3.75
48	47	EDDIE COCHRAN — SINGLES ALBUM	5.39	4.14
49	52	NICK LOWE — LABOUR OF LUST	5.00	3.75
50	48	GATO BARBIERI — EUPHORIA	4.78	3.53
51	49	THE KNACK — GET THE KNACK	5.29	4.04
52	51	JOHN HIATT — SLUG LINE	4.69	3.44
53	50	THIRD WORLD — THE STORYS BEEN TOLD	5.00	3.75
54	53	AMERICA	5.29	4.04
55	56	CHAS AND DAVE — DON'T GIVE A MONKEYS	5.29	4.04
56	58	LORD OF THE RINGS — O.S.T.	6.99	5.24
57	59	HOT CHOCOLATE — GOING THROUGH THE MOTIONS	5.29	4.04
58	54	C.C.R. — 20 GREATEST HITS	5.29	4.04
59	57	BUDDY HOLLY — 20 GOLDEN GREATS	5.29	4.04
60	60	CARS — CANDY O	5.00	3.75

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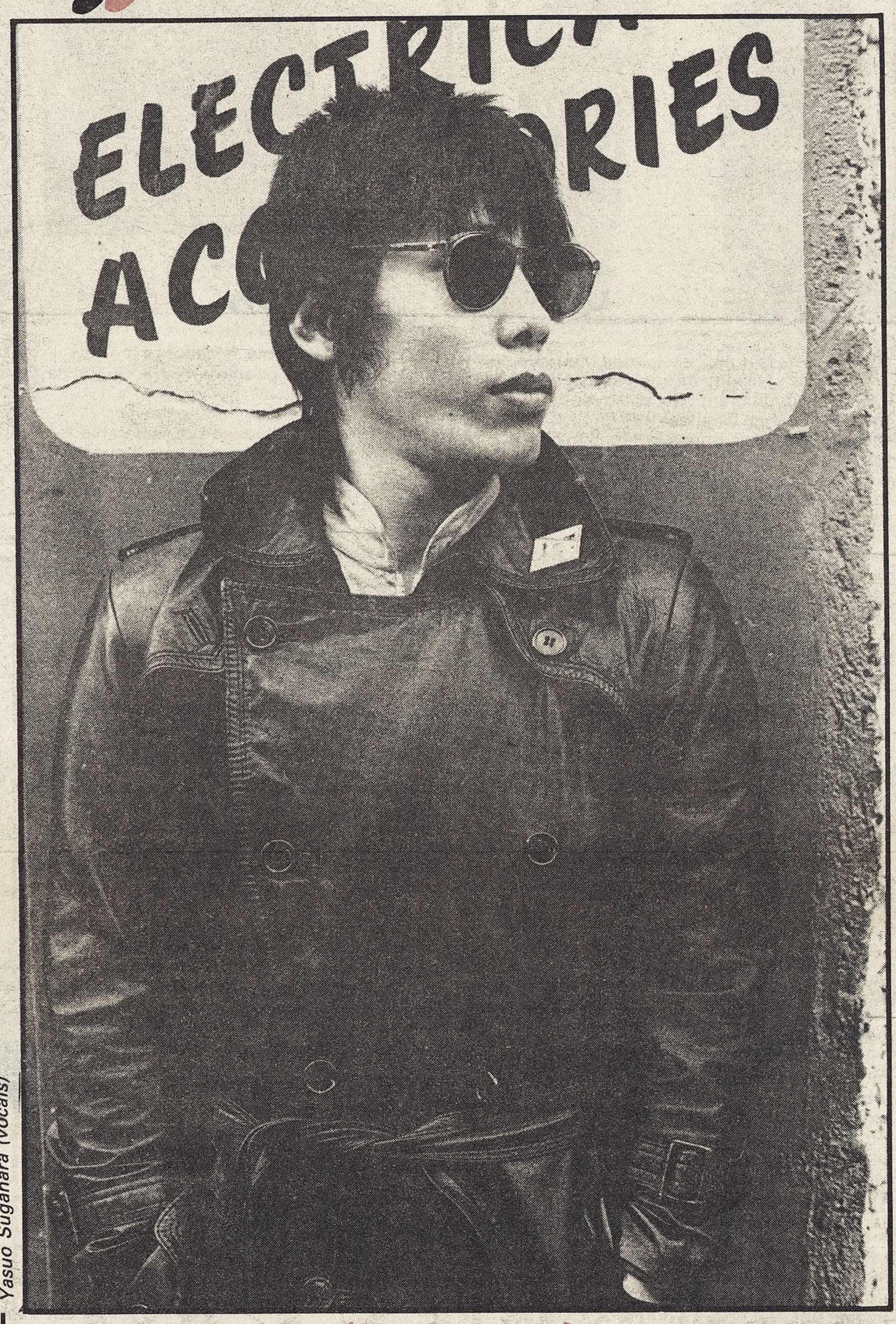


Yasuo Sugahara (vocals)

LIKE ME, you are probably vaguely aware of the colossal Japanese infatuation with western rock, this a typical aspect of the confused imitative nature of the Japanese for all things 'Western' as the century has developed.

Japan, after a considerable period of precious isolation, drew back its curtains at the end of the last century, took to 'Western ways' with the great enthusiasm of the avidly curious, and more or less took over. In terms of objects and technology they have made massive sub-monopolist contributions to those ways of comfort and transport we're still prone to label 'Western' — transforming the country into the most intense and intent capitalist centre in the world.

Japan's technological and economical advance could be called a 20th century miracle, but whilst the tangible skills and engineering inventions of the Japanese have altered and 'aided' our lives, the experiences, adjustments, compromises of the intellectual/emotional Japan remain as mysterious as ever.

Japan seems to absorb, borrow, steal its entertainment and art — despite an enviable inheritance of its own — and give back only the remotest returns. Whatever Japanese traditions survived or flavoured the miraculous upheaval of this century, whatever (if any) traumas the people were forced to confront has never been apreciated in the west. The Japanese cultural effect has been minute compared to its huge technological influence.

These days it's possible to learn a hell of a lot about the state of a nation — a nation that likes its TV, anyway — from its rock'n'roll, but whilst Japanese youth has used its affluence of late to turn the country into the second largest rock'n'roll marketplace in the world, they have thrown nothing back, except of course for hi-fi/instrument technology but nothing else. This is a tragic, condemning gap.

Until now.

Something stirs.

Here it comes.

What's happening now in Japan? Radio and TV keep supplying us with such unchanged muzak, which cannot be even an entertainment. Who can take this Japanese music scene? Another turning point is to come soon, but will we get to the '80s without any happenings? Yes, perhaps so . . .

POPEYE fanzine, April 1979

UNSURPRISINGLY it was the irrepressible curiosity of the perversely philanthropic Jean Jacques Burnel — in Japan for spiritual improvement — that moved into the world of Lizard and involved himself with their fight.

The friendship between Lizard and Burnel is the reason the group recently visited Britain for a swift tour of London clubs. The unusual four date tour was arranged by Albion Agency — an agency that arose from Strangler connections — and publicity was handled by Modern Music, the Stranglers PR people. Lizard came over not to conquer, not to create controversy, simply due to friendship. But it still seemed . . . It seemed very exciting.

I entered Lizard's world at London's stately home, the Music Machine, on a grimy Tuesday afternoon, and immediately had random preconceptions brutally shattered by the anger and assurance of their music, broadcast even in the fairly casual moments of a soundcheck. The soundcheck was for the final performance of their short tour. The next day they were to fly back to Japan. Was their historic visit going to be ignored? No chance.

After their soundcheck, I moved with their arrogant yet rational lead singer Yosuke 'Momoyo' Sugawara, and an unervingly quick translator, Kas Utsunomiya — the London correspondent for a series of Japanese music magazines — to a suitably dusty corner high in the complicated labrynth of the Music Machine and had prejudiced views about Japan and its rock gently and tolerantly pushed into shape.

'momoyo'

PAUL MOR-LEE meets Tokyo Rockers LIZARD in the Budokan, Camden PEN-NEE SMITH Nikons the Nipons

They say that music reflects the age. Then, the stupidity of the present Japanese music clearly indicated OUR stupidity. We don't require anything highbrow, it's just that the systems of the music world which makes us feel music is merely a goods to be sold — this is frightening.

POPEYE fanzine, April 1979

THE Japanese language seems to have no filling, no crust; it's a hollowish, too soft language, like German is too harsh and ugly. Every word ends in a vowel. As my questions are busily translated, and as the answers are bubbled back, I hear nothing but a series of apparently half finished guttural sounds.

I wonder what Momoyo hears when I talk.

Momoyo himself was an actor in one of the infamous Japanese underground theatres. He shifted to playing rock music after appearing in a rock based musical.

Lizard have evolved from Benitokage (Red Lizard) which featured Momoyo, Katsumi 'Kats' Tsukamoto (guitar) and Kazuhiko 'Waka' Wakabayashi (bass) from Lizard as they are now. Benikotage were together from 1972 to 1978, gaining polite notoriety for the eccentricity and violence of their petulantly 'underground' music.

Such reputation saw them quickly labelled as a punk group by the carelessly gullible Japanese magazines, as ever hasty to acknowledge and scamper after emerging Western trends and thrust fragmented views down the complacent consumers' throats.

Momoyo, reacting to the punk label stuck on them around 1976 and still trussing them with its stigma, told the Japanese fanzine *Change 2000* in painful, unfortunately translated seriousness, that some of their audience "Come to see us looking for an image of punk or punk sound, and get disappointed. But we don't care about such fellows. In that sense, we are not punk. Punk is thrilling, I personally like it. Yet Lizard has no intention to be punk nor copy foreign bands . . . I don't think Lizard are punk or new wave . . . I don't want to categorise us in styles such as punk or new wave. Each band has its own wave."

Momoyo, in sentiments translated by the more able Kaz, was particularly adamant that they are in no way a punk group — this denotes to him imitation, which is exactly what Lizard! are fighting against.

The state of Japanese rock music has so far revolved almost entirely around imitation and importation. Popular music is either imported palatable stuff, ditties pummelled into the mass consciousness by repeated prime time plays as TV commercials — a Japan top ten, it seems, is often the equivalent of a British top ten consisting of the jingles from Kellogs, Woollies, Co-op, Marathon, Lee Cooper jeans — or the result of teenagers hysterically hooking in on the latest skateboard fad. This has left little room — or apparent need — for individual, indigenous rock music. This had existed, but its chances of survival, let along effect, have always been small.

Outside Japan there has never been an indication of any Japanese music; inside a small group of deviants have become progressively impatient.

Ironically it was the latest imported fad that encouraged the confused but committed activity of rebels like Momoyo and Benitokage, gave them space to roam and suggested to many others provocative, accessible alternatives to the deep set commercial routines. Punk as a fashion poked through into the transient nature of things, but instead of following the natural course and disintegrating, its implications and philosophies, accepted and applied with imcomparable fervour, have flooded the context and possibilities of Japanese rock with a force equal to what shook us up here. The label 'punk' doesn't really do justice to the extent of its catalystic effects.

Japanese rock has been given direction and cause, a change is occurring, and it's a change that could be one of the most revolutionary and enlightening of the '80s.

MOMOYO: The Stranglers might be necessary for Britain or Europe, but Japan doesn't need them.
CHANGE 2000: But I think there are a lot of fans of The Stranglers in Japan . . .
MOMOYO: Of course, they are more popular than Lizard. NO, what I wanted to say is not something like that. Can't you see? The Stranglers or The Rolling Stones or Brian Eno are not from our society. But most of their fans admire them as if they were God.

CHANGE 2000 fanzine, Vol. I

BENITOKAGE played their last concert in April, 1978, at Kita Kokaido, inviting the groups who later became the major names of the Tokyo Rockers.

The Tokyo Rockers are the prototypes of Japan's first practical and original rock development, the emergent representatives of the spreading anger at the corruption and artificiality of Japanese rock.

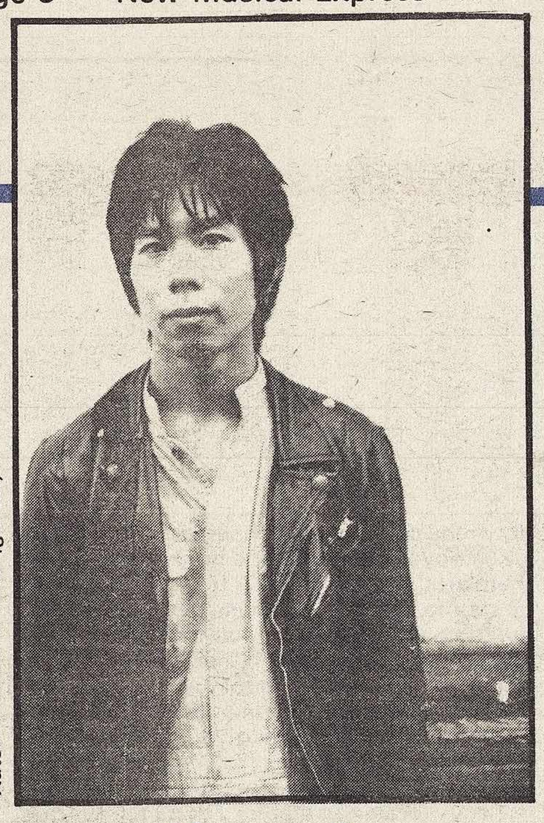
The names appear to be the remnants of an earlier hopeful underground swell in Tokyo, where Japanese rock musicians actually became involved in the rock business but couldn't and didn't affect major change.

The fractured ideals of punk, initially imitated, then utilised, were a new impetus to these musicians. Punk in Japan has been about making their own music, celebrating and (mostly) condemning the make-up of their own society. It's helped shape the first real Japanese rock.

In early October, 1978, Lizard ex Benitokage — Momoyo, Waka and Katsu plus Takashi 'Belle' Yoshimoto (drums) and Koichiro 'Koh' Nakajima (synthesisers) — did the Kansai Tour with the main bands of the Tokyo Rockers: S-Ken, Friction, Mirrors and Kite. Some

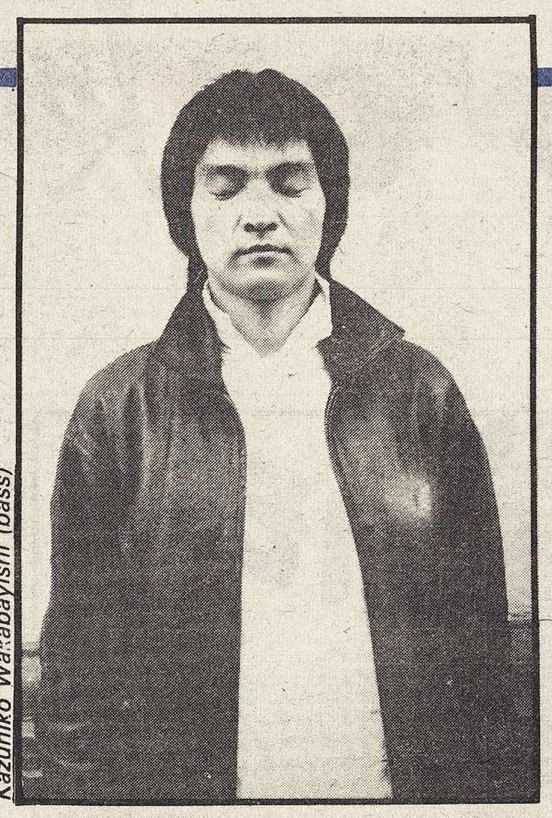
Continues over

Well you didn't think they'd be content with motorcycles, hi-fi and tuna fish did you?



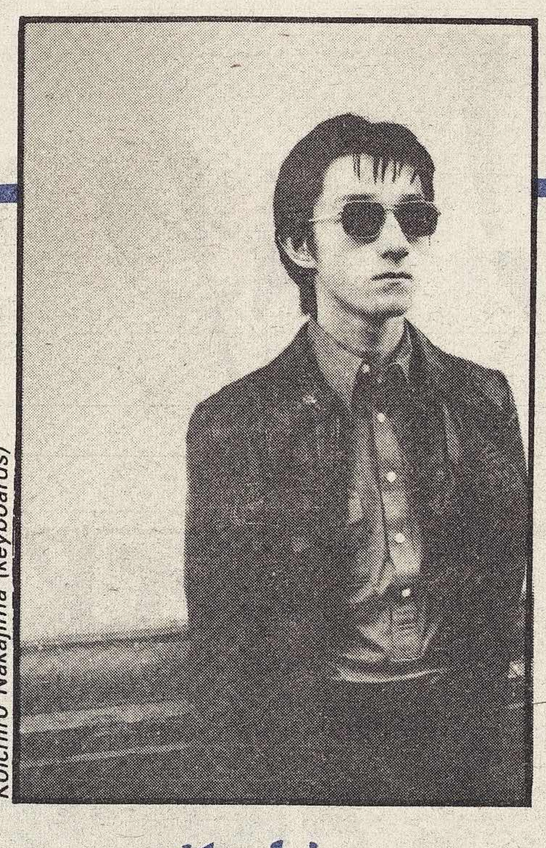
Katsumi Tsukamoto (guitar)

'katsu'



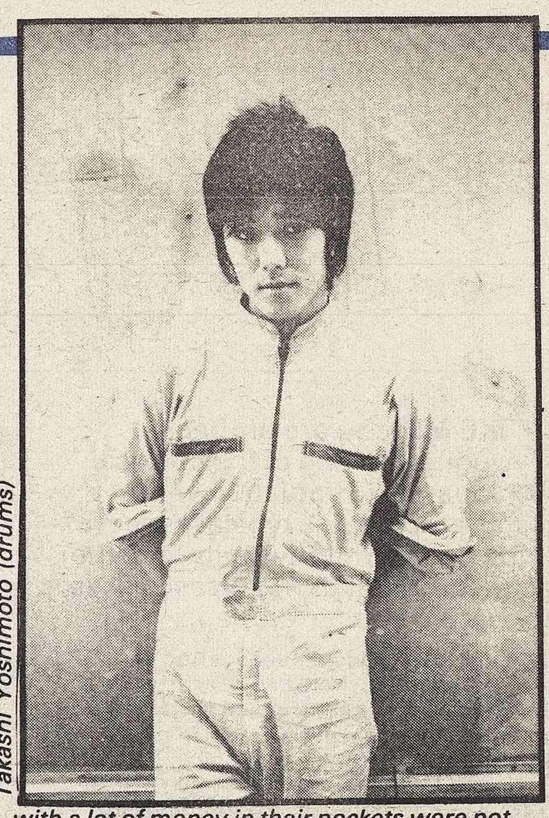
Kazuhiko Wakabayishi (bass)

'waka'



Koichiro Nakajima (keyboards)

'koh'



Takashi Yoshimoto (drums)

'bell'

◆ *Continues*

months later this select collection of comparative primitives were recorded at a gig at Shinjuku Loft for a compilation LP release by CBS-Sony, 'Tokyo Rockers'. With encouraging, radical suspicion, Takeshi Matsuyama of *Popeye* fanzine couldn't hide his doubts at such a venture, however necessary a part of Japanese's rock development it was. "The music of those five bands will be a 'goods' produced by a record company," he sourly predicted, "but the point is whether the record can produce the real live characters of Tokyo Rockers."

Perhaps what we have here is some remote equivalent of the Stones, Beatles and The Kinks or Clash, Pistols and Buzzcocks: music just beginning, with masses of influence, experience and sophisticated technology available, a multitude of philosophies, with the intuitive and determined addition of purely Japanese elements which, despite the fact that Japan is essentially as 'Western' as America, must be at root totally militant and potentially transfiguring.

But, if outside Japan the possibilities of this 'refinement' is exciting, inside such an occurrence is positively vital.

"In a way the Japanese people have been 'brainwashed' by Western music," explains Momoyo, "and there is too much Western music in Japan. I don't really listen to much Western music anyway, and I feel that if groups like Lizard and the Tokyo Rockers can establish themselves, Japanese people will have to take notice rather than looking to Western music all the time. So in a way it's our job to ensure that Japanese people won't be brainwashed in years to come."

Momoyo feels no lack of commitment or inspiration in making that effort. "I think that it is one of the most important things that I have to do. To create real Japanese rock music in Japan. We're making the starts."

At this moment Tokyo has no such a social crisis that London has. But we are wrapped with an invisible crisis. Increasing suicide and spiritlessness of the youth . . . How can we stand the situation without music?

POPEYE fanzine April 1979

The time is right," exclaimed Momoyo, the words receiving through translation the slant of unintentional and over-literal melodrama that Japanese into English always receives "for rock groups in Japan to break out."

Momoyo had recalled that the early days of the rejuvenated Lizard were particularly tough due to the set routines of Japan's rock traditions. There were many customs and problems to overcome. For instance, the influence of Japanese rock critics is far more definite and damaging than their American and British counterparts. "Critics are a vermin," Momoyo told *Change 2000*," They get paid by writing and speaking of bands who are not at all necessary to our own lives."

The critics' position have been rooted in Japanese tradition, so that to gain good reviews musicians must be extra polite when they spot a critic. A polite "Hello, sir" would do them no harm. Lizard, not recognising the necessary faces, tended to neglect their duties. They were ignored and scorned and found it difficult to get gigs. Even with the eventual development of the small gig they managed to escape the catch. The rise of the small gigs coincided with Japanese youth's realisation that it was not necessary to imitate the punk stereotypes, that they had their own pressures and demands. This inspired Japanese DIY activity; fanzines flourished, bringing a new generation of critics, potentially influential in a more relevant and considered way.

Such factors show much Japanese rock is moving. The shift is as definite in Japan — where things were not just boring, but didn't exist at all — as it was random here. The processes of demystification that are taking place in Japan are a lot more severe and wonderful than those in Britain and America. They have to be.

"People before always thought that technology and technique were important rather than energy and enthusiasm," says Momoyo familiarly, "people just wouldn't get up and play unless they had certain techniques, but now it's different. There are bands just three days old who bash away. Also people seem to forget about rock once they graduate but now, because of the new energy stuff, these people who work in the day want to take part in it."

I wondered if this expanding new movement would produce a considerable change in society and how people thought.

"There is so much to point out, it's difficult to say . . . I hope to change Japanese society as much as I hope to change Japanese rock music, but what changes I can't really say. I hope that I can stimulate people to think for themselves more. Like, Japanese society is so formularised that for most things you have to go through certain stages that you cannot really jump, and I just don't know why you have to go through these stages. If you want to do something, do it!"

Are these unusual thoughts? "I can't really pick out examples of all that I'm rebelling against, it's probably quite abstract in a way. But I think that a lot of Japanese young people have similar thoughts. Japanese society is so well established, though, for youhg people to speak up and talk about their problems effectively. Because of the Japanese characteristics many people cannot speak what they feel. The spirit of the '60s student riots is still in the Japanese young generation though."

It still appears that it's unusual for young people to break away from stereotypes with any permanence.

"I wouldn't feel it in any way strange for a visitor coming to Japan and finding the people very disciplined and that they don't really care about any change in society. To Western people it probably seems as though they are very happy about their country. But it's just like 1984."

So it's a courageous achievement for Lizard to advance so far. "We thought when we started out as Lizard that we were going to get slagged off and that we'd probably have to split up, there were so many things against us. But the fact we've survived and we're going to make records and we've sort of established ourselves, it's one of the most important things in Japanese rock. But it has surprised us."

When The Stranglers repeated the same tune three times saying wake up, the Japanese fans with a lot of money in their pockets were not awake, were not soaked in fever to Jean Jacques Burnel. Thus we have to feel that the revolution of conscience would not come soon.

POPEYE fanzine

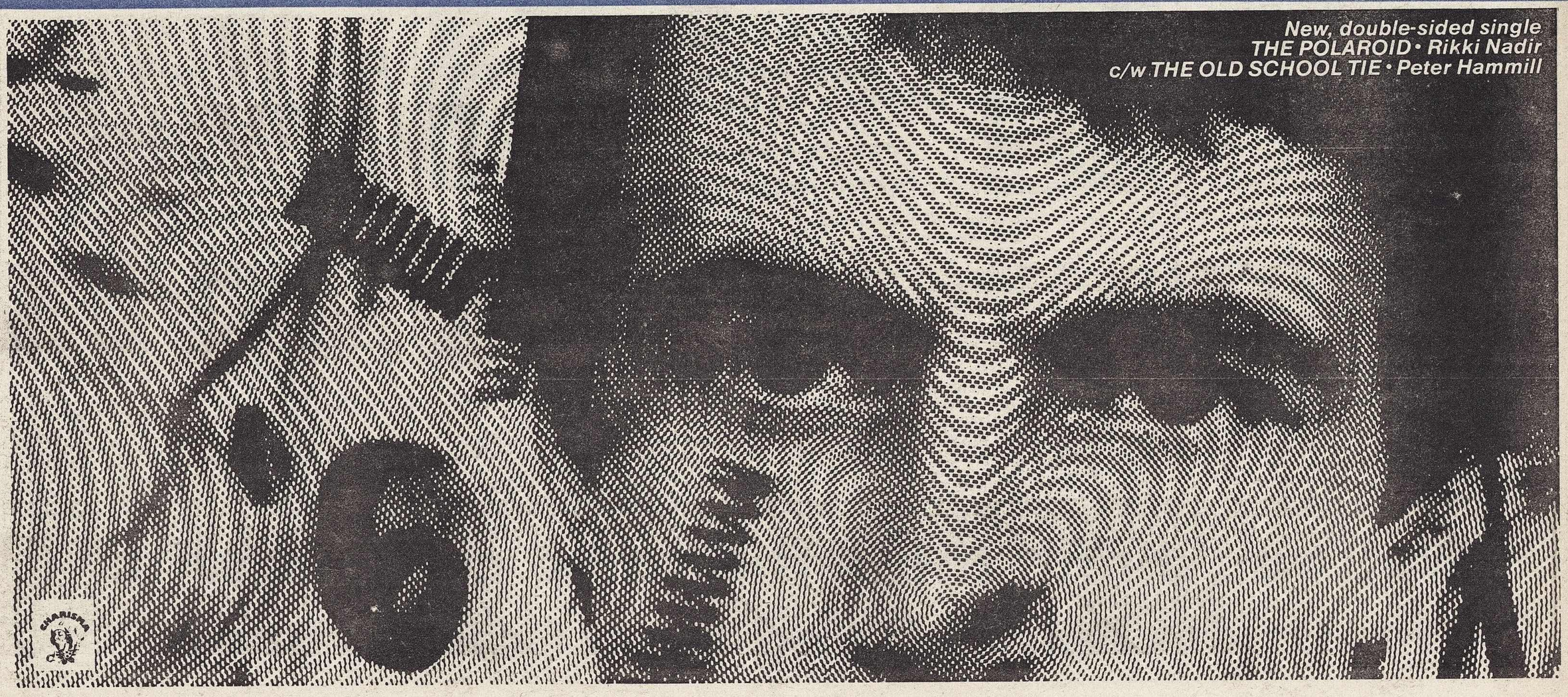
Lizard's Music Machine was not an example of remarkable reinforcements of rock noise, but it was no way a regression. Certainly not the vaguely expected tinny mimicry mixture of punk speed and heavy metal blandness. Their eclectism is shrewd, their own inputs substantial. Trite terms, but Lizard are no disgrace. I became a fan.

Visually, they're somewhere around standard leather and Devo strategy with a boost of mime and plenty of anguished exhibitionism from Momoyo The Star. Cynics muttered that they have their Clash song, their Devo song, their Stranglers song but, although is inevitably much aggression and raving the group have stunning control of their instruments and the balance of their music, whilst not drastically unorthodox, is subtly different. They are too dynamic and imaginative to be dismissed as imitators.

The sound is valid, volatile melange of the exhilaration of the best Stranglers, the stimulating drama of the less imposing Magazine and the repetitive jauntiness of Devo. This is easy to say because superficially bassist Waka rouses with a rigour that seems positively Burnellian, and keyboardist Koh is apt to decorate the monochromatic core with the fastidious deliberation of Dave Formula.

But the way such sound is incorporated into the whole — Waka's fury is beautifully complemented by Belle's drumming, Koh's keyboard never swamp the music, Kat's guitar is unusually graceful and composed — sets them apart. They are not the rip-offs lazy critics will probably denounce them as. Their influences are similar to the above groups — electronic/fast rock/psychedlic/Eno — but there is enough of themselves that they deserve to be set alongside those groups, not

◆ *Continues page 49*



NILS ON TOUR

September

Portsmouth Guildhall Monday 3rd
Leicester De Montfort Hall Tuesday 4th
Wolverhampton Civic Hall Wednesday 5th
Oxford New Theatre Thursday 6th
Sheffield City Hall Friday 7th
Manchester Apollo Theatre Monday 10th
Edinburgh Usher Hall Tuesday 11th
Glasgow Apollo Theatre Wednesday 12th
Liverpool Empire Thursday 13th
London Rainbow Theatre Friday 14th
Bristol Colston Hall Sunday 16th
Brighton The Dome Tuesday 18th
Ipswich Gaumont Wednesday 19th
Newcastle City Hall Thursday 20th
Birmingham Odeon Friday 21st

A A&M presentation

WITH LIVE WIRE

"Nils" is Nils Lofgren's new album on A&M Records and Tapes

A&M RECORDS

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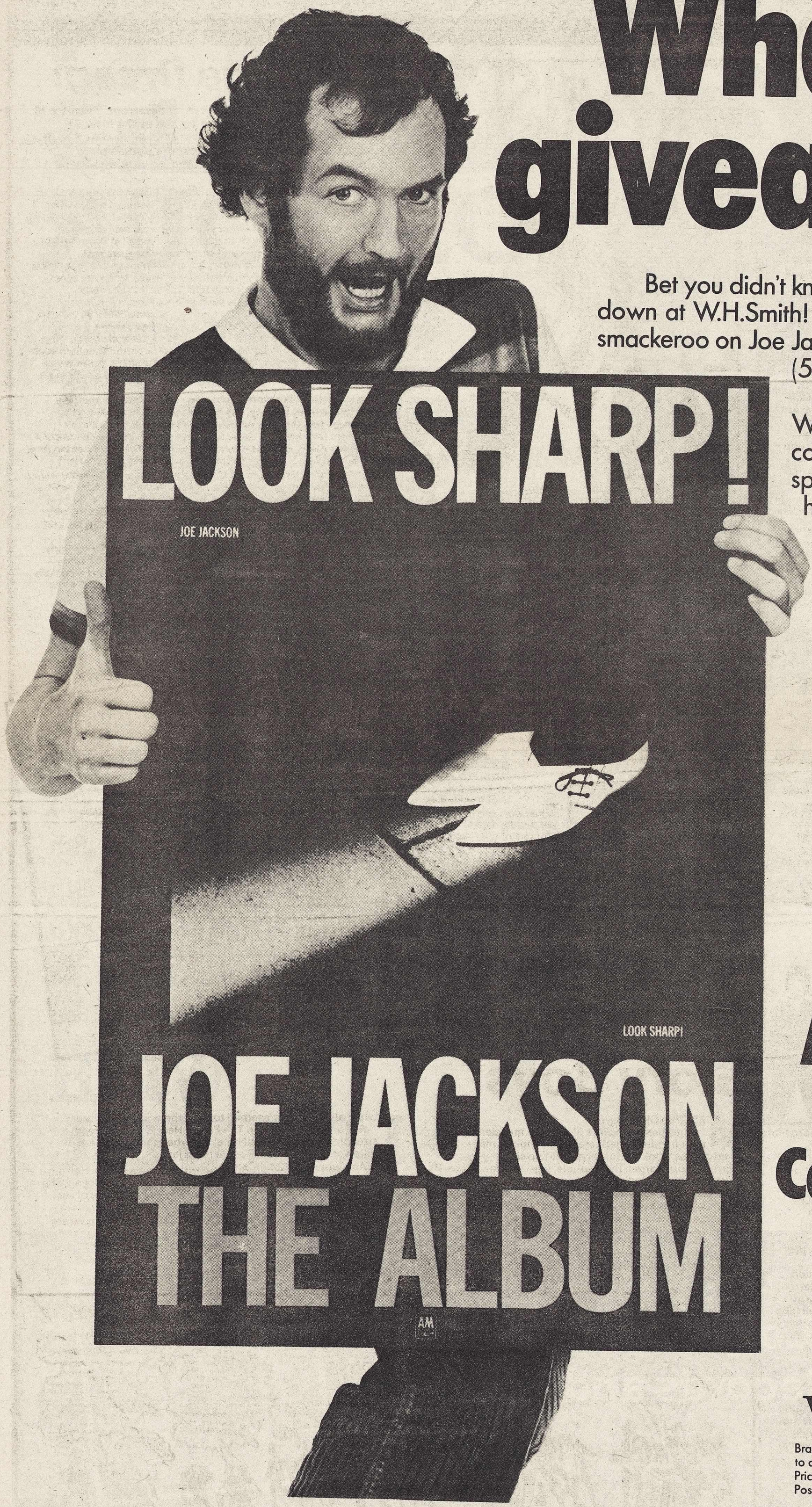

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THRILLS

No Fun With The Front

THE RAR demo against The National Front's 'Rock Against Communism' gig at Conway Hall on Saturday turned out to be a very temperate affair, due mainly to the strict precautions taken by the police.

Over 200 RAR supporters assembled at Russell Square tube station, to be met by two coaches containing at least 60 police. The march was led by a rented 3-ton truck flying the banner "We're all your 'Alien' Kulture", with the rock band Charge playing a short set on the back. A brief meeting was held before the demonstrators dispersed. In his speech at the meeting, RAR picket organiser John Dennis claimed that when the NF issued leaflets a week ago advertising the gig, they never mentioned the venue as they were "shit-scared of RAR opposition. The NF," continued Dennis, "are against rock music, in fact against everything we represent, and although we've only had three days warning, this demo has shown that the RAR will take a positive stand against further gig violence."

Your reporter, and photographer 'Fearless' Mike Laye, later attemted to gain entry to the Conway Hall gig and were actually halfway in before being recognised by NF organisers as members of the RAR rally. To the tune of "Oy, Red — Fuck Off!", and various less subtle threats, we were forced to make a swift exit.

Those who did manage to get inside reported that there were upwards of 200 NF supporters and two bands — Homicide and White Boss — and that the atmosphere was "Manic", "utterly horrible", and that there was much chanting of "Right Wing pop songs".

Later, a spokesman for the NF told *Thrills* that "the two Young NF organisers connected with that concert" (one of whom was Joe Pearce) "had no wish to talk to the *New Musical Express.*"

The use of Conway Hall as a venue for NF activities is itself a point of contention.

The Hall is run by 'The South Place Ethical Society' — a non-religious Humanist group who believe in Free Speech. It was outside an NF meeting there in '74 that Kevin Gately, an anti-NF demonstrator, was killed by police in Red Lion Square, which is why the police were adamant on this occasion that the RAR demo should not be allowed into the Square.

The NF were also banned from using their premises after displaying an offensive poster of a dread who's locks were dripping blood and which bore the caption "Your Last Chance". According to The Ethical Society, the NF were allowed back after a year, although they were still using the poster, because "it was reported to the Director of Public Prosecutions, who didn't take any notice, and so — apparently — the poster isn't illegal."

Thrills suggested that it seemed strange that when most of the Society's committee members were Left Wing, they should still assist Right Wing Organisations like the NF.

They claim: "It's not really a matter of *assisting* them, it's just the principle of Free Speech. Most of what the NF say is offensive to most people — that's true — but on the other hand, if you try to drive something underground and try to ban it from everywhere, it doesn't help get rid of it."

The standpoint taken by RAR's John Dennis is a little different. He claims that the RAC gig was an attempt to compound the political initiative of groups like the Front and The British Movement.

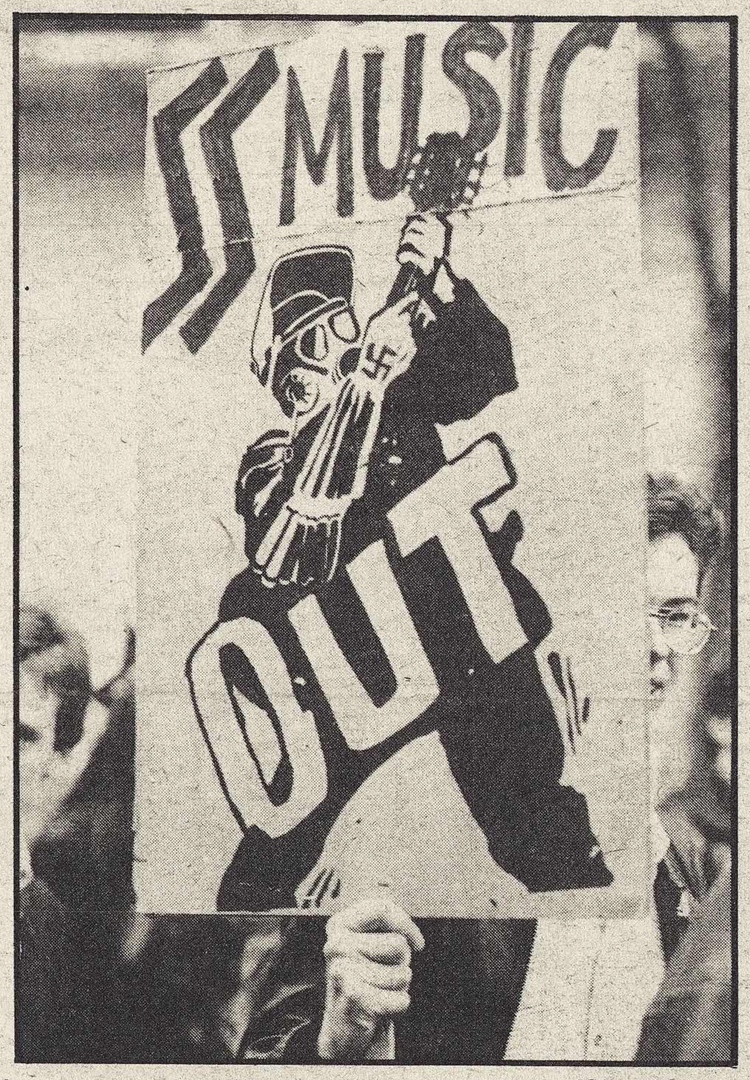
"We feel", he says, "that The British Movement, particularly, destroyed Sham 69, and that Jimmy Pursey *was* at fault for not making a distinction between the kids that were his mates and those that were British Movement and, consequently, politically motivated. If *they* couldn't have him, then no-one else was going to have him.

"I see this demo as a start to taking a very positive role in getting rid of that kind of behaviour, and in that way we'd really like to enlist the support of everybody in the Music Industry.

"You can't ignore these people", he adds "you can't ignore the politics of it."

MARK ELLEN

THRILLS



Sez it all really, dunnit? *Pic: Mike Laye.*

Teenage Dream

NO, IT'S not a brand of acne deterrent. Teen-Ex 79 was a nine-day event staged at the New Horticultural Hall in London, which aimed to bring together under one roof the sundry bodies of information about opportunities for — you guessed it — teenagers.

Conceived, organised and financed largeley by the efforts of Joy Hamilton-King (who jacked in a flourishing employment bureau in order to realise her brainchild), Teen-Ex 79 was set up as a direct response to what she felt was perennial lack of cohesion in dealing with the "specific needs" of the post-Suez generation. Educational and careers advice, personal counselling and opportunities for amusement were presented with a detachable bias towards alternatives which generally get ignored by schools, establishments and the media. Unrespectable aspirations such as becoming a punkrock drummer or a Radio One DJ were to be considered as valid as throwing in your lot with the Royal Navy or Tescos.

The operation appeared to succeed on several scores. First, there was virtually no trace of the blatant commercialism such events often attract. Despite scant pre-publicity, there was a healthy turn-out which enabled the organisers to break-even. The exhibition subtly stressed the notion that "serious" opportunities like work and money should not be mutially exclusive from Fun (eg. sex and noise), while avoiding the tendecy to patronise or encourage teen-cult deification.

Most importantly, there was Lots To Do. You could sweat it out in a disco, or swat it out with visiting M.P.s in a boxing ring, take part in a live radio broadcast or stymie the Aetherius Society with awkward question. You could play snooker with a world-class pro, or twiddle loud musical instruments provided by the Association of Youth Musicians.

In addition, there were continual impromptu gigs by very young bands — reggae, jazz, New-Wave, even a 15-year-old professional Elvis impersonator.

High-spot, and life-long-ambition-realised for Yours Truly was being invited to sit on the panel of judges of a beauty queen contest (sexist! Sanctimonious Ed.) grading a veritable houri of teenies on the Nubil-ometer. Gee, can't wait til I'm married.

RICK JOSEPH

THRILLS

Pic: Chris Horler

Just don't give those boys no lip, alright?

Blondie Wax Dumb

So who wants pics of Debbie Harry anyway. Pic: Richard Creamer

"I THINK our band will probably be responsible for bringing everything, like disco, heavy rock, everything we do, into just one genre, a pop genre. In England and Europe the kids just look at these as parallel aspects of one overall form, but they don't here."

The speaker is Blondie's Jimmy Destri, talking to New York's *Trouser Press* magazine in a feature that chronicles the making of the group's new 'Eat On The Beat' album, follow up to 'Parallel Lines' and, like its predecessor, also produced by English whizz-person Mike Chapman (better known over here as back-half of the notorious Chinnichap team of blessed memory).

Aside from the ritual snipes at the British rock press "as eager to take pot shots at Blondie as they are to print photos of Debby Harry" (remarks Trouser Press sardonically) the piece does preview some of the tracks destined to be filling our airways in the months to come.

Titles include 'The Hardest Part', 'Union City Blue' (inspired by the film 'Union City' in which D Harry starred) and 'Die Young, Stay Pretty' — the last being a reggae tune dating back to 1975. Another track, 'Definition' is described as "an incredible mix of a heavy metal rondo and Cossack music . . . Phenominal!"

Sounds intriguing. Last words to Destri: "What makes me proud of this album is that when the kids hear it they'll say 'Thank God, they haven't lost it, they still have the feeling."

We shall see.

PAUL DU NOYER

THRILLS

It's A Man's Life In The Glory Boys

MEET The Glory Boys.

The latest in the line of modern musclemen have lifted their handle from Secret Affair's mod anthem in praise of natty dress. Look out for those tell-tale signs — the squarely-shorn barnet, the 'keyhole' logo emblazoned on the biceps, the word 'Mod' tattooed on the inside of the lower lip.

The bruisers in question have exchanged their East End stomping-grounds for a stretch of The March Of The Mods tour. They claim to be Secret Affair's personal protection service, though without them, muses a sceptical Thrills, the band probably wouldn't need any.

In fact, there's been occasions of late when the band have had to protect The Glory Boys. Indeed, after the Factory gig in Manchester, Affair hired a troop of taxis to ship the GBs to safety when alien factions seemed to have them outnumbered.

At Torquay, Affair and The Purple Hearts were left with a sizeable bill for a trashed hotel bar when their fearsome followers dropped in for a late night jar.

And worse . . . when Affair played a recent Acklam Hall gig for the purpose of making a promo film, the unsuspecting GBs were sprung on leaving by a rival army, with a couple of cars getting totalled in the process.

Honestly, you can't slink off for a quiet night out anywhere these days, now can ya?

GILBERT T. FISH

THRILLS

NOT ONLY ROCK AND ROLL — **LOWRY**

X.T.C. ON SEPTEMBER TOUR
11th MANCHESTER Apollo
12th SHEFFIELD Top Rank
13th WOLVERHAMPTON Civic Hall
14th PETERBOROUGH Wirrena Club
16th GUILDFORD Civic Hall
17th LONDON Rainbow
18th BRISTOL Colston Hall
20th EDINBURGH Odeon
21st NEWCASTLE Mayfair
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Would You Buy A Used Roneo Vickers From These Men?

Left to right: Marc Moulin, Michel Moers, Don Lacksman

There's a real live freak show going on here.

The canteen queue in the BBC studios, Shepherd's Bush, is awash with hordes of extras from a neighbouring *Hamlet* shoot. All beards, tights, smocks and codpieces.

All, that is, bar the guys at the back.

The last three in line for tea and sticky buns hail from a very different kitchen. In their equally perverse garb, they look — respectively — like an ultra-chic gymnast, a wop wine waiter, and an artisan downbeat poet.

They're Marc Moulin, Dan Lacksman and Michel Moers. Together, they spell Telex.

In their Belgian homeland, who's rock 'n' roll hall of fame has but one slightly dubious name on display — Plastic Bertrand, Telex are currently something of a sensation. Their single, the vacuously lovable 'Moskow Diskow' (sung in French), is making sizeable waves on European radio. As is their English single (sung . . . in English) — a freeze-dried reading of 'Rock Around The Clock' — which has suddenly shot into the British fun forty.

Imagine the basic Kraftwerk formula — layers of synthesised squiggles robot percussion — add the vocals of a catarrhal Dalek and a poker-faced, self-deriding humour akin to M's 'Pop Muzik', and you'll be close to the muse of this awesome threesome.

Mark plays keyboards (and speaks the best English), Dan is the sound engineer and Michel writes words and sings. You could say they had a 'purist' approach to technique.

Marc explains: "We decided it would be a challenge to try and make all the sounds with synthesisers.

"We used only four 'acoustic' instruments on the album — piano, whistles, handclaps and a toyshaker."

You could also say they were obsessed with style, not unlike the rest of the French-speaking music makers.

Marc again: "I think they're obsessed by style because English and American rock has always been a model for their music."

Telex/Kraftwerk comparisons they claim are inevitable, as they're virtually the only other band in the same bracket.

Dan agrees: "It's the best comparison you can make technically, as we use the same equipment, but in some ways we're much closer to Giorgio Moroder — who produces Sparks and Donna Summer — except that he still uses normal guitars and a drum set."

"We don't want to go too far," ads Marc, "as it's not really necessary. We experiment as far as we need, because the idea of what we want to do is Pop Music."

They first put this to practice when Telex was formed as a commercial/experimental fusion, after they'd released four albums by Belgian underground bands on their self-financed Kamikaze label.

With the subsequent Sire signing, out came their inspired, and frequently hilarious debut album 'Looking For Saint Tropez', to a widely mixed reaction. It covers diverse ground, including a ludicrous shot at Plastic Bertrand's 'Ca Plane Pour Moi', an automaton dance version of 'Saint Tropez' by Les Chats Sauvages, some dicey didactics about communication, a little Belgian politics, and a wayward batch of electrnic bleeps to the sole lyric "Doctor Livingstone I presume?"

A touch too diverse, some would claim.

"It might have been," Marc admits. "It might look pretentious in a way. But as it appears, the whole album is about non-communication. Communication should have expanded through the media, but it's always the same things that are said. Like in 'Moskow Diskow', we use all the words that you find in every disco song.

"The thing about pop music is that it adds a dimension to a certain period of your life, so it has to be disposable all the time. And I think that's revolutionary. it's against the idea that 'art' has to have a kind of permanence."

Michel: "I guess if people buy the record, they must feel something for it."

Marc: "Cold emotion is another emotion."

Dan: "And humour is an emotion too. Most of all, our music's fun. Fun is a good dimension. It's been used by very few bands. It's always a rare event — especially in electronic music."

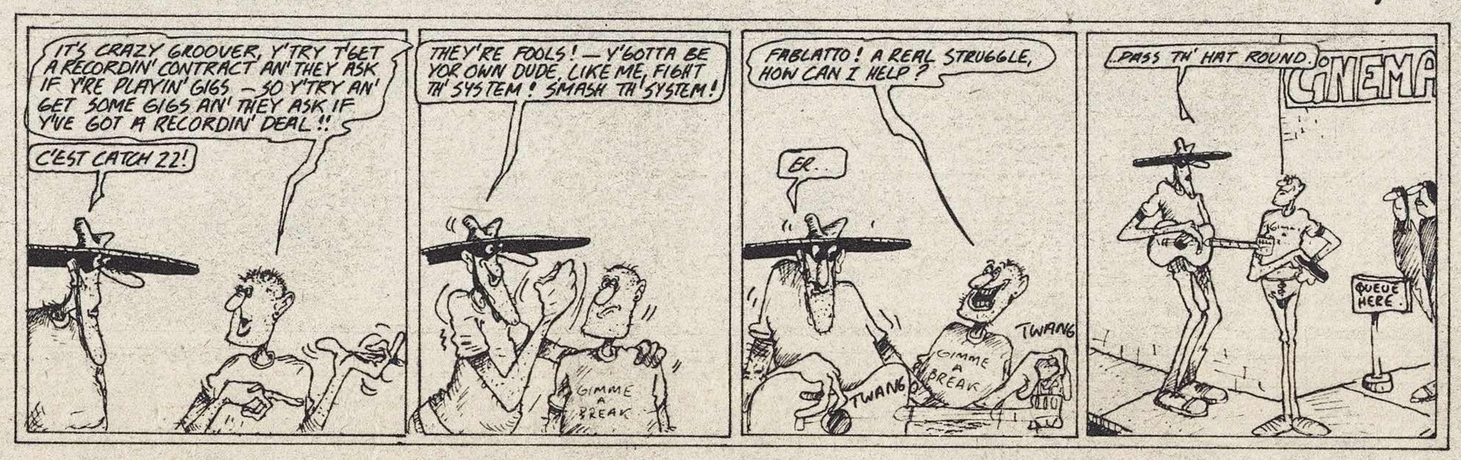
Get on in there while the going's good.

MARK ELLEN

THRILLS

The Lone Groover

Benyon



ARCHIVE FUN

Now you too can find out why this man was the John Peel of his day.

Sick to death of TV repeats? Of the nostalgia-wallowing redundancy of *Joke Box Dreary*, the geriatric *Oh Boy*, David Jacobs and *Where Are They Now?* (otherwise known as *Who The Hell Were They In The First Place?*)?

Then why not switch to wonderful Radio 1 for a refreshing dose of — uh — repeats?

No, hold it, don't touch that dial. Because right now, on Friday nights 'twixt ten and twelve, the Tommy Vance Friday Rock Show is offering some rare treats for the discerning listener in the guise of its regular 'archive sessions'.

Speaking first to Vance and then to Rock Show producer Tony Wilson, *Thrills* learned that Radio 1 has access to such material dating back to at least the early sixties, culled largely from the likes of Brian Matthew's *Saturday Club*, early John Peel *Top Gear* shows, *Sounds Of The Seventies* and even World Service broadcasts.

Among the de-cobwebbed delights unearthed to date are vintage sessions by the young David Bowie, Cream, the Stones and Yardbirds and Jimi Hendrix, including his unique rendering of 'Day Tripper' notable, apart from anything else, for vocals by John Lennon and inclusion of his original 'She's a prick-teaser' line. The song is un-recorded save for its appearance on a BBC archive sessions bootleg.

Last week's programme saw the recussitation of 1968 and 1969 incarnations of the Bonzo Dog Doo-Dah Band.

Wilson's plans for the immediate future centre on taping the Reading Festival and — from October — on seeking new sessions by the younger heavy groups outside the domain of John Peel's shows. He assured me, however, that there's enough archive stuff to carry on plundering "for ages", forthcoming attractions to include offerings from Rory Gallagher and The Beatles (who?).

Can't wait for that UK Subs session in 1996.

PAUL DU NOYER

THRILLS

PEPPERMINT LUMP by ANGIE ON STIFF RECORDS

TALKING HEADS
FEAR OF MUSIC
TALKING HEADS FEAR OF MUSIC
Fear Of Music.
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Includes Free Single:
Previously unreleased live version of "Psycho Killer".
See the Talking Heads at the Edinburgh Rock Festival
on Saturday September 1st.
TALKING HEADS
FEAR OF MUSIC
SRK 6076
SIRE

Ex X-Ray Spex 'Closet Headbangers'?

SO FAREWELL then, X-Ray Spex. Putting an end to months of rumour came the announcement, in a recent *NME*, that two of the band's number had not only split but were actively promoting a successor, Classix Nouveaux by name. *Thrills* agreed to pay a visit.

The ex-Spex in question, guitarist Jak Airport and drummer BP Hurding, were found rehearsing the new outfit with fellow members Mik Sweeney and Sal Soho (bass-player and singer, formerly both of The News) — and right now they seem keener to talk Classix Nouveaux than X-Ray Spex. However . . .

"Poly wanted to do her own thing, musically," says BP of erstwhile frontperson Ms Styrene, "and we wasn't doing nothing so we decided to get this band together and that's basically it."

"We all decided, all of us," adds Jak. "It was in Paris last March that we decided. 'cos Poly wanted to do all slow stuff, acoustic numbers, and we didn't want to do that."

BP: "Since Paris we didn't do nothing, we was just sitting about waiting to do something, waiting and waiting."

Evidently the band's Parisian stint proved an unhappy experience with fireworks being thrown at them and hostility greeting Poly Styrene's acoustic efforts, so reinforcing her growing distaste for live work.

The resultant period of anactivity was to prove frustrating for the rest of the Spex who, while denying any element of personal animosity, never shared or fully understood their singer's aversion to stage performance. Nor did the fans.

"At EMI" as Sal Solo observes "they had piles of fan-letters and they're all saying 'we live in so-an-so and when are you gonna play?'. They've been writing that for months."

Poly, meanwhile, has gone into the studios to explore her own musical preferences, and was using session-players to assist her.

BP again: "It is good stuff, but its just not our kind of material."

". . . like Joni Mitchell," mutters another, subversively.

And the musical differences didn't end there. "Me and BP like a lot of energy in our music" explains Jak Airport (conceivably something of a closet headbanger), whereas the two other X-Rayers, Rudi Thompson (sax) and Paul Dean (bass), are rather vaguely described as going for "Bob Dylan . . . trad pop . . . intellectual student music." Chances are that Paul and Rudi will be emerging with a new band of their own which might or might not be called The Continental Drifters. Somehow, one hopes not.

And Classix Nouveaux? After a Music Machine debut they'll be recording and then touring as soon as they can — by way of an antidote for the months of enforced idleness. Indeed, announcement of the Spex split was delayed to co-incide with the launch of the new band.

As for Poly Styrene, we'll just have to await the Consumer Society Queen's return to public life. With Listerined bated breath.

PAUL DU NOYER

THRILLS

Left to right: Jak Airport, B.P. Hurding, Sal Solo, Mik Sweeney.

The formula for Mr Lydon's success revealed! Eddie Spitfire of Chesterfield you have earned your fifteen minutes of fame.

Marahootchie Express

LONG ISLAND Rail Road conductor, James McKiernan, 27, is not adversed to the smoking of a little marahootchie on his express train from the city's suburbs to Penn Station/Madison Square Garden. Especially seeing as consumption of the weed is practically legal and all. But last weekend was the last straw. The Kiss mob finally got Jock's goat.

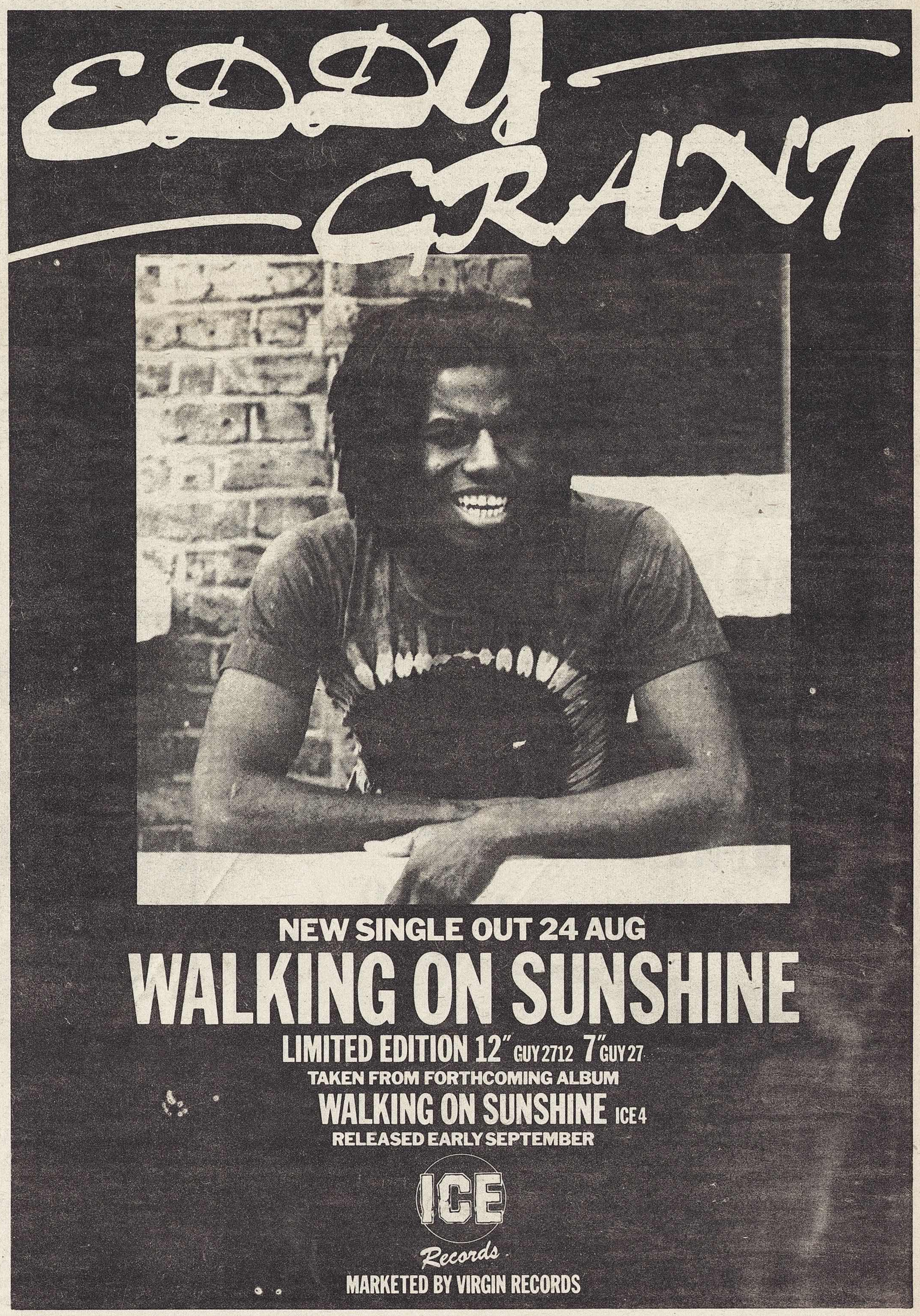
Since the drugs law have been relaxed in favour of the non-dealer, his train has become a "pot train nightmare," says Mr McKiernan, "with the kids going to see Kiss and other punk rock groups like The Barbarians, and getting whacked out of their trees on my train."

McKiernan, not into the weed himself, has gotten stoned on more than one occasion, just whiffing the herb as he punches tickets walking down the aisles, and felt so dizzy that "I couldn't see one end of the train from the other." Totally out of his gourd.

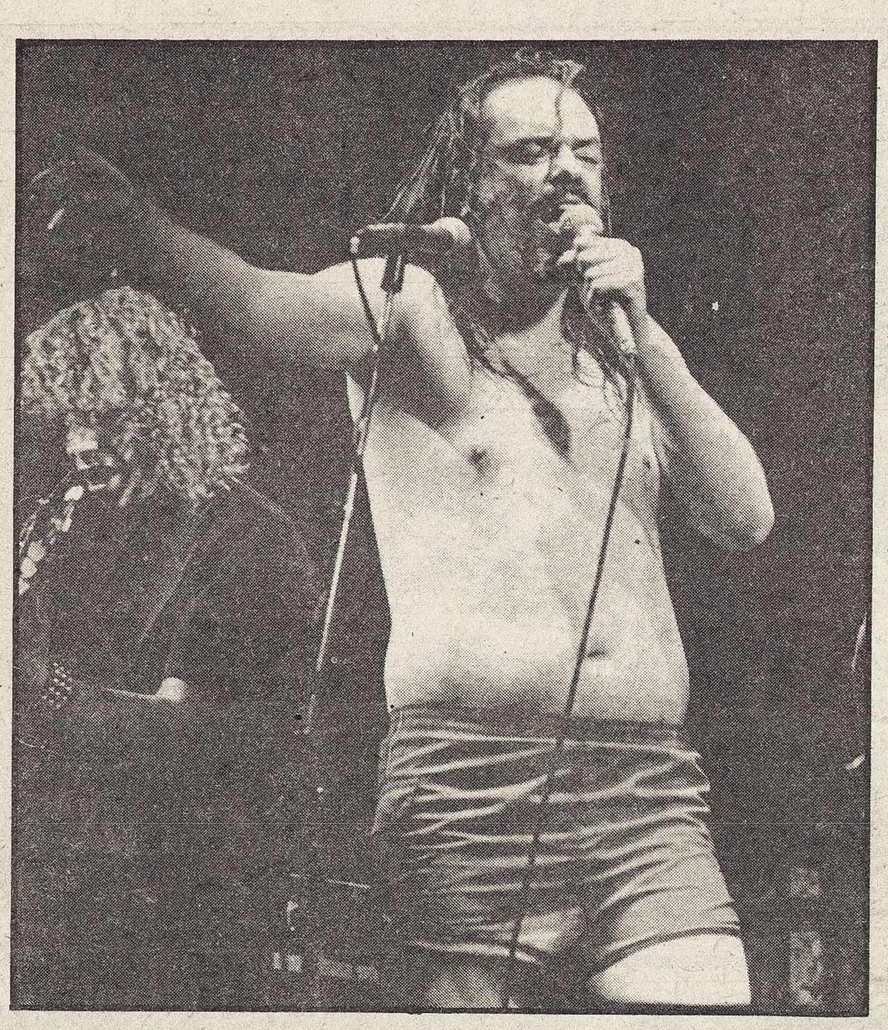
But what finally did him in was those Kiss concerts," when I couldn't make out which way the train was going then I got scared and persuaded the engineer to make an emergency stop and let me off. I found a saloon and got a few drinks to calm down." What with all that pot, and the nightcaps, Mr McKiernan was docked half a night's wages, as well.

JOE STEVENS

THRILLS



The Most Disgusting Man In The World



COARSE, corrupt and crude. Repulsive and repugnant. Loathesome. Debased, depraved, degenerate and disgusting. Not nice at all.

These are just a few of the words that spring to mind in describing **Root Boy Slim & The Sex Change** Band With The Rootettes. A few other words could include: funny, funky, bizarre and hugely enjoyable. It really depends on how normal you aren't.

> Having recently forced their attentions upon these shores for the first time, as support-act for Ian Dury & The Blockheads' tour, this is the Washington DC band responsible for 'Dare To Be Fat' — that slavering slice of unrepentant slobbery, the inelegant expression of their leader's devotion to a notion of obesity as beauty.

For lyricist and singer Root Boy Slim (estimates place him at 6 foot 4 and 16 stone) fat is a fetishist issue. And it's a theme explored with tasteless hilarity through a stage-show of quite grotesque theatricality — though saved from comic overkill by the superbly tight R'n'B sound of the band. Nobody's fools.

Forming the nucleus with Root Boy (alias Foster McKenzie III) are his bassist and one-time Yale University classmate Bob Greenlee, and guitarist Ernie Lancaster — these three being founder members of The Sex Change Band and composers of such enduring gems as 'Boogie Till You Puke' and 'I Was A Go-Go Boy In The Mark Spitz Show'.

Working the Washington clubs, the band came to the notice of Steely Dan's Walter Becker and Donald Fagen and, through this connection, landed a Warner Brothers deal which in turn spawned the debut album, itself produced by the Dan man Gary Katz. Whilst Warners have never seen fit to release the results over here, import copies are now cropping up with some regularity, coinciding with the band's visit.

And now on Illegal Records comes the follow-up, 'Zoom', containing, in addition to 'Dare To Be Fat', a whole host of unlovely numbers chronicling Root Boy's obsessions which range from drugs to sex to back again. The night I caught up with the tour, at Oxford, most of the crowd seemed unsure if they should laugh or dance or quietly throw up. Maybe you could do all three.

For Root Boy's routine is nothing if not laughable, danceable and revolting. Stripped down to a pair of unappealingly soiled red shorts, his eyes rolling and the wobbling mounds of surplus flesh soaked in perspiration ("I sweat more than James Brown" is his proud boast), this man is not a pretty sight.

Cavorting with his two Rootettes — the lively Dick Bangham and a lady occasionally known as Cherie Anita Fixx — the blubbery frontman might be dismissed as over the top, except that it all sounds so good. So let's not forget the rest of The Sex Change Band: Winston Lounge Lizard Kelly IV on keyboard and Albert Kung Fu Bayshor on drums, plus the extremely hot "Jones Boys" horn section (Marshall Keys, Ron Holloway).

The name of the game, as you've probably guessed, is American Excess. As the band's token rational human being, Bob Greenlee, observes prior to joining Dury & Co onstage for the 'Sex & Drugs & Rock'n'Roll' finale, excess remains the cultural keynote of his country. Maybe a circus like Root Boy Slim & The Sex Change Band is the only logical response.

And if you couldn't make the Blockheads tour, Root Boy's still scheduled for Reading before returning to the States. Raunch'n'paunch; he's all yours

PAUL DU NOYER

THRILLS

The Caroline Roadshow was originally started by Radio Caroline, but has now built up a reputation in its own right as Britain's top touring heavy rock Disco show. Every week some 2,500 people see the three ex-pirate radio deejays of the Caroline Roadshow - Robb Eden, Robbie Day and Harvey the Rabbit - in action. The Roadshow is more than a disco, in that it has a unique form of presentation. The deejays don't hide behind the record decks, but stand out front of the stage, dancing and playing imaginery guitars. Coupled to this is a sensational lighting and laser show with many pyrotechnic and special effects.

All you aspiring guitar heroes, your troubles are at an end. No more will you have to stand alone in front of your bedroom mirror with the curtains drawn so the neighbours can't see your pained expressions and flashing lead breaks. Just take your tennis raquet along to the Caroline Roadshow, where apparently unembarrassable deejays will enact your own fantasies before your very eyes.

JUST FANCY THAT

...the impoverished Beeb, which will be faced shortly with its own union demands for bridging the differentials' gap.

Small wonder that unkind cynics inside Thames Television occasionally recite this conundrum: "What's the difference between EMI and the *Titanic*? Well, the *Titanic* had a good band."

Private Eye. Aug 17

...way...

And now, a riddle. Q: What is the difference between Decca and The Titanic? A: At least The Titanic had a good band. (Waits for riotous thigh slapping to subside before)...

OK then. Now that it appears all the violence that...

N.M.E. July 28

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OY LEMMY, IS IT TRUE

The Black Knight of Notting Hill explains why his pools win with MOTORHEAD hasn't changed his lifestyle and habits.

CHRIS SALEWICZ keeps a clean nose and open ears with this cultural phenomenon of our times.

AH, the sheer classicism of the three-piece rock band.

Consider the power trio heritage: The Big Three, The Pirates, The Jimi Hendrix Experience, Cream, Budgie. The three-in-one, the one-in-three. The number of synthesis and harmony, the resolving of tensions created by the duality of two through the birth of a third, unifying principle. A beginning, a middle, and an end: The Holy Trinity, the Woodstock *triple* album set, the *three*-day week . . .

"Actually," says Lemmy, "When I got kicked out of Hawkwind I wanted to start a *five* piece band — though this seems to be working out alright!"

Shhhhh, you'll blow it for both of us!

BUT is it not appropriate that the mighty triumvirate of Motorhead should be coming together to make their music on the eternally light night of the summer solstice in Finland some five hundred miles south of the Arctic Circle and only ten or so miles to the west of the Russian border?

Who knows what spirits may be drawn up out of the terrain by the power of the Motorhead music? Perhaps it is elves or hobgoblins who remove the table from where it is fitted into the floor of the band's backstage caravan and set it a-wandering across the lake, like a Viking burial boat, in the direction of the Arctic Sea.

It is, incidentally, the PunkaRocka Festival that the band are playing. It is located close by the town of Punkaharaju. "Punka" appears to be a frequently used Finiish prefix, so obviously there's a bit of a pun going on here.

A bit of a number going on as well: the local promoter, who seems to have been sub-contracting the festival from Finland's biggest booking agency in Helsinki, is rumoured to have split with all the money the bands are meant to be paid with. Accordingly, the audience is let in early so that more money may be acquired with which to pay the musicians. This means that there's already a sizeable contingent of kids amidst the scattered pine-trees of the site whilst Motorhead are doing their sound-check. Never-mind, Lemmy has learnt how to say 'Peace and Good Vibes' in Finnish and even lays a whole M-head song on them.

The Finnish punka rocka groups are actually not very good punka rocka groups. The best is a five-piece with a Joe Strummer lookalike on bass, an Iggy on lead vocals, and a Tom Robinson on guitar. "Tom, Tom, Tom Robinson" is indeed the hook line — replete with clenched fist salutes — of one of their songs.

Another of the punka rocka groups surprises the English contingent — also present are Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders and Whirlwind — by playing the punka rocka classic, 'I've Got A Lovely Bunch Of Coconuts'.

Never mind, though, amongst all the blonde young teens who look as though they've stepped into the festival site straight out of a dry cleaners — and the constant dry heat of the sun makes it all seem like California without cocaine — there is a sufficiently large contingent of imported Lewis leathers and spiky hair to show that Punk is certainly the international language of the more aware Youth. Needless to say, it is the Punka Rockas who certainly seem to be the main target of the dour, ecstasy-detesting police who pace the festival site leading, or being led by, vicious muzzled alsatians as they seek out drunks to kick out of the gig.

As the day wears on the still, fresh air becomes thick with the scent of pine needles, pollen and dust from the sandy soil. Always, though, somewhere through the powdery light can be made out the archetypal lone rock'n'roll figure of Ian "Lemmy" Kilminster, a marginally spreading mid-'30s girth hidden from view by his medallion-encrusted leather jacket, a constant dazed grin on his rarely weary face as he wanders the festival site in the same manner he can often be spotted wandering the length and breadth of London.

Something deep within this rock'n'roll knight of Notting Hill appears to not permit him to remain in one spot for anything longer than thirty seconds. It is almost certainly the vast quantities of amphetamine sulphate running through his system.

The classic rock'n'roll whore with a heart of gold Lemmy had waxed most sorrowful some four weeks previously. He was distressed by the manner in which his character is so often misinterpreted by those who make the classic fallacy of judging other people's worth by what they wear.

"I don't know why I've got this terrible reputation," he told me in Dingwalls (where else?) as he chewed on chips and mayonnaise between sips on a large vodka. "I mean, you never see me completely fucking out of it. You never see me falling all over the floor, puking up over everyone, being totally obnoxious, having to be carried home. I never get like that. How can I? I'm a speed freak. I'm up twenty-four hours a day.

"'Ang on a second, I've just got to go and have a wander."

ANYWAY, you know Motorhead, don't you? The token loser band of . . . what was it now '75/'76?

And like all good loser bands — Thin Lizzy being a classic example — who are initially greeted by the press with hoots and howls of laughter, M-head went out and gigged to the grass-roots core of this land's rock fans and when, almost by a fluke of fate, they managed at the end of 1977 to get out an album and single on Chiswick the LP made number 44 and the eponymous-titled single just missed the Top 50, even getting the trio a *Top Of The Pops* spot. 'Overkill', their second album and their first with Bronze Records, came out at the end of last winter and made The Top Thirty.

One of the most unfashionable bands in all the world to like, though. Fellow journalists look down on me as though I'm completely crackers — and very down-market crackers at that — when I tell them there are times when I've really got off on the second LP. A strictly roots friend of mine, though, thinks 'Overkill' is the best rock album since 'Never Mind The Bollocks'.

Both views are a bit obsessive, really. It's just that as a pure hard-rock outfit Motorhead are in a league of their own and a whole different scene to such contemptible contemporary heavy metal contenders as Ted Nugent or Judas Priest; the M-heads show that Heavy Metal does not have to be the crypto-fascist music it generally is.

I don't think it's just because Lemmy's a bit of an old hippy that Motorhead evince such a positive spirit. Rather, it's because within the band there dwells an unblemished rock'n'roll understanding and spirit that makes me think of them as something like a *Daily Mirror* version of The Clash. If you're a rock fan who's a sheet metal worker from Stoke or on the dole in Glasgow or Barrow you'll know what I mean. You'll have symapthy with what Eddie's talking about when he says that, in the really bad old days of '76, they were sharing ten pounds a week between them, and that now they earn £45 a week they feel they "can conquer the world on that".

Motorhead supporters are probably the most loyal fans in the country. Lemmy tells me that, on their recent French tour, two guys came over on bikes, followed them round every one of tha dates "and then went back to the steel works in Newcastle."

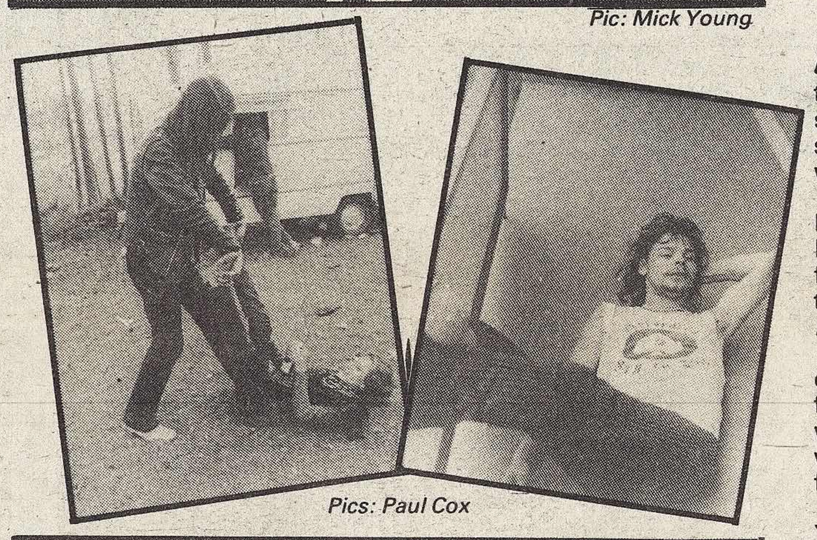
Motorhead, after all, just drips classic Boys' Band rock'n'roll romance: they stay up all night speeding and smoking and drinking, get busted a lot, have utterly crucial tours cancelled when drummer Phil (thy Animal) loses the odd knuckle or so in a fight, always have plenty of Hell's Angels backstage at English gigs . . . the last time I met one of the M-head entourage he was about to go on trial for possession of 72 weights — I don't know how but by some splendid miracle he got off.

The bikers are part of Lemmy's Hawkwind inheritance. The British Hell's Angels are not by any means part of a dying breed, says the bassist: "It's a very rigidly organized set-up. It's a full-time occupation, really. It can be a very violent career for a young man. Sure, it can be very negative in some ways, but it can be very positive in others.

"They're good lads, y'know. I get on with all of them. As an alternative to disco-dancing you must admit it has its merits."

Anyway, I don't think Lemmy really gives a toss how we, the music press, judge the band. Like he said on a radio interview a few weeks back he just makes music for kids who want to go and stencil 'Motorhead' on the backs of their jackets.

Pic: Mick Young



Pics: Paul Cox

Top: Lemmy, Phil (thy Animal) Taylor, and Fast Eddy Clark.

Below: caravans, legs and local girls in Finland.

ABOUT a month after the Finland bash we're sitting at the window table of the cosy Italian eaterie next to London's Olympic Studios in Barnes where the band are cutting their third album for release next month. We're talking about the self-doubts and general sense of pointlessness that can sometimes creep into this matter of media communication in which we're both involved.

"Especially with Hawkwind that used to happen," nods Lemmy, his hand clamped round a glass of lager. "Not so much with Motorhead. They can say what they like about us but we really did fight through a lot of prejudice to get the band even *this* far. And there's still a lot of prejudice. A lot of music papers go, *'Ho-ho, heee-heeeee-heeeeee . . . Motorhead'.*

"But with Hawkwind we'd sometimes do a *terrible* set. You'd come offstage and you *know* you'd done a terrible set. Even in the four-chord wonder days . . . Well," he grins with ingenuous warmth, "we only knew four chords but we arranged them pretty well. It doesn't matter, y'know; all the best rock'n'roll records was four chords, all the best Little Richard was just four chords.

"Even so, sometimes we'd do those four chords really badly. You'd come offstage and think 'Jesus Christ, I'm not doing an encore'. But there'd be kids tearing up seats and going *'Aaaaaaaaaggggrrrrhhhhh . . . More, more'.* And you'd think *'What are they doing? It was crap!'*

"But the kids didn't think so, and that's the criterion: that's who you're playing for. In opposition to that theory you can say that you're getting away with shit and fooling the kids. But you're *not* fooling the kids if they enjoy it."

It's true, of course: so many times I've been backstage after a gig and said "Oh, fantastic" and it's all been gloomy faces . . .

"But, you see, the band never knows. You can never hear what you're like. You can never go out the front and watch yourself. You can go 'Oh, fuckin' 'ell. This is dreadful. I'm out of tune' . . .but if the kids are going *'Yea-a-a-ah'* then you've got it . . .

"*That* is what I'm doing. I ain't doing it for *me.* I ain't done it for me for *years.* Sometimes," he chuckles nicely, "I'd rather do *anything* than play — go down the bowling alley, play darts — and I don't play darts, y'know what I mean?

"But if you can give the kids a good time then that's all it's for. Forget *Art* and all that — that's bullshit. If you can send that shiver down a kid's back then that's what it's all about. All else is bullshit.

"That's what rock'n'roll was for in the first place and as far as I'm concerned that's what it's still about. I'm trying to give them that feeling I felt the first time I heard 'All Shook Up' or 'Good Golly Miss Molly'. I just want to send that shiver up their back because it's the best thing I ever felt. It's better than screwing.

"Also, of course," he adds, "I'm locked into this idiot rock musician lifestyle where I'm gonna be the baddest, y'know what I mean? But even that's a sidetrack. As long as you can do it onstage you can get as fucked up as you like, as long as you can go out and deliver."

It *is* the Cowboy and Indian fantasy, isn't it?

"Sure." He pulls up the legs of his jeans. "See the boots, the tight trousers? The walk? We're all sashaying into town looking for the fastest gun, aren't we? Ahh, did you see that spaghetti Western on TV the other night; *They Call Me Trinity?* Great. The Cowboy fantasy taken to its ultimate."

IT was in February of 1977, I think that a friend and I went round to see a girlfriend of his who lived in a squat in Kensington. No ordinary squat, mind you. She had, indeed, managed to somehow install herself in the quite sumptuously palatial residence of Biba founder Barbara Hulanicki whilst Ms H was off setting up new headquarters in Brazil.

One of the other squatters was Lemmy, and during the course of the evening we were shown his room (he was out at the time). In one corner, as though underlining the bassist's angelic outlaw image, was a pile of weighty tomes on The Third Reich. I remember smiling, though, when I glanced at the open book next to Lemmy's bed. What Lemmy was *really* reading was a novel by

YOU WERE A HIPPIE??

"Lend us yer jacket Lemmy". *Pic: Paul Cox*

P G Wodehouse. "That," I recall thinking, "says it all."

Lemmy lived there for a while that winter. In the end, of course, the neighbours complained, the *Daily Mail* went round to see what was going on and Lemmy got his picture on the front page of that august journal. This, of course, was during the bad times for Motorhead, then ten-pounds-a-week-between-all-of-them times.

In May, 1975, during Hawkwind's fourth American tour Canadian customs officials nabbed Lemmy's sulphate stash, initially mistaking it for cocaine, a substance which would have got Lemmy into much more trouble than the simple fine he was given in the end.

Worse was to come, however. Much to many people's surprise, particularly Lemmy's, a band decision was taken to sack him. "When you've been with a band for five years, living in each other's pockets, you don't actually expect to be slung out for getting busted," he says now, though with no sign of any great bitterness. "They were finding me speeding all the time to be a bit of an embarrassment, apparently. They thought I ought to settle down."

Bob Calvert, periodic Hawkwind vocalist and lyricist, also believes that Lemmy was not treated at all in the right way: "Lemmy was such an originator; he played his bass like a rhythm guitar — and his charismatic impact was just immense. Sacking him the way they did was utterly unforgivable. It was the worst thing that ever happened in the history of Hawkwind, a very unwise move. The band lost a very important character and a lot of its driving force."

Though no band members' names were offered, the formation of Motorhead was immediately announced in a renegade-style press statement that suggested this outfit would be so wicked that if it were to move in next door to you then even your front lawn would die.The band's name was taken from the title of the last number Lemmy wrote for Hawkwind, released in March '75 as the B-side of the ironically titled 'Kings Of Speed' single.

Hawkwind, of course, was not Lemmy's first band by any means. In addition to having been a roadie for Jimi Hendrix he'd also been in at the start in his home-town of Blackpool when r'n'b band The Rockin' Vicars were formed back in the mid-'60s.

In the Italian restaurant in Barnes Lemmy's tucking into his steak, taking care that no juice from this piece of dead animal run into the stubble on his chin that's threatening to turn his mutton-chop sideburns and moustache into a full beard. When I'd arrived at the studio he'd been reading the issue of *NME* that contained my piece on Jimmy Page.

"How was that interview with Pagey?" he asks, taking care to first remove the fork from his mouth. "He's fucked up, isn't he?

"I'm a Capricorn like him, you know. It's very attractive to Capricorns, all that magic stuff, it really is, and I can see him falling for that. I've got a lot of Sagittarius in me fortunately," he adds quickly as perhaps anyone would in the circumstances, "which saves me from it and gives me a nice bit of cynicism. But they can get really evil.

"I used to fuck about with it when I was doing a lot of acid. Me and this friend used to scrape the floor clean and draw pentacles on it, but we were wasted on acid all the time so," he laughs, "I can't really vouch for the hallucinations that came up, whether there was actually anything there or whether it was just the acid.

"But I did quite a lot of it. You know, the Capricorn thing is that there's a lot more under the earth than there is above it.

"I mean, Christianity is a joke. It really is. That thing you had in there about the Pope was quite right. If that's the head of the Catholic church what chance have you got? The SS was modelled on the Jesuits. If you look at the pyramid of Jesuit influence and the pyramid of SS influence they're exactly the same — all the Nazis were staunch Catholics, y'see.

"The whole Nazi thing was very nasty indeed. I read a lot about it so I can see if it's happening again. The National Front is trying to create itself a martyr, to get some man sent to jail for a few months so he can write his own *Mein Kampf*. I'm *sure* that's what they're doing."

But in the end isn't the innate stupidity of The Front going to make them their own worst enemies?

"That's what they thought about the Nazis: 'Ha-ha: loonies in silly uniforms'. And the next thing they knew they were in power and being chased out of their shops and being garrotted and hanged on lamp-posts with 'I am a traitor' written on them. Never underestimate the power of bigotry."

Yeah, well I think it probably is happening all over again. A friend was telling me the other day how he'd asked two punkettes why they had swastikas all over them and they replied, 'Oh, we're Nazis' ... Although you wear iron crosses and swastikas and things too, don't you?

"Yeah."

Why?

"Because it's obviously a joke," he laughs, almost astonished at my question.

It can confuse people, though.

"Confusion's good for the soul sometimes. Actually, what it is is that I was given this leather jacket in 1973. It just arrived in a mystery parcel with no note or anything. And I just thought, 'Well, what're you gonna wear on a leather jacket?' I mean," he confides, "Nik Turner had ceramic flowers but I figured it should be something — *hea-veee.*

"It's just like the Hell's Angels, really — into shock."

Well, I'm glad you told me that. I'd been a bit worried about it.

"Oh, if there were Nazis around today I'd be in the concentration camp immediately."

It did seem to run counter to the good feeling that surrounds the band ...

"Yeah. We just like to get brained and cavort, really. Look," he points out the window at one of the road crew, "he's only walking down the road and look at the way he's cavorting.

"No, the only thing I work on is, 'Treat *me* alright, I'll treat you alright'. I don't care *who* you are — Jews, blacks, Arabs, Italians. If they're okay to me I'll be okay to them. It's the only way to really work it, isn't it? "The only thing, "he bursts into dry chuckles, "I'm prejudiced against is the record business. And the police, of course."

Oh yeah. Best to keep away from *them*.

"Well, I try. I try."

It's a shame the way kids are given that 'If you want to know the time ask a policeman' attitude. It can get you into trouble ...

"Yeah. (incredulously) *Put your trust in those bastards???* I can't imagine doing that now: we-have-the-power. I fuckin' *hate* them."

I'm sure there's been a greater police presence in London since the deplorable Thatcher got in and raised their pay. The Special Patrol Group are obviously being turned into some quasi-military force like the French CRS ...

"I'd really quite like to move out of this country. I'd really like to move to America, because America may be completely crazed but at least it *enjoys* being crazed. I mean, you can get busted by a cop and if you give him the right rap and speil he'll actually let you go, and maybe he'll even blow a joint with you first."

Well, it's probably going to come down to General Strikes, fighting-in-the-streets maybe ...

"I think it'll be fighting in the streets. And I think it'll be down to whether you fight in the streets or you don't. 'Fraid so. There's no half-measures in that sort of situation."

WHETHER there were ever any serious attempts by Lemmy to form Motorhead as a five-piece outfit, I'm not sure. Definite efforts, however, were made to establish a four member twin guitar line-up.

It was decided the rhythm section should comprise Lemmy and Phil (thy Animal) Taylor on drums. Despite Eddie Clarke's having sacked Phil from the last band they'd had together it was still decided that the guitarist was the man to play side-by-side with Larry Wallace who'd already come into Motorhead.

A rehearsal was set up. Larry Wallace, it is said, stuck his volume control up into the red and blew Eddie Away. A fairly shy fellow, Eddie picked up his guitar and departed. Then Larry Wallace himself went off elsewhere, whereupon Eddie, for whatever reasons, returned. The three started playing and gelled immediately. The final line-up of Motorhead was decided. One might consider that perhaps Larry Wallace out-kharma-ed himself a bit.

Meanwhile, back in Finland, Eddie, a thin, tall, compassionate-looking bloke with a South London twang to his speech, sits in the band's backstage caravan rolling a spliff in between taking sips from a bottle of vodka.

Although it was eventually re-recorded, he tells me, the first Motorhead album on Chiswick was originally cut in a day. Following United Artist's unexpected rejection of an album they'd cut for the label, the band was financially and spiritually at such a low ebb that it had been decided the only thing to do was to split up. Their final gig was to be at the Marquee. Somehow Chiswick boss Ted Carroll managed to get together a mobile on which a live album would be made as a final testament to the trio. For some reason the live recording didn't work out.

As a consolation prize Ted decided to put the band in a studio for a few hours to allow them to at least get out a single. Maybe there was a major planetary shift overnight. By the time he came down to hear what they'd recorded there were eleven numbers on the tape.

Ted made A Decision.

"We've been slagged off a lot," Eddie admits, as Phil pushes a small (well, about eight feet long) dead tree into the caravan through the window from which Lemmy's fist had removed the glass the previous evening. "But I think we've really deserved it sometimes. That first album was pretty dreadful, the songs were good but the sound was shocking.

"It wasn't good enough, really. I wouldn't shell out four pounds for it. It's very heartening to hear that people were prepared to express that loyalty, though."

So that on 'Overkill', the second LP, Motorhead could, as Lemmy puts it, "get the sound we've got onstage on record" the services of veteran producer Jimmy Miller (assorted Stones and Traffic landmark albums were made with his head at the controls) were employed.

He wasn't available, however, when the band went into the studio a couple of months back to co-cut a single with The Damned — Lemmy's championing of that group, along with his appreciation of the songwriting talents of The Adverts' TV Smith (talents which will probably not be utilised for the meantime due to his commendable loyalty to his dire fellow musicians), are but one example of the way the bloke's sympathies always lie with the underdog.

The Damned/Motorhead collaboration didn't work out, however: "They wanted us to do 'Ballroom Blitz' for their side. I wasn't keen on that because it's too much a structured number. But anyway the guy from Chiswick kept hassling us over money: 'This is costing fifty pounds an hour'.

"So in the end we just had to trash the place. Lemmy smashed something in the toilet and they sent us a bill for a hundred quid.

"I thought it could've been quite good, though. It would've been put out with the Chiswick label on one side and the Bronze on the other. At least it could've shown the record companies a few possibilities."

Whilst he's retrieving his dead tree Phil passes comment on how most of the Finnish bands at the festival are singing in English. "English is the only rock'n'roll language. I think it's just simpler. It just sounds better," he decides.

"Yes," I reply. "It's also a very poetic language, I think."

From the bemused look in the drummer's eyes I can almost see him mentally shaking his head and shrugging his shoulders at me.

He leaves the caravan. Phil hasn't much time for smart academic chit-chat. Phil's never had much luck with attempted intellectuals. When he was fourteen he moved from Chesterfield to Leeds where his father worked as a commercial photographer. He finally moved away from that city at the age of nineteen. Until then, though, he was always trying to form bands: "The only people I could get to play with were students who weren't at all serious about being musicians. They'd all piss off when the holidays started."

In the long tradition of The Nutty Drummer the stocky Phil (thy Animal), who has something of the Indian buck about his general manner, is often hilariously funny. He has a great interest in something he refers to as Beef Curtains.

During the now legendary Spam Fight between Motorhead and Wilko's Solid Senders on the coach from the festival to Helsinki airport it is Phil who, under the shadow of the ultimate deterrent of oranges being lobbed by the Wilko contingent, attempts to rally the Motorheads to utilising Giant Bogies to defuse this threat: "I got a great pyramid pile of them here. Alright, lads. Break out the armour-piercing bogies."

(That section of the article was brought to you courtesy of Motor Headbangers, the ideal on-the-road recuperative and refreshing cocktail. For the perfect Motor Headbanger drink one double advocaat, then one double Bacardi, and follow up these two drinks with an exceptionally large Southern Comfort. A single vodka, containing the slightest touch of lemonade, may then be added, though there is some controversy about this among purists.)

Continues over

LEMMY—

Pix: Joe Stevens

From previous page

BACK in Barnes Lemmy continues to chew on the flesh of a dead animal as he mulls over the matter of Hawkwind: "They're not really my cup of tea at all these days."

"Oh man," he turns to tastier matters (sorry about that), "I love fillet steak. 'Ere," he sticks a bit on his fork and waves it under my nose, "do you want a bit?"

Certainly not. I'm a wimp. I don't eat meat. Bad for yer head, man.

Actually, this consideration of Hawkwind and meat-eating also inclines me to deliver an anti-speed rap. Now, Lemmy, what I always say is there's nothing wrong with smoking-dope. It is, after all, a plant that grows in the earth etc etc. I'm far less inclined to vote in favour of amphetamines, however. What I always say is, if something's natural and right you'll see horses doing it. And I've never seen a horse snorting sulphate. I'm not at all certain of the validity of stuffing chemicals into your body.

"But then again," parries The Lem, "if you're dying of cancer and they give you an operation in which all sorts of chemicals are involved it would not necessarily be a bad thing, right?"

Yeah, but, as Ian Dury once said, I'm inclined to believe that cancer happens when your soul and body don't get on . . .

"It doesn't kill your soul, though, does it? Hopefully not, anyway, but it doesn't half kill your body . . .

"No, I first got into speed because it was a utilitarian drug and kept you awake when you needed to be awake when otherwise you'd just be flat out on your back. If you drive to Glasgow for nine hours in the back of a sweaty truck you don't really feel like going onstage feeling all bright and breezy.

"It's the only drug I've found that I can get on with and I've tried them all — except smack and morphine: I've never fixed anything. It's the only drug I've found that I can work on, and it's helped me to be good. Not *made* me good — it doesn't do that — but it's helped sustain me being good when ordinarily I'd have been knackered and below par."

Do you have or have you had a habit?

"You don't get a habit as such with speed."

Certainly I know people who'd disagree with *that* . . .

"With smack or morphine if you haven't got it then you're in trouble. If I haven't got speed I'm a bit sluggish and I might feel pissed off for three or four days but after that then I'm alright."

But do you not agree that it basically disorders your nervous system?

"Well, it does a lot of people. I seem to be lucky. I've got a nervous system that just eats it and goes, *'Wa-a-a-ahhh, give me some more!'* So far I've got a mental and physical constitution like a rock — touch wood.

Speed is cheap, is usually available and makes you feel good — about the only thing like that is dope. I found I really grew out of dope. I got pissed off with the dope buzz after a while — dope smokers are such a miserable bunch, they really are, sitting around spouting half-baked political theories all day."

It's the cowboys and indians fantasy isn't it? "Sure, we're all looking for the fastest gun."

But *you* get into that as well . . .

"Yeah," he half-ignores that remark, "but all this 'Save The Whales' business. It's all very good but if they really wanted to save the whale they'd start by going and blowing up a few harpoon boats. *That* is the *only* way you're going to save the whale. Otherwise it'll be extinct in about ten years.

"I'm sorry, but the people who run the harpoon boats do not run on things where you can say 'Save The Whale' and sign a petition and then they'll stop. It doesn't work like that. They're going to go 'Hmmph' and go off and kill a few more."

Although it can be said that violence begets violence . . .

"I'm not advocating violence. All I'm advocating is realism. *"O000000-0000-00-000-00, e-e-e-ehhhhhhhhhh!!?!???!!"* Lemmy grabs my arm and points out of the window thirstily at a firmly rounded female behind . . .

SOMETIME around half-past midnight, just as the sun's setting for three-quarters of an hour or so, and following the controlled vitality, energy and emotions of a delicious Solid Senders set, Motorhead go onstage to play.

It's an exciting though workmanlike set. The band is not in the best of spirits: not only are the highly weary amps and speakers seeming the worse for wear after a day's usage by all the other bands, but also most of the audience had already gone home long before even Wilko got onstage, There's about three hundred of them left at the absolute most.

In fact, there's little point in mentioning these proceedings except that Motorhead play an encore. At the end of the encore Lemmy, never a man to do things by half-measures, smashes his amps to pieces by walking through them from behind. Phil (thy Animal) demolishes his kit with such ferocity that ever again, completely beyond repair. Over on stage left Phil does similar things to his amps. It's a bit like The Who live at Hiroshima: somewhere up in another sphere Keith Moon must have looked down and felt a twinge of envy.

Thinking it best not to stick around for too long — it is, after all, not Motorhead's equipment — the band doesn't hang around for any post-gig cavorting but splits back to their hotel in The Solid Senders' coach.

As the driver starts up the motor Eddie looks out of the window towards the stage. "Co-o-o-0rrr." he sighs with an air of almost religious satisfaction. "Just look at them standing around staring at those dead amps."

"Yeah," nods Lemmy, a glazed look of contentment in his eyes. "Actually, I was going to have gone right over the top and gone into the audience and torn out a few throats."

Uhhh, why do you like breaking things?

"You were at the gig. You saw what happened. We'd played fairly well, but the equipment reduced it to much less than that. The audience was totally non-appreciative — that's not to say they've got to leap around and be sycophants, but I don't think they'd have appreciated *anything* we tried to do. We were so pissed off and so brought down that we thought 'Well, we'll have a bit of fun'. I'd noticed during the day that quite a few of the other bands had been pissed off by the equipment, so we thought 'Well, we'll destroy it and make sure no-one else has to use it.'

"I mean, Pete Townshend always did talk a load of shit when he tried to say it was all art. He just wanted to break something."

We are on the coach some three hours out from Helsinki Airport. Phil (thy Animal) stalks up and down the coach, his head inclined forward, looking for action. There is something of the circus ring-master about him as, a little sternly, he addresses his fellow passengers:

"Come on now, about time we livened ourselves up. Let's have a little singsong: 'We're all going on a summer holiday/No more wanking for a week or . . .' . . . *Come* o-o-onnn, sing up . . ."

Exasperated, he gives up: *"What a load of turds!* They can't even *sing* . . . As well as being ugly you can't even sing. I'm going to have a drink!"

PENETRATION COME INTO THE OPEN

The New Single OUT NOW ON Virgin VS268

—A CAREER

"It's quite horrifying, isn't it?" mutters Lemmy to no-one in particular, shaking his head absently.

It is shortly after this that The Great Spam Fight breaks out.

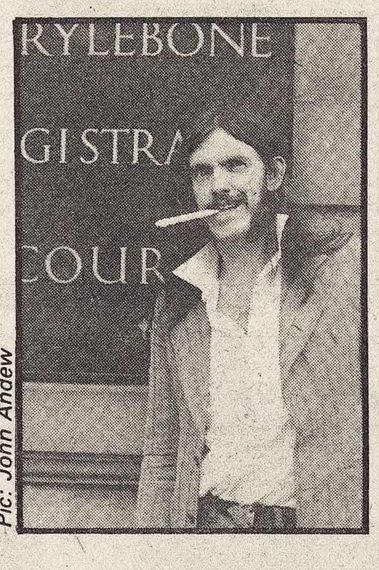
Arriving at Helsinki Airport a bleary-eyed Graham The Tour Manager is occupied with such on-the-road details as flinging the odd orange segment in the direction of the departing Solid senders.

He picks up his luggage and is stepping off the coach onto the pavement when the driver grabs him by the arm and forces a medium-sized plastic bag into his hand. It is quite lucky for Graham that he did this: the medium-sized plastic bag contains the band's entire takings from the gig.

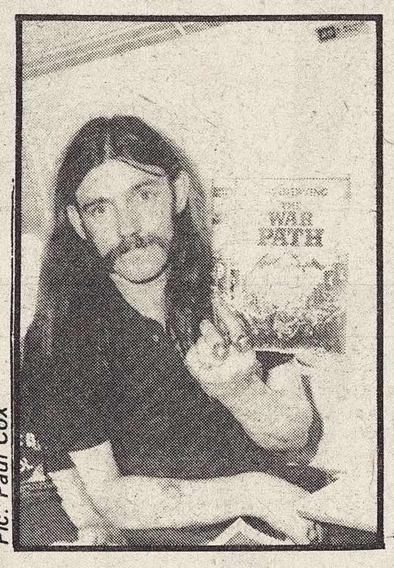
In fact, it's particularly lucky, considering what happens to the band about twenty minutes after this.

As they walk through Passport Control it is discovered that there is a waiting contingent of police with a list containing the names of the band and the immediate members of their entourage. The gig promoters have snitched on the band for breaking the equipment and caravan and a little of their hotel. The Motorheaders are kept in jail for three days until the legal negotiations are sorted out and most of the money from the gig is coughed up in payment. A little bit of it is left. A very little bit.

This never happened to Lemmy last time he was in Finland — in 1966 with The Rockin' Vicars.



Pic: John Andew



Pic: Paul Cox

"I'm definitely an exception. I've seen no end of people go over the top on speed."

"OOOHHH, look," indicates Lemmy, keeping up his window vigil in the Barnes restaurant, "A Famous Actor. He was the school-teacher in *Kes,* wasn't he?

"Changing the subject, though: remember all that stuff in '69, '70, about how *'Speed Kills'? Smack* kills. I mean, smack will *really* kill you — stone dead! I've got so many friends who aren't around because of smack.

"Two friends I had were sold rat poison in Piccadilly. *Rat poison!* Somebody walked up to them, smiled at them, took their money and gave them certain death! *Why rat poison?* They could've made it anything — white powders of any sort. But it was rat poison.

"One of them died in my arms. His face turns blue, his tongue's black, hanging out of his mouth, he's going . . .'I'm gone, man. I'm gone. I'm dead.' I said I'd get an ambulance. He said 'It's too late, man. I'm dead. I'm gone.' And he was. He went before the ambulance got there.

"The other one died in the Earl's Court Wimpy Bar. He's gone in the toilet and suddenly they hear a *c-r-a-a-a-s-hhhh.* They break the door down and there he is. Rat poison. *That's* death.

"Speed hasn't killed me. It hasn't done in fifteen years. I'm alright. Believe me."

Keith Richards' name is mentioned.

"See that's funny. Keith is a Sagittarius. And I'm more Sagittarius than anything. I mean, I'm a Capricorn per se, but most of my stars revolve around Sagittarius. And Sagittarians really seem to enjoy doing a lot of dope, and they don't seem to be fucked up by it — like Morrison and Hendrix. Hendrix was in the end because he started doing smack, but he wouldn't have been otherwise. Sagittarians are really the ultimate great crazies. I certainly have some of that in me," he laughs.

"There was one gig, right," he grins at the memory, "at the Roundhouse with Hawkwind. There was me and Dik Mik — we were like the two-headed monster at the time: You never saw us apart. We were always . . . never asleep.

"We had about a gram of amphetamine sulphate each, ten black bombers each, somebody gave us a tab of acid each — we ate them and then somebody gave us two more and we ate them as well and somebody gave us some cocaine and somebody gave us a Mandrax.

"And we were both, like, stiff as boards. It was just like," with mock piercing, glazed eyes he bobs his head backwards and forwards on his shoulders, 'Wo-o-oow, Woo-o-o-o-ooo-oow, Woooo-oo-o-o-o-o-o-oooo-ooo-oo'. And they had to wedge our legs onto the back of the stage and push us upwards. I'm going 'Where is the crowd?' Doug, our manager, says, 'That way.' 'How far?' 'About five, six yards'. 'Oh, that's about right'.

"We did the gig. It was a fine gig. That's where 'Silver Machine' came from.

"That's what I'm into. Completely twisted. It's fun, y'know."

You obviously have an amazingly strong constitution, Lemmy. Maybe you're a bit of an exception.

"Yeah. Physically and mentally I'm pretty tough. I've never been worried about my head. I've never thought I was doing too much, I've never thought I was over the top.

"But that's not a thing for anyone else to go by. If you're going to put this in your article put that in, too, because I don't advise it on anyone. I'm definitely an exception. I've seen no end of people go straight over the top just on speed. They do speed just for a month and then they're gone. Locked up."

UPSTAIRS next door in Olympic Studio number one Jimmy Miller is sitting by the mixing desk and pointing down into the cavernous, pit-like musicians' playing area.

He remembers, he says, how he was producing the Stones 'Beggar's Banquet' there. Jean-Luc Godard was filming the session for his *One Plus One* movie.

To get the best lighting Godard had had the ceiling covered in silver tin-foil, below which were suspended the powerful, hot film lights. "Suddenly, says Miller, who bears a close resemblance to Buffalo Bill Cody in the days of his Wild West show, "I looked up and Keith and Charlie were running like crazy from where they'd been playing at the back of the room. Above them smoke and flames awere pouring out of the ceiling which came crashing down on where the two of them had been about three seconds after they'd moved.

"We'd got these extinguishers that we raced over with. We stood underneath the fire, and turned on the spray which went straight up to about six inches below the ceiling," he waves upwards indicating its height, before it ran out of pressure and just turned back down again onto us.

"So, of course, we got the fire brigade.

"I'm standing out in the middle of the road and there's fire engines everywhere and suddenly I realise what's happening. I force my way past the firemen and back up through the smoke and the flames — which weren't as bad as they looked, of course — and come racing down again with my arms full of tapes — there'd been a whole master tape of the next Traffic album up there plus all the 'Beggar's Banquet' stuff we'd done up until then."

Down in the studio itself Phil (thy Animal) is sat up behind his drum kit. "Can we have some dark lights in here, please?" he requests.

"Is everything louder than everything else?" bellows Lemmy to Miller. "Right: let's take it."

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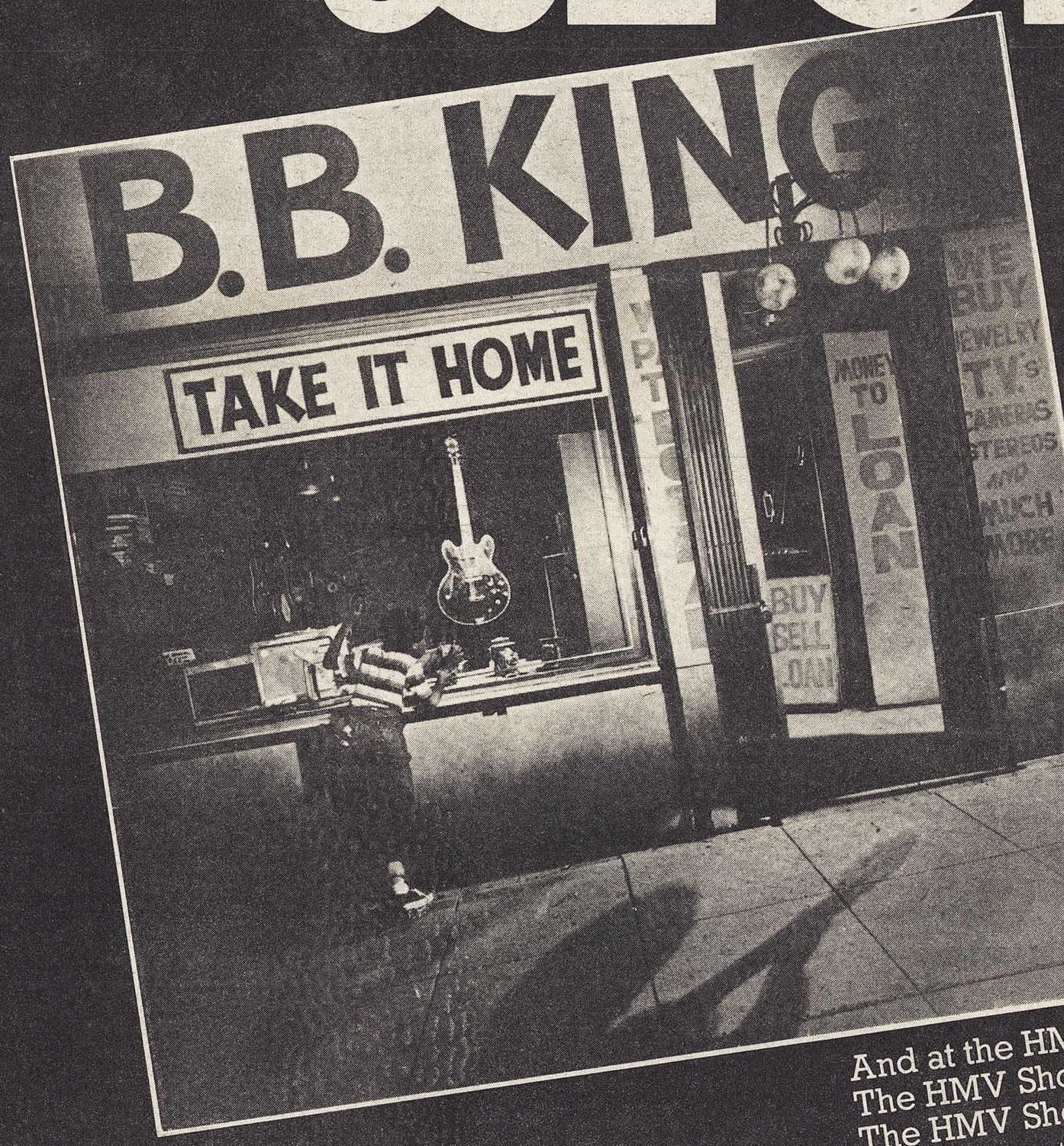

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SINGLES

Randy Newman *Pic: Tom Sheehan*

These Hands Are Deadly Weapons

MAX BELL (circled) reviews this week's sonic selection

For some reason, it's made a "new man" of him . . .

Satire of the week
RANDY NEWMAN: The Story Of A Rock And Roll Band (WEA). Randy Newman burns down rock and roll's cornfield in the old tradition of satirical broadside. Gentleman, methinks 'tis a lampoon worthy of Swift, Pope or that infamous scoundrel Wilde. Hist, as Randy whets the lampoonists's blade on the gross rump of the Electric Light Bulb in genteel and ingenious conversational tone. "I love that 'Mr Blue Sky'/Almost my favourite is 'Turn To Stone'/Then how 'bout 'Telephone Line'?" Newman, you served the coxcombs right enough, you shall have your witness. This cup of caustic is guaranteed to strip the varnish off cellos and send its recipients scuttling back to Birmingham with their hangdog tails cowering twixt their stupid legs. Ole! (anag).

Adenoids of the week
NICK LOWE: Cruel To Be Kind (Radar). Nick Lowe has a radio where most people settle for a brain. As such his music always strikes me as sounding premeditated on the deck and perfect on the air. Still, Old Nick is devilish clever with this instantly familiar and surreptitious burst of keen nostalgia, though maybe that's because he's taken the easy way out and revamped this, the flip side of 'Little Hitler' for AM consumption. Freddy and the Dreamers get introduced to The Equals in a parallel universe, the Rockpile contingent shape up as ultimate session musicians and this slight, if endearing, biscuit should do its national service until you wish you'd never heard the damn thing. Co-written by Iam Gomm (who'll be the latest in a long line of ordinary looking exports to loosen the great American wallet), 'Cruel To Be Kind' should do for Lowe what 'Girls Talk' did for Edmunds. Now Nicholas can afford a year's supply of Grecian 2000 and a new pair of Tony Lama's.

WINGS: Getting Closer (EMI). Y'know humility is a wonderful thing. Only the other day I was bowling along the Hertfordshire lanes in my Rolls when I spotted a rustic chappie whistling to himself and chewing on a sweet blade of fresh mown hay, not a care in the world. Hey ho, just as I was musing on the vagaries of wealth vis a vis true happiness I chanced to catch the ancient's refrain. Blow me down if it wasn't the coda to Macca's latest waxing. Naturally enough I ignored the fellow's request for paper money and fetched him a swift clout across the temple. I think we can all benefit from that simple lesson.

RON WOOD: Seven Days (CBS). Snooze rock so lethargic you'd swear the famous singing band Dire Straits were responsible, which in a sense they were because 'Seven Days' was written by the Rev. B. Dylan, rector of this parish. The text for today is taken from Genesis Ch.I.Vs's 7-103 after which we shall sing from the CBS hymnal''Raise me from mine slumbers O Lord, for my contract runneth dry.'

NINA HAGEN: TV Glotzer (White Punks On Dope) (CBS). EEK! Nina's old band certainly didn't do her any favours with their desultory, medium to dragging backdrop. Ms Hagen, however, manages to fall in love with herself quite convincingly on this minor 'standard'. Don't forget to brown paper the windows.

ANGIE: Peppermint Lump (Stiff). Is there a psychiatrist in the house? Pete Townshend's endless search for the elixir of youth took another turn for the worse when he agreed to play on and produce this unbearable slug of schmaltz. Child prodigies are amongst the most nauseating forms of human life and this overload of bad taste is no exception, reminiscent of those precocious brats who clutter up stage schools because their mummies think they're talented.

CHUCK BERRY: Oh What A Thrill (Atlantic). The old rascal. This is about as thrilling as tertiary syphilis. Chuck B can't even be bothered to stick in the obligato solo to remind us what he used to be like before his career got too taxing (geddit?). Perhaps a spell in the pen will teach him the errors of his ways, at least he might get a couple of albums out of it.

RICKIE LEE JONES: Young Blood (WB) Aaaw Kris and Rita and Joni and Jackson and Jack and Linda and Emmy Lou and Rickie Lee . . . greetings from LA, shake your cocktails, the gang's in town. *"Like I and Bragger, we borrowed a coupe today /Here come Pepe and she's got a friend in a Chevrolet".* Regular little Kerouac isn't she just (I don't thing). Blancmange music.

GARY NUMAN: Cars (Beggars Banquet). Gary disbanded his Tubeway Army when the kids had killed the man etc. Numan's no fool either, he hasn't changed a winning formula. The callous, digital memory bank is as smooth and soulessly seamless as ever but there's none of the McDowell tension that made 'Down In The Park' so compelling. A hit, of course. You will obey.

THE BARRACUDAS: I Want My Woody Back (Cells Records). A different cup of Woody altogether. Barracudas' Anglo/Canuck/N. American amalgam of garbage garage wit and sidewalk surf makes them prime contenders for left field novelty act of the summer. Their B side, 'Subway Surfin'', displays even greater potential, detailing the joys of riding the breakers on the Central Line. Any group that takes its name from an old Standells song *and* has Tim Buckley's cousin on bass is obviously assured of a great future. Aloha!

THE INMATES: Dirty Water (Radar). Talking of the Standells, just a brief mention for The Inmates and their mesmerisingly gruff celebration of Ed Cobb's paen to murky rivers run deep, now re-released on Radar and let's hope it's a hit now. Remember where you read it first.

BLUE OYSTER CULT: Mirrors (CBS). A mercurial masterpiece but far too complex for the bull necked morons who programme your transistors. The B-side emotional callisthenics of 'Lonely Teardrops' would stand a better chance.

MATUMBI: Point Of View (Squeeze a Little Lovin') (EMI). Singalongabluebeat and unashamedly easy listening. Minimal dub brushes comfortably next to fat swooping horns, tell ya no lie. The 7" will be the hit but the 12" is far superior; disco mix, silly talk-over an' all.

EXPORT: Julie Bitch (Atlantic). Breast Beating, self-important failed pop based around a sequence of lead riffs that were queueing up for their pensions when Methusalah was still in short pants.

THE CONTINENTALS: Fizz Pop (Modern Rock) (CBS). Produced by Tommy Erdelyi of erstwhile Ramones fame. It shows on the rhythm which is fast, furious, snap, crackle, pop but does nothing to redeem the feeble monotony of the lyric and vocal. Sub-Elvis clone drone.

YACHTS: Box 202 (Radar). The Yachts (what kind of name is that for a rock band anyhow?) attempting ever more desperate ploys for chart acceptance. This won't be the one that does it either, being over arranged, thick and messy. Ostensibly a 'sick' aircrash routine dressed up with tacky modern gimmix and a madhouse of unresolved hooks all battling for air. One way and another it hasn't been a vintage week for yachts, has it?

PUMPHOUSE GANG: Spotlight (Splash). Nice name, shame about the record.

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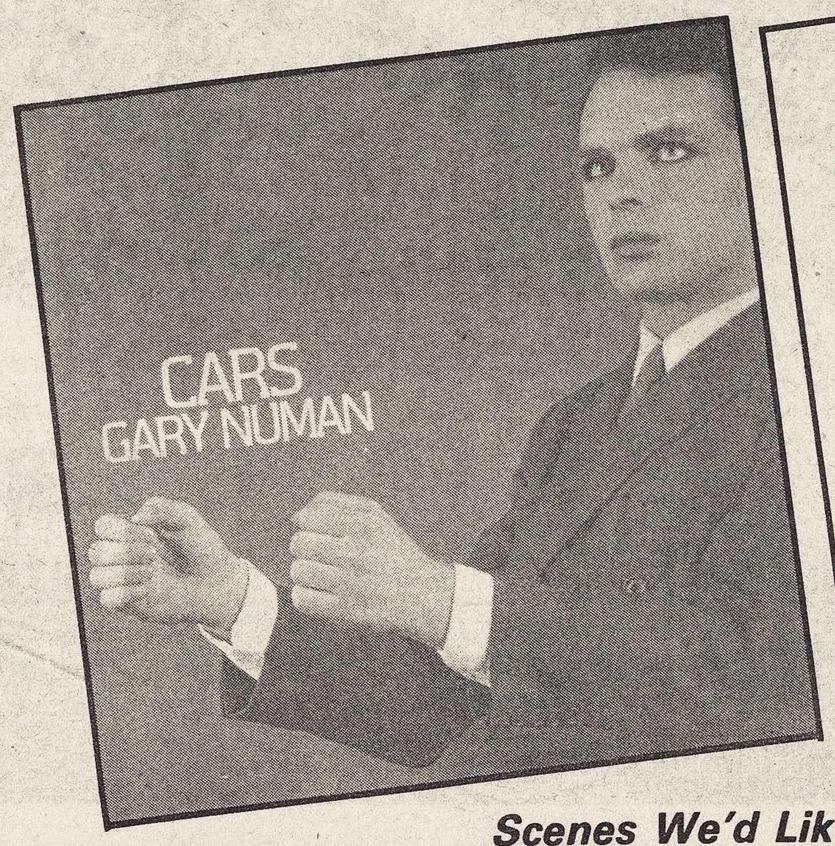
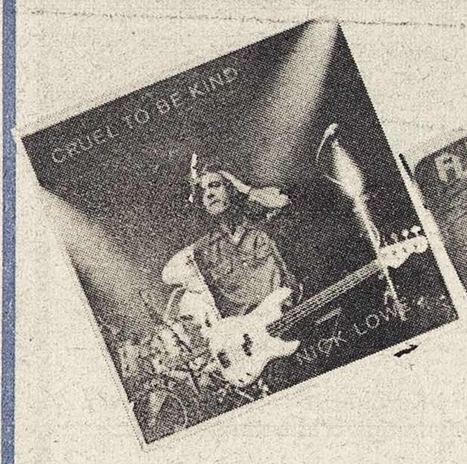
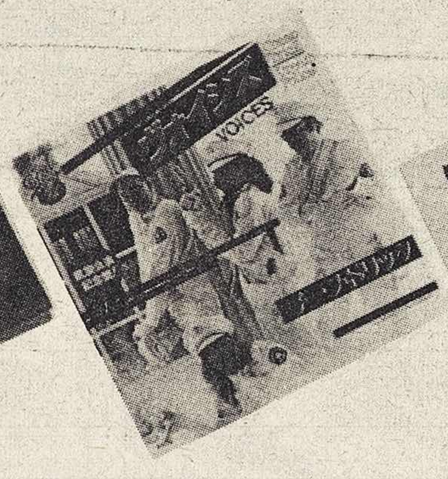
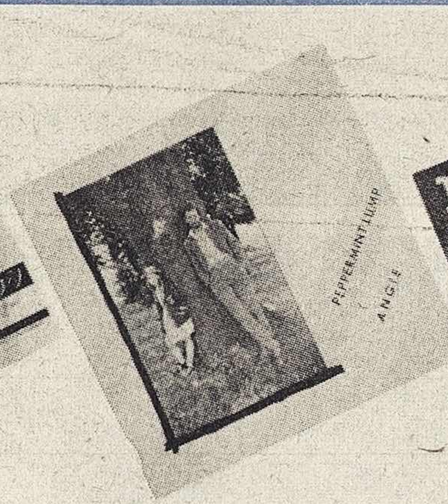


Scenes We'd Like To See . . .







SINGLES

■ *From previous page*

CHEAP TRICK: Voices (Epic/Sony Import). A Japanese import. 'Voices' already featured as flip on 'Surrender' many months back but it's been re-recorded for the long overdue 'Dream Police' album and also introduces another new cut in 'I'll Be With You Tonight'. The resulting artefact is very Beatles and very Move respectively. There's no doubt in my mind that Cheap Trick are supremely adroit at stealing and refurbishing but they're ceasing to excite and surprise. I feel a backlash coming on. Good single though, so there.

B.B. KING: Better Not Look Down (MCA). B.B. puts the hammer down nice and easy with The Crusaders. The airplay on this and the latter's 'Street Life' seems to suggest that ABC's insolvency was no bad thing for their roster. You can hear the purists bristling when B.B. King steps out of his blues bag but that's their problem.

GERAINT WATKINS & THE DOMINATORS: Deep In The Heart Of Texas (Vertigo). Ditto Geraint Watkins, the fine ivory tinkler and all round rock'n'roller who utilises a Mickey Juppesque theme with sleazy panache. A moderate record, it doesn't promise too much but passes the time alright.

KAREN LYNN GORNEY: Love The Way You Love (EMI). A deceptively unoriginal production line smoochie written by Barry Blue who is in an indecent haste to jump on the disco bandwagon, just like everyone else. Ms Gorney is hemmed in by the pretty frivolity of it all but I suppose that's her fault.

ORLEANS: Everybody Needs Some Music (Infinity). And the next one please.

DETROIT SPINNERS: I love The Music (Atlantic). Just as long as you're happy Mr Spinners.

THE EASTER GANG/SADAO WATANABE: Nippon To The Dance Floor (Miracle Records). Come back Sly Stone, all is forgiven.

Down In The American Basement Something Stirred

THE PSYCHO KILLERS: Psycho Killer/First Week/Last Week . . . Carefree/For Artists Only/1-2-3 Red Light (Bootleg). From the vaults, a naughty record but an essential experience for T. Heads devotees. Presumably these are the legendary Matthew Kaufman demos recorded when David, Jerry, Chris and Tina were but a glint in Seymour Stein's eye and Jonathan Richman could be taken seriously. Recorded in beautiful four track this neato EP chronicles the early development of Mr Byrne's dark psyche and is further proof of this band's astonishing foundations and instrumental inspiration: the vibes that trickle through 'First Week' are maddeningly beautiful. An essential experience if you like to hear the raw flame of naive creation as it licks itself into shape. I do.

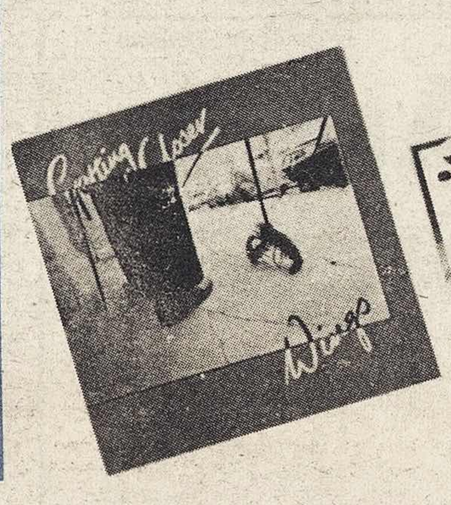
222: I Love Susan (Rebel). Fetching Canadian new wave, the 222s are from Montreal, a city that boasts three other popular new outfits in Lorne Ranger, Heaven Seventeen and Alan Lord & Vex. Nothing unusual going down but the band sound fresh and full of beans despite the appalling mix which suggests that the instrumentalist and the singer were in different studios at the time of recording.

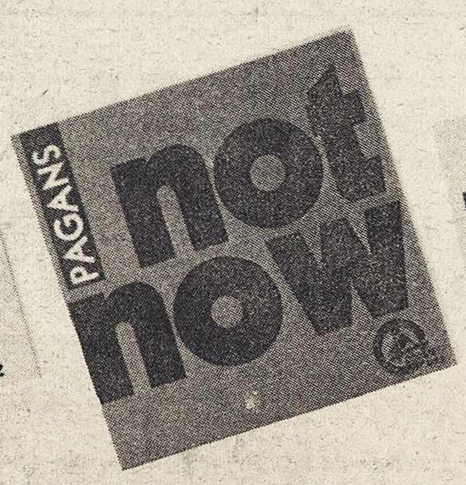
The Girls: Jeffrey I Hear You (Hearthan). Produced by the U-man, David Thomas of Pere Ubu, the girls have made a totally insane first primal step with this double dose of crushing electronix and Ju-ju jitterbugging. A welcome antidote to the Cars hokum befuddling Boston's golden age.

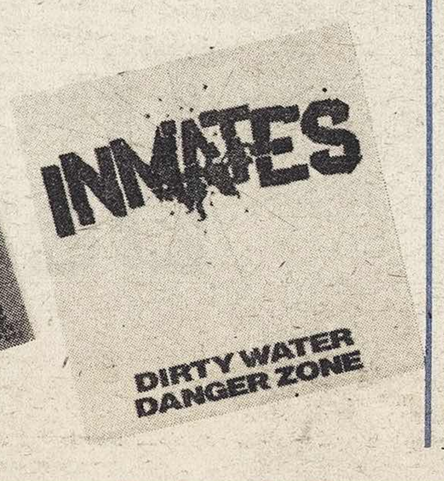
PAGANS: Not Now, No Way (Drome). One of three Pagans records. The band hails from Detroit and lives up to the expectations of its locale with this spirited punky metal thrash. The vocalist has his Anglo whine off to a tee and is obviously taking the piss. Made me laugh anyway. Also produced by David Thomas, who really shouldn't have time for all this outside activity.

FLESHTONES: American Beat (Red Star). A 1979 nugget from New York's best kept secret weapon. The purest distillation of garageville gonzo genius this week (or maybe this year) comes from The Fleshtones, sublime practitioners of the rigorous punk four chord trick. Body crushing waves of sexy power surge and jangle to the front in a mad melee while the rhythm section bites on the beat with a zealous disregard for subtlety and the singer (a deranged specimen in the mould of Messrs Saxon and Erickson) mouths off in full glorious spate: *"Can you hear the American sound/Don't wanna hear you put it down."*

This is an example of the beast at its most dangerous with American new wave's forgotten hero Marty Thau at the controls. History in the making.







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25th Manchester Factory
27th West Runton Pavilion
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PRINT

PHILIP MARLOWE

The Chandler Syndrome

". . . Down these mean streets a man must go who is not himself mean, who is neither tarnished nor afraid. The detective in this kind of story must be such a man. He is the hero, he is everything. He must be a complete man and a common man and yet an unusual man. He must be, to use a rather weathered phrase, a man of honour; by instinct, by inevitability, without thought of it, and certainly without saying it. He must be the best man in his world and a good enough man for any world.

"He is a relatively poor man, or he could not be a detective at all. He is a common man or he could not go among common people. He has a sense of character, or he would not know his job. He will take no man's money dishonestly and no man's insolence without a due and dispassionate revenge . . . He talks as the man of his age talks: that is with rude wit, a lively sense of the grotesque, a disgust for sham and a contempt for pettiness.

"The story is this man's adventure in search of a hidden truth . . ." — Raymond Chandler, from The Simple Art Of Murder.

IN 1939, Raymond Chandler published his first novel, *The Big Sleep*. It has been in print continuously for the last 40 years, and its half-dozen sequels have enjoyed similar success. They are periodically reissued in lavish new editions — indeed, Pan Books have recently repackaged the saga of Chandler's proud, lone detective Philip Marlowe — and all but one of the Marlowe novels have been filmed.

Chandler was by no means the first to shatter the complacent facade of the bourgeois detective story — the genteel school of country house murder mist characteristically typified by what may be referred to as 'The Christie School'; nor was he the most authentic or the most lauded.

The first and the most critically acclaimed author to emerge from *Black Mask* (the pulp magazine that spawned the hard-boiled urban crime story during the 1920s) was Dashiell Hammett, author of *The Glass Key, The Dain Curse, Red Harvest* and — most famous of all — *The Maltese Falcon*. Hammett was a far more glamorous man than Chandler, a hard-drinking radical who went to jail rather than rat to the McCarthy tribunal in the '50s and — best of all — a genuine ex-detective, a former employee of Pinkerton's Detective Agency.

Hammett's style was terse, hard, dry and even. His heroes were unsentimental, unscrupulous men, whether they were charismatic hardmen like Sam Spade, tricky hustlers like Nick Beaumont or hard-working professionals like The Continental Op. Chandler, who followed in Hammett's footsteps almost a decade later, was a middle-aged businessman; born Chicago Irish and educated at Dulwich College and universities in France and Germany. Where Hammett was a realist, Chandler was a romantic. Where Hammett was clipped and underplayed, Chandler was longwinded and philosophical, almost flowery.

Yet it is Chandler's work which carries the greater emotional import simply because of the power and depth of his dream. It his Chandler who provides the most memorable characters — who could forget Terry Lennox or Moose Malloy or the Sternwood family? — the most fully realised settings, the snappiest and most resonant dialogue. Throughout *The Big Sleep* and its successors — *Farewell, My Lovely, The High Window, The Lady In The Lake, The Little Sister, The Long Goodbye* and *Playback* — Chandler carefully constructs his epic vision of Los Angeles: hot, sprawling, weary, corrupt, frightened, a place where, sooner or later, everybody has to face the single central dilemma that on which Chandler's work rests. Human existence, as defined by Chandler, comes down to whether you react to a corrupt environment by succumbing and becoming corrupt yourself, or whether you hold out against corruption and take the consequences.

We meet Philip Marlowe in 1939. He is 33 years old, recently discharged from the District Attorney's office for insubordination. He has a seedy, threadbare apartment. small, threadbare apartment. Two decades later in *Playback* (an odd, insubstantial novel published posthumously from an unrevised first draft with which the author had expressed some dissatisfaction), his circumstances are virtually unaltered. Marlowe has paid the price: he has no close friends (the nearest he ever had to a Real Pal was Terry Lennox, who shortchanged him in *The Long Goodbye),* no regular girlfriend and precious little money. There are no rewards other than peace of mind to be gained from honesty, loyalty and courage in Chandler's world.

CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY buys himself a drink from the bottle of bonded rye in his desk drawer and takes a loving look at modern literature's best known private eye.

Chandler's early work (his first two novels were constructed in almost Frankensteinian fashion from his previous short stories) depend on their power on the quality of Chandler's prose and the demotic, vibrant dialogue with which his characters speak. His plots were hurried and ramshackle, unfolding jerkily and almost incoherently; a far cry from the smooth insidiousness of the gradual revelations in *The Long Goodbye,* his last triumph before the anticlimactic postscript of *Playback*. In vivid contrast to the one-dimensional, plot-heavy puzzles of the Christie school, no-one read Chandler for the deduction. They read him for the writing.

His style was remarkable: slashing thumbnail sketches of characters defined them for ever in a sentence or two, dialogue cracking like a Marx Brothers picture set in the real world, and the urban toughness alternates with descriptions of streets and houses replete with metaphysical conceits and rambling like creeping vines. Virtually all private-eye fiction extant borrows wholesale from Chandler; even the crude, brutal shenanigans of Mickey Spillane's Mike Hammer pause periodically for a philosophical dissertation on the state of the weather and the meaning of life.

Yet Marlowe, the grand archetype of the Private Eye, differs most substantially from his successors. The typical, crappy, hard-boiled-dick opus is essentially voyeuristic, inviting the reader (invariably assumed by the author to be male) to revel by proxy in the fast buck, the quick fuck and the joys of GBH. Spillane is, of course, the worst offender (with the appalling Peter Cheney not far behind) and, in sharp contrast with the enraged gorilla-in-heat stereotype fostered by Chandler's imitators, Marlowe is almost unnervingly saintly. One shudders to think how many frustrated readers have metaphorically bellowed "Give her one!", "Tell him to piss off!" or "Take the money!" as Marlowe almost collapses, yet again, under the weight of his own integrity.

It is hardly surprising to learn that Chandler's original name for his hero was Mallory. Marlowe was such a white knight under his tough, wise-cracking, streetwise carapace that it seems highly appropriate that his creator would have borrowed the name of Sir Thomas Mallory, the fun-loving (rape, murder, cattle-raiding, the usual in fact) 14th century author of the definitive version of the Arthurian legends. Though Marlowe's world is as real as any that you or I have ever inhabited or imagined, we are shown it through the eyes of a man who is not real, a man who is an ideal, a martyr to virtues and values subscribed to by none of his fellow denizens. Hammett's heroes were men that their begetter could have been, amalgams of men that he had worked alongside and knew as intimately as any of us know our colleagues. Chandler's hero was the man that his creator would like to have been.

It is this dream, torn from the most idealistic secret place within the unsuccessful, middle-aged oil executive, that gives Chandler's Marlowe novels their strength and depth. It is a vision simultaneously hopeful and bleak: it tells us that if a man were to live his life by the finest principles imaginable, he will fail, but it will still have been worthwhile, that such a man could have no other possible option and no other possible fate.

When, at the end of *Playback,* Linda Loring (the leading lady of *The Long Goodbye* and Marlowe's happiest romance thus far) phones him from Paris and whisks him away to (presumably) idyllic retirement and connubial bliss, we feel cheated even as we cheer Marlowe on for telling his bozo client to go shove it. It is a dream ending, Chandler's final reward to his long-suffering hero, and it is unworthy of either of them.

Chandler has been ill-served by most of the filmed adaptations of his work. Marlowe was never the oafish Spillanesque bully of the George Montgomery version of *The Lady In The Lake,* and he certainly wasn't the urban klutz portrayed by Elliott Gould in Robert Altman's *Long Goodbye*. He may just have been Dick Powell in *Murder, My Sweet,* and he was definitely Bogart *The Big Sleep.* Robert Mitchum's performance in *Farewell, My Lovely* was splendid, but it was marred by the fact that Mitchum was a good 15 years too old for the part.

It is a shame that Chandler didn't adapt his own work for the screen, since his screenplay for *The Blue Dahlia* and his adaptation of James M. Cain's *Double Indemnity* demonstrated a definite flair of the medium.

The continuing popularity of Chandler's work is by no means surprising. The passing of time adds a tinselly gleam of nostalgia for the '40s — play it again, Ray! — but the factors that keep pulling the punters are the undimmed incandescence of the writing and the eternally contemporary dilemma facing Chandler's hero. Each succeeding generation discovers the temptation to cop out on its principles almost as soon as it works out for itself what those principles are, and each successive generation turns to Philip Marlowe to discover the ramifications of that temptation.

Ultimately, the private eye is merely a metaphor. We're all investigating even if we're not chasing the Brasher Doubloon or the blackmailer of Carmen Sternwood, we're all following some kind of truth even if we don't have a .38 and a licence. Others may have written more authentic and accurate accounts of the doings of detectives, others may have constructed more fiendishly complex puzzles and riddles, but no-one has written more movingly and evocatively of that search for truth and answers than Raymond Chandler.

(A uniform edition of the Marlowe novels is now available from Pan Books).

DAILY EXPRESS Friday July 27 1979

WILLIAM HICKEY

KEEPING TABS ON OUR ROYALS

King & Queen

☆ IT will be with some amazement that the QUEEN discovers she has been immortalised by negro blues singer B. B. KING. Ghetto-raised King, who has been in this country to sing at a music festival, has issued a new record called "Better Not Look Down," which contains an intriguing, though wholly imaginary meeting between them.

In the song, King fantasises the Queen drawing up alongside him in a dawn-lit London street on her return from a party in her Rolls-Royce.

She says: "Aren't you B. B. King?" And the song continues: "Oh, B.B., sometimes it's so hard to pull things together. Could you tell me what you think I ought to do?" And I said: "Better not look down if you want to keep on flying."

An amused Buckingham Palace official person tells me: "So far as I can remember, the Queen has not met Mr King, and it is unlikely she has heard the record."

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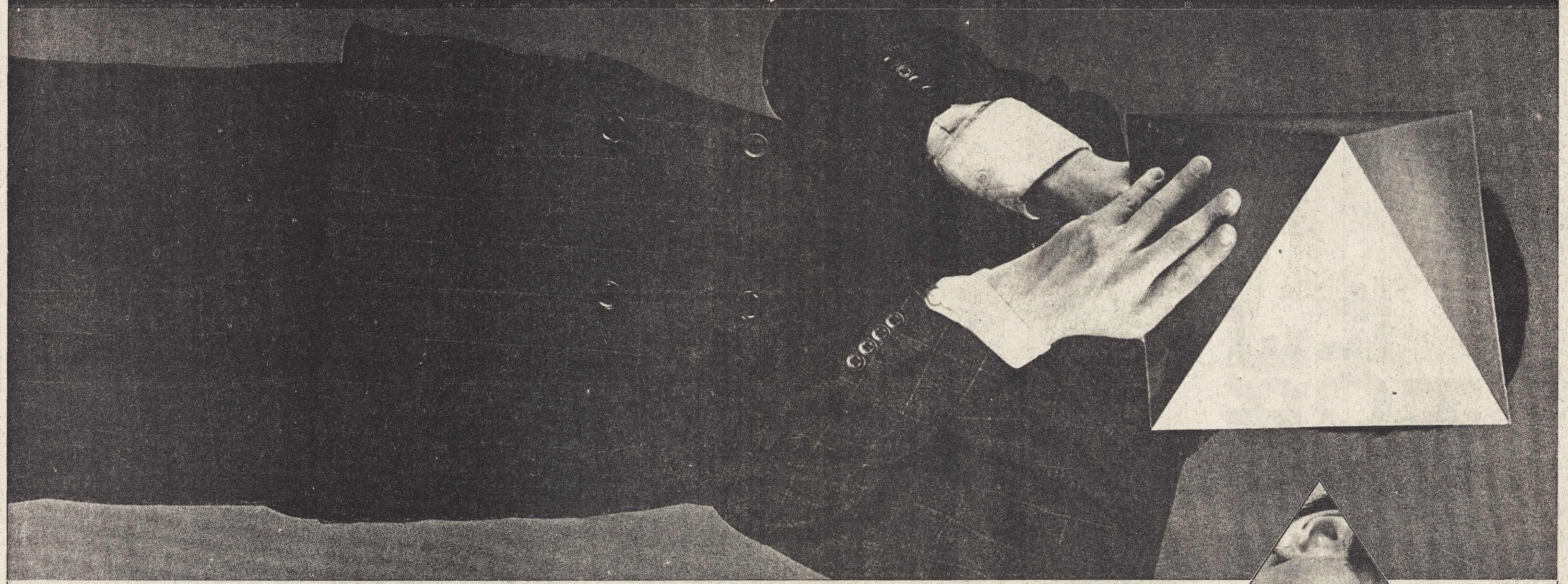
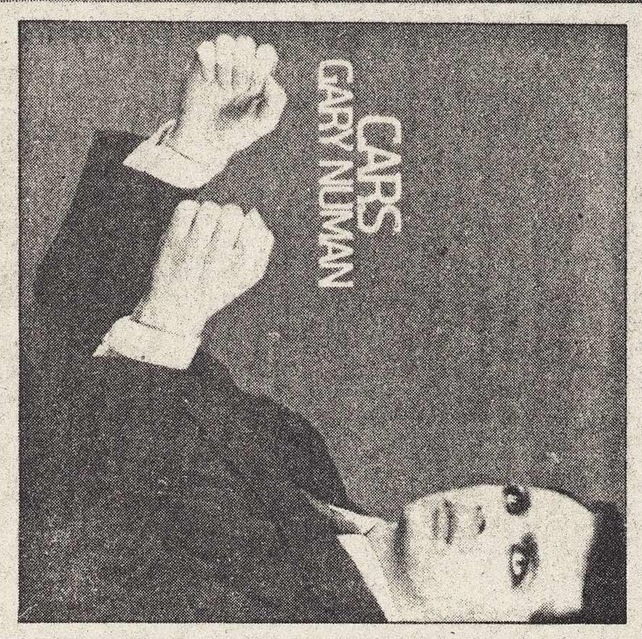
'Better Not Look Down'
the great new single from
B.B.KING
MCA 515
MCA RECORDS

GARY NUMAN

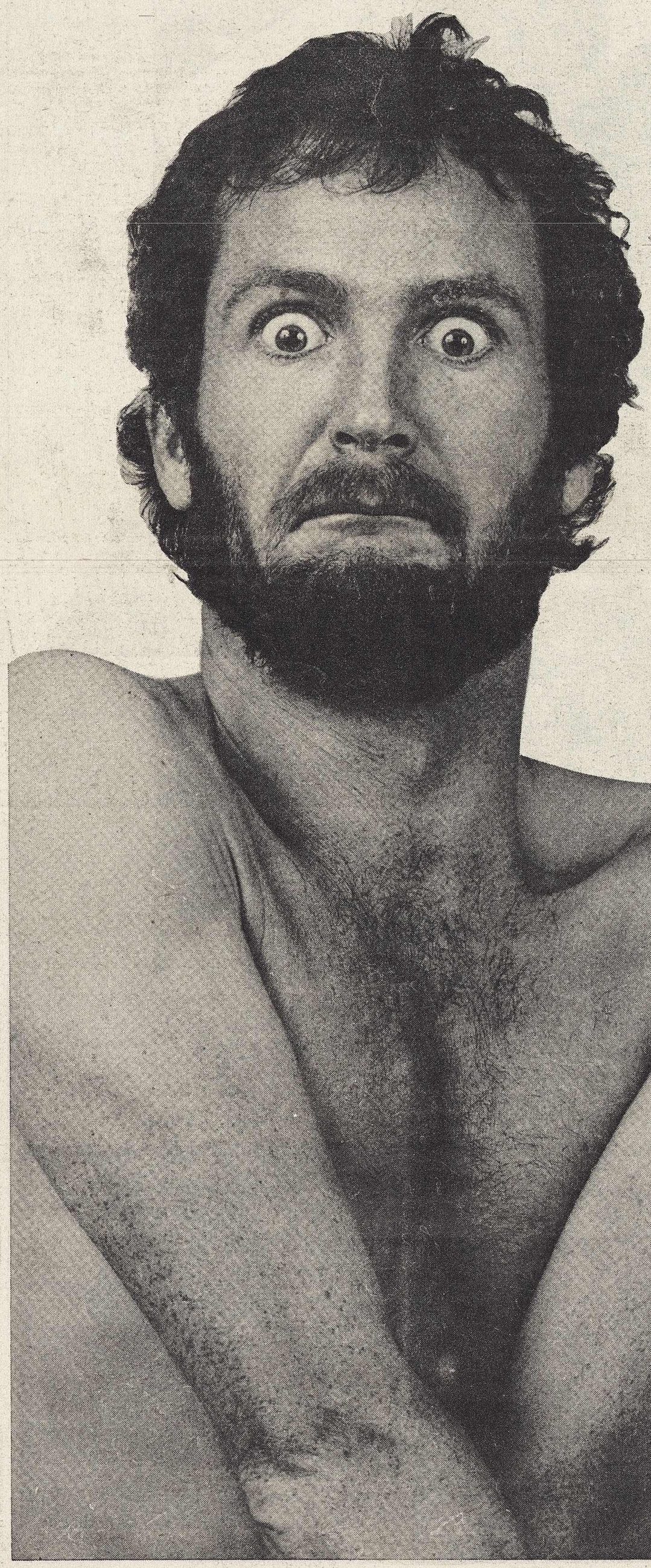
The new single "Cars" out now. BEG 23.
The new album "The Pleasure Principle" out Sept. 7. BEGA 10.

Beggars Banquet





W.H.SMITH CAN'T TAKE OFF MUCH MORE.



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WHSMITH

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Record Department

*Manufacturer's Recommended Price. Offers close 17 Sept. 1979.

WELCOME

The Record Mogul In The Sky

WHO can deny that the Lord moves in mysterious ways? In this week of Mammon in hyperdrive — *Quadrophenia,* the rejuvenation of mods v. rockers in bloody combat on various tube-trains — why the benevolent Shepherd should deem to make His divine presence felt in this wretched rock'n'roll business, well, only He can say. Yet, amidst this earthly strife that at times seems to engulf us all, the Almighty *has* chosen to spread His light.

Bob Dylan, for example, fires forth his first righteous salvo 'gainst Mammon, girding his bardic loins to rail in tongues of fire (available only on CBS Records & Tapes) at a corrupt planet and the perpetrators therein, calling on all who listen to turn away from sin and walk the paths of righteousness. Circumstances demand that other minds grapple with the fervour and potency of the Big Zim's vinylised conversion (see album pages).

On the other hand yours, prone in humble submission to the fierce heat of blissful surrender, has been sent on a more complicated mission.

No pansying around Islington pent-houses langorously placing the stylus on the prestigious white label of new Zim product when the mood takes its fancy for this hardy scribe. It's an altogether more energy-strafing mission I've set myself, demanding strict abstinence from pleasures of the flesh and a special frugal diet for at least two or three days.

An encounter with another of the Lord's crooners is on the cards; this being the ubiquitous Al Green, native of Memphis, once regarded by many as Otis Redding's rightful heir in the glory days of his collaborative studio workouts with producer Willie Mitchell, but now a self-supportive man of the cloth. Owner of a church where he preaches as regularly as time and other commitments will permit, he's also the leader of a whole organisation involving that same church and his tightly-knit group of supporters who work ceaselessly to spread the Word and help those in need of spiritual sustenance.

Fortunately, Green's organisational complex also includes a recording studio beneath the House Of Prayer, so to speak, where the singer has laid down a healthy quotient of music since affairs of the spirit have usurped most of his energies.

'The Belle Album' is a celebration of something new: a new Al Green. For the first time in his seven years as a singer, Al is writing all his own songs, producing them in his own Memphis studio, and acting as his own lead guitarist.

AL says he wants his new music to "make you shout for joy, and if you can sit still when the new Al Green hits your turntable, you'd better check to see if you're still alive."(Sleeve notes to 'The Belle Album').

Although it has just been released in the UK (because Green's Hi label only recently inked a deal with Pye Records), 'Belle' has been available in the States for almost two years, garnering across-the-board rave reviews. To describe it as a radical departure from the formularised fare Green, paired off with producer Mitchell and drummer Al Jackson, had been pumping out would be more than an understatement.

The Green-Mitchell connection had been consummated in 1970 when Al hit the commercial bullseye with a funk-sodden rock steady arrangement of The Temptation' 'Can't Get Next To You'.

A year later, Green's own composition 'Tired Of Being Alone' set the charts ablaze as well as fully instigating a sound concocted by the Green-Mitchell-Jackson triumvirate alone.

When I finally get to interview him, Green brusquely breaks down the way that plethora of Mitchell-Green collaborations came about.

"It was me doing the lyrics mostly, plus dealing with the melodies along with Willie who'd arrange . . . Willie Mitchell was most important on the arrangement side, while Al Jackson held it down, kept the backbeat moving. That was our formula, as you'd call it."

A formula that was milked masterfully for several years, producing hits like 'Let's Stay Together', 'Sha La La', 'You Ought To Be With Me' and 'I'm Still In Love With You', along with albums like 'Al Green Gets Next To You', 'Call Me' and 'Al Green Is Love'. By the time of the last Green-Mitchell affair on 'Full Of Fire', the formula had definitely stagnated.

Stating this bluntly to Green when he has just finished a last-minute extra set at The Venue and is now relaxing in a room shared with a bodyguard and three women splayed over two couches, seems to have an ice-breaking effect.

Green is impressed by my candour and lets loose a loud guffaw, indicating to the others — all members of his organisation — that they should do the same.

"Ha! Right On! Yeah, I like that. You're right enough there. Ha, you know! Did you hear that?" he asks the girls. "Alright! Now we can talk 'cos, see, so many interviews I do, it's always 'Uh . . . uh tell me . . . uh . . . Mr. Green . . . when did you first make a record?'

"Hey, but you know your stuff. Say, what's your name again?"

For a man who has proclaimed a virtual re-birth, Green seemed to be playing it remarkably safe in the show he'd just performed. Although he was dressed all in white, a golden cross worn somewhat ostentatiously around his neck, not to mention a weird pair of red-tinted, frameless shades, this outfit, which he first showcased on the cover of the 'Belle' album, did not fit with the music played.

His Enterprise Orchestra — a nine-piece crack unit including a dynamic drummer, formidable horn-section and superb back-up singers Margaret Foxworth and Harvey Jones (who are strongly featured on Belle', as are most of the musicians currently backing Green up) backed their singer / mentor to the hilt with strident retreads of Green's greatest hits, only acknowledging the post Mitchell-Green collaborations with a solitary rendition of the song 'Belle'. (Other shows at The Venue, however, featured Green & Co performing the pile-driving 'I Feel Good' and 'Loving You'.)

Otherwise it was the same old stuff, impeccably played with Green conducting proceedings while his between-song raps were disconcerting for their idiosyncratic sense of humour. Similarly the moves during the numbers were clumsy at times, weird, quasi-effeminate.

Beyond the habitual showbiz gush, Green appeared distinctly odd-ball.

After leading the band through an encore of 'Sha La La', Green, either intoxicated by booze or else intoxicated by the Lord's spiritual cure-all, left the stage. And this was my cue to instigate an interview with the man.

BLUFFING my way backstage, I confront an elegant black woman seated in the cramped passage of the backstage hall. I've forgotten the name of Green's female manager, plus I don't happen to have any form of ID, which causes the female custodian to eye me suspiciously. Holding out relentlessly, I state why I'm there; not to mention that a Pye Records PR had earlier assured me that everything would be hunky-dory and that Green, his manager and all other infuential folk within the fold were aware of the situation.

But there is no one from Pye here to back me up, and a tall, intimidating guy has coolly parked himself next to me, eyeing me with suspicion. Suddenly a white woman saunters in and vouched for me. Within five seconds the door I'd been idly leaning against is opened and I'm ushered in to Al Green's private dressing room.

The lay out is impressive. There's a bar off to one side; and those girls are on the couches.

Although his onstage movements are somewhat effeminate, Green nevertheless holds a potent attraction to the fairer sex. On the early Saturday performance, the ample front portion of The Venue stage was choc-a-bloc with delirious young girls, more than touched by Green's onstage demeanour.

In an informal environment, Green seems a different character to the eccentric soul saviour stage persona. For a start, he looks like the old Al Green. The white threads are replaced by a casual floral shirt and slacks, plus an orthodox style of aviator shades. Similarly he talks like a sharp, sly entrepreneur able to blend his spiritual leanings with the whole business operation of which he is the main force.

But interviewing him can be perplexing. Surrounded by his employees he is as gracious as he is sly, as adept at talking candidly as he is at being obtuse.

The talk starts with Green's break from Willie Mitchell and the move towards the complete control of his music, represented by 'The Belle Album'.

Certainly various incidents had occurred within a fairly short period; not the least being the suicide of a woman apparently infatuated with Green, who had thrown a pan of white hot 'grits' at the singer as her parting gesture. His reported quote at the time was, "I pray to the Lord that she'll be forgiven for her sins". (It's a quote he draws up again when I broach the topic.)

IT would appear that Green's conversion to hardcore Christianity came somewhere between the 'Full Of Fire' period and 'The Belle Album'. Green, however, says that his "blessed conversion" came much earlier.

"Now let me see . . . you gotta understand now, I'm a country boy raised on Gospel singing, the real wailin', purifyin', testifyin' kind — so it's always been there, deep down in my roots. It *is* my roots, hell. But, I strayed as a young man . . . then it hit me in 1973.

"Yeah, that's right, '73 was the year the Lord really entered my life. It was like this weight had been swept off my shoulders. I felt purified, like my life had been touched, illuminated.

"Can you see where I'm coming from?"

Green always ends an answer with a question, a confusing ploy.

Was there any animosity between Green and Mitchell when they went their separate ways?

"None whatsoever," Green states serenely. "I mean, how can I feel any remorse or ugly feelings towards a man with whom I've made so much music, from whom I've learnt so much? We've always had a strong bond of brotherly love and friendship."

Do they still meet?

"Oh sure, as I was saying, we're close. I got my studio right under the Church I own down in Memphis and Willie's got studios so we use each other's equipment. With 'The Belle Album' I knew I had to move on. I felt a change coming down so strong and it was like I could hear all this beautiful music I had to take it upon myself to work up the sounds I was hearing in my studio with my band."

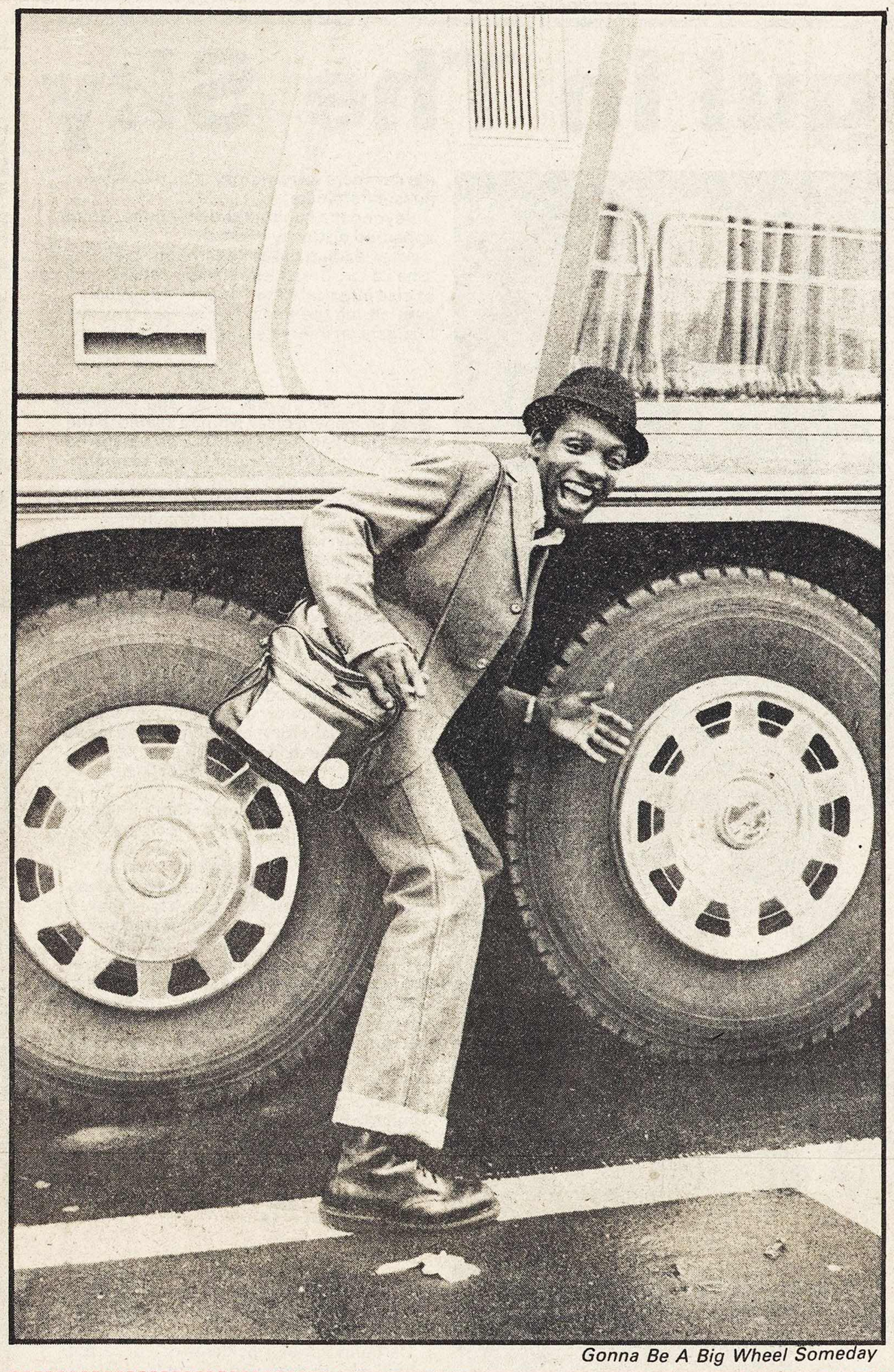
The resulting 'Belle Album', despite habitual fears of a musician surrendering to the Lord's power being tantamount to mellowing out and churning out blissed-out 'tripe', in fact gains from the spiritual power backing up the tenor of the music. It is easily Green's most potent statement of intent, making it clear on the title cut that the Lord is Green's inspiration. But instead of labouring the point, he infused an almost cataclysmically joyful

● *Continues page 49*

God has got His finger in the music biz. "Bless you," says His PR, AL GREEN. "Jesus Christ," mutters NICK KENT.

TWO-TONES O

"Bilzen was aghast," says A
THE SPECIALS Patrol Gr
rock festival ska'd
Hats, boots & sui



Gonna Be A Big Wheel Someday

"THIS is for anyone who's got dogshit on their wellingtons . . ."

Terry Hall glances up to a grey and overcast sky as he shouts. But the drizzle that has been falling on and off all afternoon was holding back for the time being. Half an hour previously it had come bucketing down, drenching a few thousand hapless Belgians in the process.

The Specials are playing the Bilzen jazz and rock festival, an annual extravaganza which for the past 12 years has been a showcase for British record companies hoping to crack the lucrative European market. The place is actually in Belgium, but both the Dutch and German borders lie only 30 minutes drive eastwards along the autobahns.

The set-up is similar to the perennial Reading bank holiday bash: a couple of dozen bands spread across two stages over three days. The only differences seem to be the size of the grassy arena — it's smaller — and the disconcerting presence of a large steel cage, which separated the crowd from the foot of the stage structure at the start of The Specials' set. I say the start because by the time the group finished the last of their three encores, that barrier was down. An inevitability that not even a squad of thuggish looking security sickoes could prevent, hard as they tried at first.

Any initial caution had quickly been dispersed as the band and audience warmed to each other. By the eighth song, the sleazy, ironic 'Nightclub', a mass rush towards the stage had begun. Things momentarily assumed frightening proportions as a bouncer, reportedly dismissed by the festival promoter afterwards, threatened to get over-heavy with a couple of kids dismantling the fence.

But soon, with the band visibly lifted by the sponteneity of the crowd gesture, the entire contraption was being wrecked. In short, The Specials stole the show. The fact that they were sandwiched between an afternoon hors d'oeuvre of The Cure and Bram Tchaikovsky and a main course of The Pretenders, AC DC and The Police accounted for very little. On the day, it was their banquet. Even the rain held off until after they left the stage, the gods opting instead to put the dampers on The Pretenders' set.

SO, has the burgeoning 2-Tone empire annexed Belgium yet? Well, the streets of the Lowlands aren't paved with rude boys in teutonic two-tonics and Hush Puppy clogs just yet. But there can be no doubt in the minds of some of the local inhabitants that a bunch of live Specials can muster a collective clout that the 'Gangsters' single, good record that it is, barely hints at.

Whether it's the intimate, sweaty confines of a Hope And Anchor or a platform in the corner of a rain-soaked field, they are irrepressible. They moonhop around like maniacs and it looks and sounds amazing.

This, of course has all been said enough times before. But it is worth reiterating for the simple reason that the single most impressive thing about this group has always been their live form. They seem to come at you from all directions. Drummer John Bradbury lays down the rock-solid backbeat that has earned him the nickname Prince Rimshot while mister bassie Horace Panter provides more loping, precise groundwork. Together they make for one of the hardest rhythm sections going, the discipline garnered from their respective playing experience in various soul bands giving them the dexterity to hold down the scatty ska of The Specials.

Jerry Dammers' organ and Roddy Radiation's guitar give the prickly dancebeat further weight but the real hot-blooded ebullience comes from rhythm guitarist Lynval Golding and Judge Roughneck himself, Neville Staples, with Terry Hall providing the latter with a somewhat straighter, though hardly dreary, vocal foil.

Just like their home town, Coventry, where squat Victorian terraced houses rub shoulders with the gleaming but soulless town centre, The Specials are a curious mixture of old and new. Unless you've been holidaying in the Himalayas for the past six months, you should know by now that they draw much of their inspiration from the Jamaican bluebeat and rock steady sounds of the '60s.

Their set includes the familiar versions of songs of Prince Buster, the Skatalites, Andy And Joey, the Maytals, the Pioneers and Dandy Livingstone. (The band have only recently introduced a crucial cover of the latter's 'A Message To You, Rudie'.)

But to concentrate too much on the non-originals would be to insult the wit and zest of the rest of the material. With the exception of Roddy Radiation's 'Concrete Jungle', all the songs are the work of Jerry Dammers. They are not all great songs by any means, although the best — 'Gangsters', 'Blank Expression', 'It's Up To You', 'Stupid Marriage' and the next single 'Too Much Too Young' — are well worthy of consideration in their own right.

Take the 'Gangsters' single. Written last year at a time when the band were undergoing managerial problems galore, it is slightly more than the 'good time music from Coventry' that Peter Powell would have you believe on Top Of The Pops.

As Jerry explained as the band and I stumbled on a typically neat and nondescript Bilzen roadside bar, the song voices their disapproval at the seamier workings of the music biz. "We wrote it just after we came back from a disastrous trip to Paris. We were practicing at Bernie Rhodes' Rehearsals place in Chalk Farm Road."

The Specials were, at the time, under the wing of the former Clash manager.

"We were all really pissed off around then. There were seven of us sleeping in one room. I just stayed up all night and wrote it. That song was written on Joe Strummer's guitar.

"We were really pissed off with the whole music business, the gangsters that run the clubs, the parasites that think they run the whole show, like the club owners and the managers. What we set out to prove with that single was that you could do it yourselves really. You don't need those types of people."

Too true. 'Gangsters' is by far the largest selling independently pressed and distributed single of the year so far. Though the band have since signed a deal hitching their 2-Tone label to Chrysalis, the chart single is still being pressed by Rough Trade and a large chunk of the distribution is still independent.

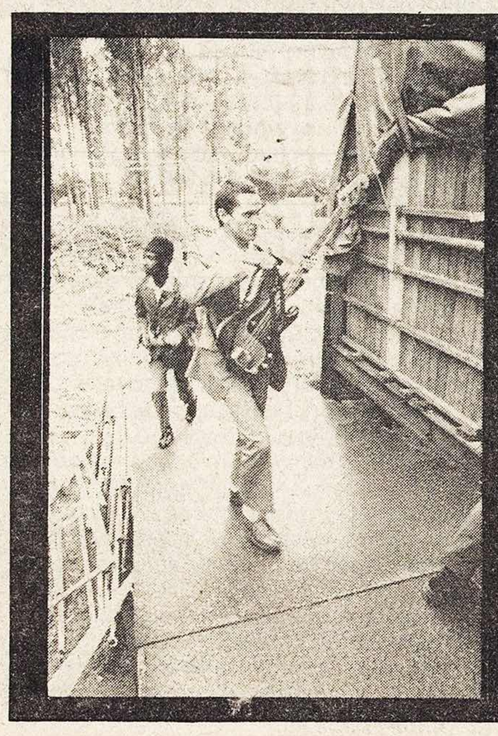
"It's proof that groups can do things themselves," adds Lynval. "We've been through so many guys who have claimed that they could manage us. They claim that they can do this and do that and in the end they do fuck all. That was when we said we'd do our own single and just fuck them all!"

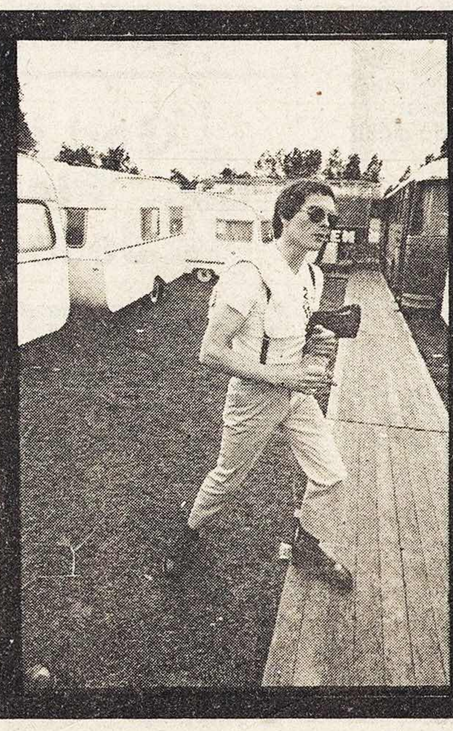
DURING the two hour coach trek from the flatlands around Brussels airport to the rockier topography of the Bilzen area, Terry Hall remarked, pretty accurately, that The Specials only began getting noticed after they cut their hair and changed their mode of dress last year. But it's not as simple as that and their adoption of crisp crops, loafers, Doc Martens, bluebeat hats and tonic suits was totally coincidental to the current Mod resurgence.

"The clothes are almost as important as the music as far as I'm concerned," the singer elaborates. "They are really important to the whole thing. I always class ourselves as being on the edge of the Mod thing. We're not specifically a mod band or a skinhead band. It's more a mixture of both. The rude boy thing is a real mixture. And there's also elements of punk in what we do."

"We started dressing like this about nine months ago," Jerry continues, grinning through the big gummy gap in his front teeth. "It was

"A Message To You Rudie:
realise that fighting





OVER TEUTON!

ADRIAN THRILLS after seeing
roup leave Europe's largest
out of their pants.
ts: PENNIE SMITH

just a case of trying to look smartish as cheaply as possible. It was all secondhand gear. The original idea was to try and do it as cheaply as possible, though now you're finding that the prices of all the secondhand suits are really rocketing. They get bought up and sold in places like Kensington Market and all that bollocks.

"The funny thing was that there were a lot of other people all around the country doing the same thing and now they're getting called mods. That's all it was. We didn't set out to be part of any big mod scene.

"One thing about the mods is that up north, they never really died out. A lot of the Yorkshire mods are just a continuation of the '60s mods. It's really odd 'cos you get a lot of those blokes coming to see us. They've been riding around on scooters ever since the old mod days 'cos they're all into northern soul.

"We're just continuing the line, if you like, from the mods and the skinheads. Keeping it alive in the way that northern soul was kept alive."

NEVILLE and Lynval are both Jamaican born, moving over to Britain in their early teens. Both find it hard to remember a time when they weren't into ska, rock steady or what has since grown into today's reggae music. Neville is also a great fan of the likes of Gregory Isaacs, John Holt, Linton Kwesi Johnson, Ken Boothe, Trinity and Big Youth, but says he finds some of the modern reggae harder to listen to than the older stuff.

"I like some of it, but I just can't take too much of all the electronic stuff," he wheezes, lapsing into an impersonation of one of those syndrum machines that seem to have left their mark on just about every reggae discomix of the past 12 months.

Lynval, quieter offstage than the excitable mimic Neville, endorses his singer. "I think that there's a chance that some of the Jamaican producers will soon be going back to the old ska rhythms. They've already done so many things that they seem to be running out of ideas.

"Jamaican music has changed so much in going from bluebeat to rock steady to reggae. Each time there's been a different rhythm, so it's difficult to say what might happen next. I think that they're going to go back to rock steady. You've already got some of them trying to modernise some of the old rhythms. Some of the new versions are good, but a lot of them just spoil the originals. Instead of just a solid rhythm, they have to have so many other things added over the top.

"But I think they've got to go back to rock steady for inspiration and work their way forward again."

Rather like Jerry Dammers' plan of action for The Specials, at that time known as the Coventry Automatics, when he first got them to play a couple of old reggae songs — "Skinhead Moonstomp" and "Liquidator" — in their formative days in Coventry.

"There's so many people around who have never heard ska that it's newer to them than, say, a lot of avant-garde music. A lot of the avant-garde music around at the moment is dead clinched. You seem to have heard it all before.

"Ska is just a basis. It's just a rhythm. Something you can build on and change. It's dead simple but it's open to so many variations. There's a lot that you can do with it. In the '60s the Stones based themselves on R&B. The heavy bands based it all on the blues. We're basing ourselves on ska. It's somewhere to start."

THE early Specials were much more of a directionless hotch potch of reggae, ska, soul and punk than the present band. Even on last year's Clash On Parole tour, on which they had one of the prestigious support slots, they had still yet to find their niche. That really came with the arrival of Neville Staples into the band.

Staples had originally joined as a roadie shortly after serving a prison sentence for burglary, affray and driving getaway cars. Before that he had been running a local reggae sound system with his mate Trevor Evans, now the Specials' road manager.

"We used to go around the clubs," recalls Neville. "We used to spend all our money on records and go around nicking wood to make the speaker boxes. We had to get the cash to get a bigger sound. But we got into a load of trouble when the coppers caught us burgling some houses in Rugby."

The incident landed them both four months inside and another year in a remand centre.

"Even there, we were always trying to keep into music. We were always trying to get things together. We used to get ourselves a couple of record players and have deejaying contests in the hall where we used to have dinner."

Shortly after they both came out, the two went along to see a new punk band that "a toothless guy aka Jerry Dammers" was getting together.

"Trevor and I wanted to see what it was like as there were a couple of black guys in the band. So me and Trevor went along to see what kind of sound they were laying down and it wasn't bad."

The two landed jobs as the Automatics' road crew, Neville graduating to the mixing desk on the Clash tour.

"Sometimes," recalls Jerry, "we would hear a bit of singing coming in from nowhere while we were playing on the Clash tour. At first we didn't know what was happening . . . then I found that Neville had plugged in a mike at the mixing desk and was toasting over the top! Just after that we decided to take him on as a fulltime singer."

Despite the rougher than rough background shared by Neville and Lynval, whose youth was a simialar succession of gangfights and skirmishes with the law, the band are vehemently opposed to any romantic glorification of violence, a point they hope is not lost on their legion of skinhead followers.

Lynval takes the song 'A Message To You, Rudie', a heartfelt, reflective rock steady ballad, to illustrate his point.

"When we do that song it's like a message to any of the heavy skins who just come along for trouble. It's a message to them saying that if you come out for trouble, then the only place you're going to end up is in jail 'cos that's where all the bad rude boys end up.

"It's not on to go to a gig for fighting. You go there to enjoy yourself. When we used to get into fights in Coventry it would sometimes get very heavy, though it has cooled down a lot since those days. Sometimes it would get really bad and people would get badly hurt and that would really shake me up."

"If you're going to go around in gangs, you're going to force yourself into a lot of trouble," adds Neville. "You get sent to prison and that's not a place to be. If you can't look after yourself in there, you just get kicked around.

"Most guys going around fighting think it's great fun. But when you get put inside you realise that it's not really worth it. But then it's too late. From the time I left home, I used to think that it was the 'in' thing to get into fights, but it's just not worth it."

Not that there have been many ugly hints of trouble at any Specials' gigs that I've attended. The most harrowing incident to date, in fact, was when that psychopathic Bilzen bouncer started getting threatening with his crowbar.

As Neville concludes, explaining his fondness for the style of dress and musical taste favoured by the original Jamaican hoodlum rude boy youth of the '60s' "I'm a rude boy! Me ruder than most of them! I class myself as a rude boy 'cos me rude, me cool and me hard. Me dress slick and me know what kind of music I like.

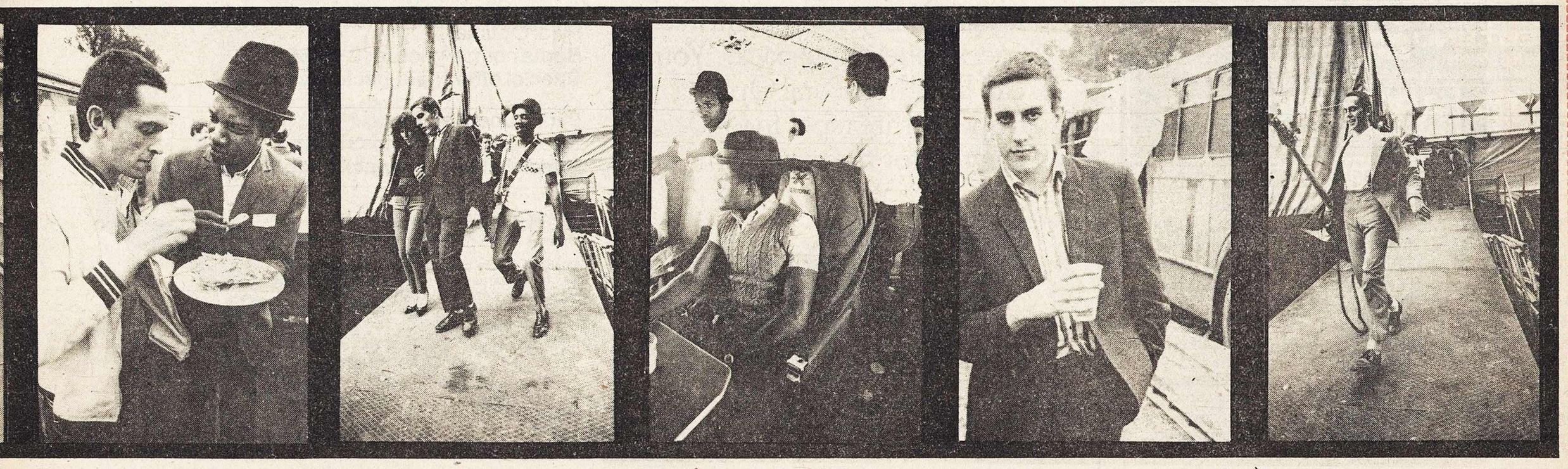
"I like ska, bluebeat and some up to date reggae music. I don't class a rowdy skinhead as a rude boy. If he's alright and keeps himself quiet and doesn't go on with any hassles then he's cool. But if he goes around kicking people about at gigs, then he's no rudie.

"A rude boy is a rebel that don't go around causing unnecessary trouble. He enjoys himself and dresses nice."

As the song says, it's up to you.

Fly, Gums Of Navarone!

When you get put inside you
s not really worth it."



SILVER SCREEN

Elvis — The Movie

Directed by John Carpenter
Starring Kurt Russell and Shelley Winters
(GTO)

Having by coincidence seen *Elvis — The Movie* the day after *The Buddy Holly Story,* I can report that the result is a handsome victory for the bespectacled one.

That was always on the cards. The team behind the latter movie had it comparatively easy — Holly never made a film of his own, and most people knew little more about his career than that he died in an air-crash. The crew could therefore afford to go for an evocative atmosphere, and if necessary disregard absolute historical veracity.

Presley provided entirely different subject matter. Even apart from the 37 movies that he starred in, he's hardly an unknown quantity. A general adherence to the known facts, as well as the use of an actor with strong physical and vocal similarities are therefore essential prerequisites of any self-respecting biopic.

There are, though, pitfalls of the opposite kind. A straightforward exposition of the biographical details could be itself misleading. After all, few of Presley's 37 films are recalled affectionately, a large proportion of his recording output was utter dross and he had, as far as one can judge, appalling taste in both clothes and food. A film that explored these features would miss the point that, verily, this man was truly the king of rock'n'roll.

So, weighing his options carefully, John Carpenter has followed the real story, has chosen an actor who could actually look like Elvis, but has used Ronnie McDowell, a U.S. Elvis impersonator, to dub on the vocals. He has tried to portray the private man behind the public acclaim, thus avoiding the need to show El as the source of mass hysteria. Similarly, the later years of physical decline have been omitted altogether; this movie comes to you without cheeseburgers.

This, then, is a peek behind the heavily-guarded Graceland gates to show Elvis the inner man, the tormented soul carrying an Oedipal complex the size of his pay-packet.

The passionate intensity of his love for his mother virtually precluded other emotional attachments, although he did care for his deceased twin brother Jesse, who had been stillborn, and constantly conducted imaginary conversations with him. His father, who appears only on the perimeter of the film, barely seemed part of the family circle.

Once Elvis' earnings began to escalate, he showered his mother with gifts, all as lavish as they were redundant — a mink coat she couldn't wear in the Southern heat, a Cadillac she couldn't drive, a house she couldn't call Home.

She couldn't grasp the magnitude of the fame and fortune, and in 1958 died as she had lived, understanding only the simple things. Shelley Winters, the embodiment of comely maternal affection, is ideally cast in the part.

The death of his mother left Elvis distraught and wretched. His marriage in 1967 to Priscilla Beauliau, the girl he met in Germany when she was 14, and whom he deliberately moulded in the image of his mother, did nothing to alleviate his feelings of isolation and depression. Throughout the '60s his premonitions of death grew stronger; he always believed that he'd die at the same age as his mother had (and he did).

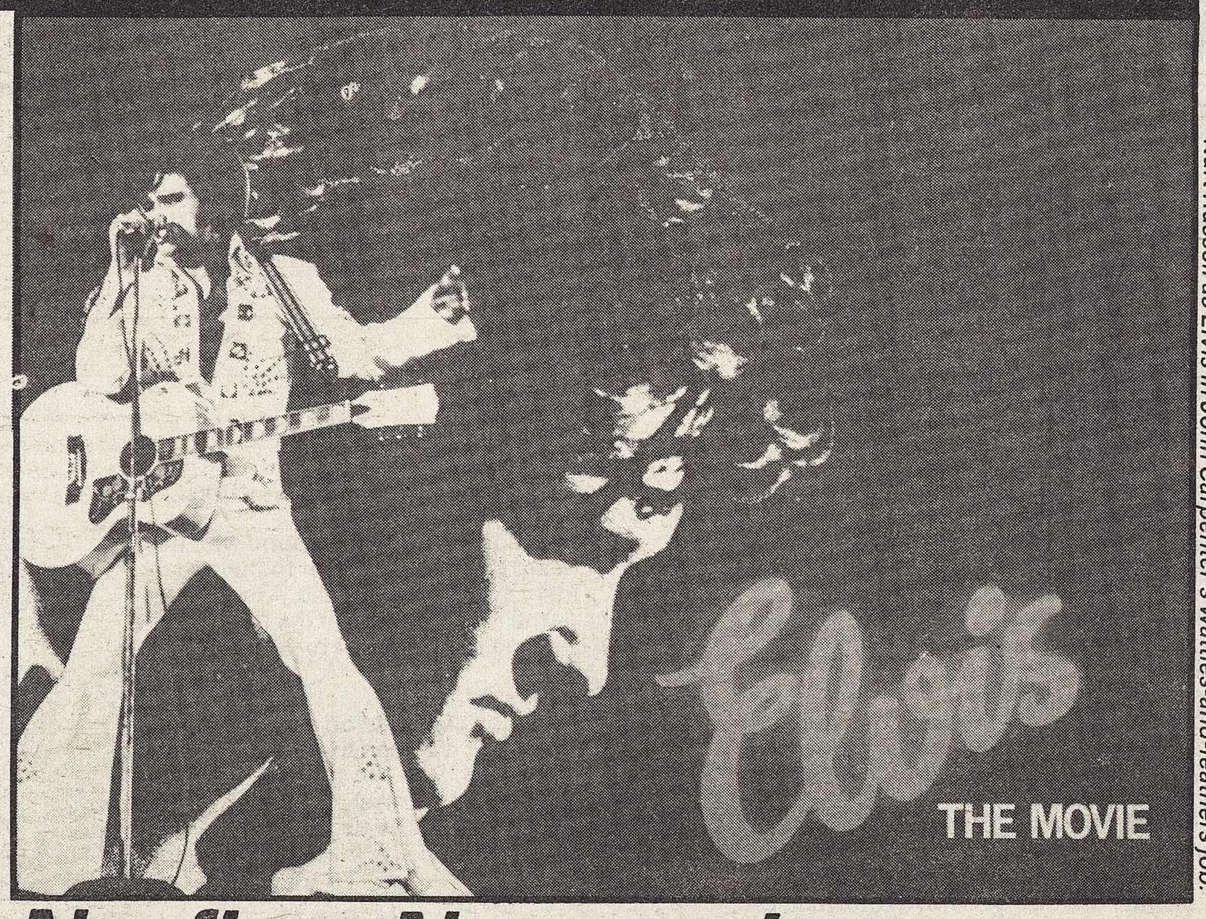
These personal details — unpalatable as they may be to obsessive fans who prefer the myth to the reality — seem to square with what is known of Elvis.

Overall, the film arrives at no wholly convincing characterisation. Kurt Russell I felt sorry for, because he'd clearly worked hard to get inside the part, but was never able to perform with the uninhibited elan that Gary Busey displayed as Buddy Holly.

Although a compassionate portrait, and no doubt a more psycho-analytical one than people would expect, the movie lacks fire and inspiration, and its general dullness ultimately betrays the Presley cause as much as a catalogue of historical errors would have done.

This is yet another 'Presley' movie to be recalled without affection. The fact that The Jordanaires' name had been mis-spelt in the closing credits just seemed the final nail in the coffin.

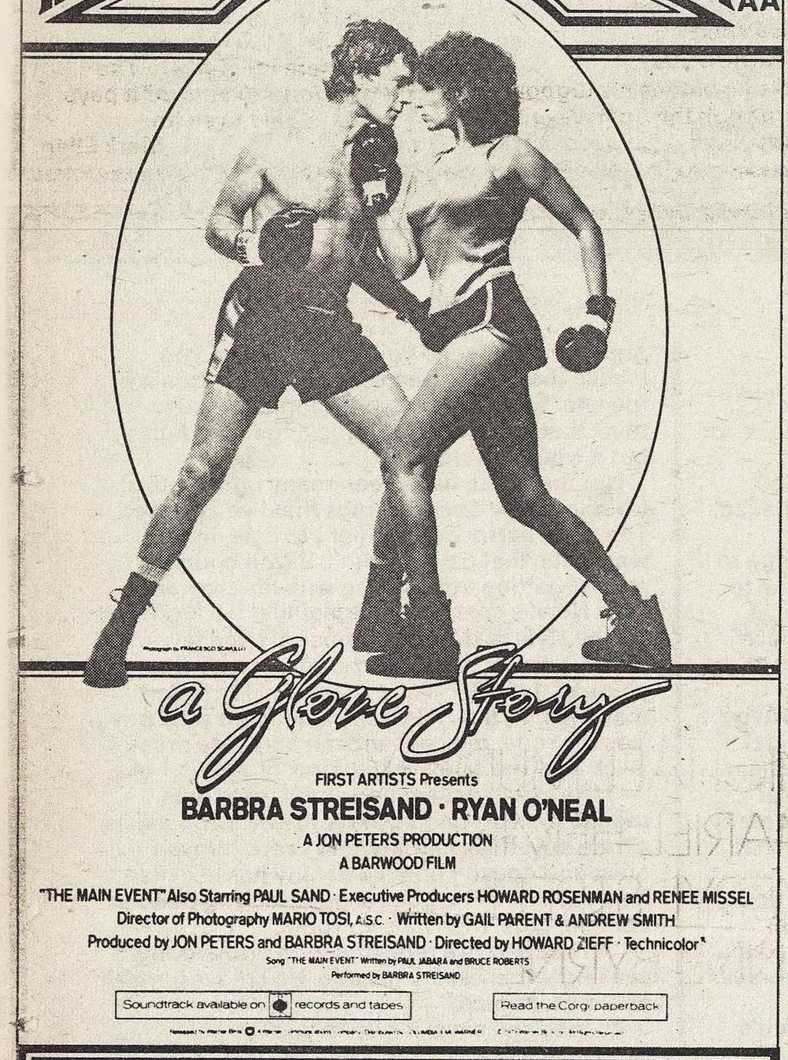
Bob Woffinden



Kurt Russell as Elvis in John Carpenter's wattles-and-feathers job.

No fire. No passion. No cheeseburgers.

THE MAIN EVENT AA



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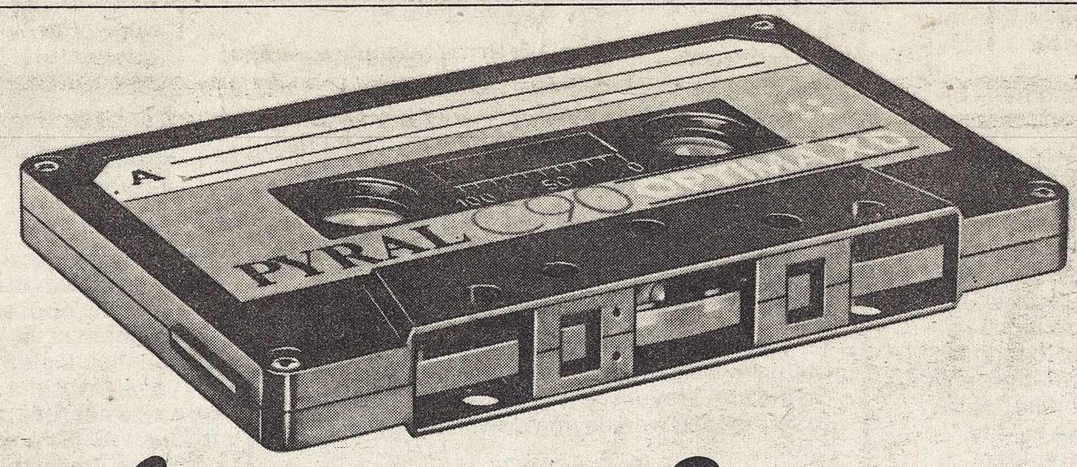

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Norma Rae

Directed by Martin Ritt
Starring Sally Field, Beau Bridges and Ron Liebman
(20th Century Fox)

The year is 1977, the place is a small town in the American deep south and the stakes are union rights and recognition in the local textile mills.

Norma Rae (Sally Field) is pretty, but pretty frayed. Her husband dead in a bar room brawl, she lives with her folks, has two kids and this to say about all the men in her life: "I never learnt to say 'no' from the start."

Days come, go. Life at work is undiluted drudgery, something the film depicts almost as well as Paul Schrader's *Blue Collar*, and life at home is complicated by Pop's overbearing interest in how and with whom she spends her free time.

Enter Reuben (Ron Liebman), a union organiser from New York, a caustic Jewish Momma's boy, bookish, singleminded and uptight. Equal and attracted opposites, he and Norma Rae try to cross the great North/South divide between them. Theirs is a gentle, inquisitive shadowplay, beautifully acted but stylised to heaven and back.

And that's the trouble with *Norma Rae*. It's not really interested in its 'politics', sexual or social, except in a lukewarm-liberal sort of way. It romanticises blithely, spreads a thin but viscous veneer of cinematic 'realism' over what's basically just another bad case of Hollywood melodramatising.

Norma Rae's own gradual transformation from hopeless, helpless victim of circumstances and mannish whims — she seems to be *the* town lay — to glowing, self-respecting 'real woman' is scarcely credible, despite the admirably sympathetic face Field puts on the role. As the film's intended emotional mainspring, it fails to trigger at all.

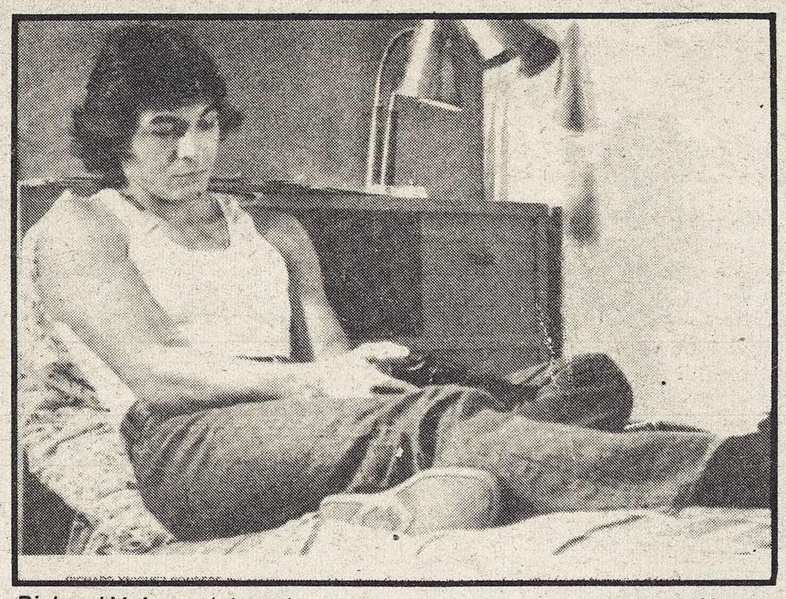
The nasty nest of smalltown agonies uncovered here is more feasibly depicted, but the film's fundamental diffidence about the whys and wherefores of racial, sexual and social prejudice still looms large. Mind you, compared with arch epics of self-realisation like *Girl friends* and *An Unmarried Woman*, it positively impresses, never takes itself too seriously.

But that's only success by default. As expected, the film's ending is hideously roseate, a soppy swaddling in which to wrap a coy, cumbersome eyeful of languishing provincial America.

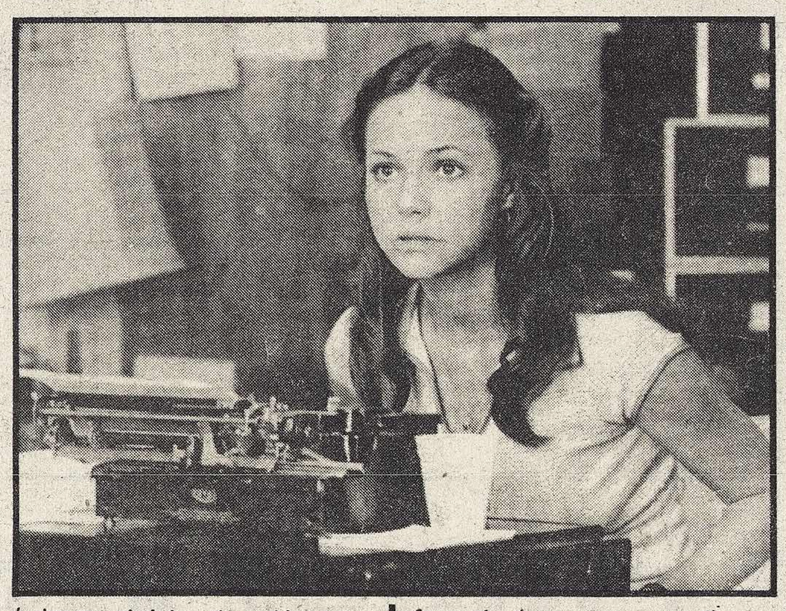
Blue Collar, which covered vaguely similar ground, wasn't without its lapses into awkward, contrived set-pieces of ersatz realism, but these were paled into irrelevance by its uncompromising investigation of union corruption. But *Norma Rae* just goes all gooey over itself, takes no stand on anything.

A flimsy, soft-centred film this, and insidiously diverting too. Maybe Mr. Ritt and associates didn't intend it this way, maybe their intentions *were* honourable, but *Norma Rae* should really have melted away on the cutting room floor. I'm quite surprised it didn't.

Angus MacKinnon



Richard Yniguez (above) contemplates knee-capping himself in ***Boulevard Nights*** *while Sally Field (below) ponders typing tetchy note to* ***Norma Rae****-berater Angus MacKinnon.*



Boulevard Nights

Directed by Michael Pressman
Starring Richard Yniguez and Danny De La Paz
(Warner Bros)

Another instalment of Hollywood's adventures in the realms of subculture. The formula has been tried and proven true.

Take the main character (who needn't be played by an unknown though an interesting aspect of these films is that it often is), place this character in a context of low social mobility, where these subcultures usually thrive, and let your character struggle bravely against the odds, finding himself and, of course, romance along the way.

With the box-office receipts from the (now expurgated) *Saturday Night Fever* still rolling in, you can bet your boots you haven't seen the last of the genre. And although not the best, *Boulevard Nights* — playing out these standard elements against a background of the East Los Angeles Chicano shanty town — delivers what it sets out to, keeps a tight reign on the unavoidable corn quotient.

Scoff at these films now, but their high kitsch count and the glimpse they offer of transient teenage style ensures their notoriety in years to come.

The subculture that features in *Boulevard Nights* is that of the LA Chicano custom car cult, where modern boulevard knights joust it out in their low-slung, hydraulically-sprung, metal-flake charges. This accent on chivalry is no accident, applying as it does to the code of honour pervading the rival Barrios and their internecine gang wars that provide the film's central drama as the action moves from switchblades to guns.

"All I know is . . . when a dude gets it hit up, and he don't do nothing about it, he's rankin' on his barrio — *and* his homeboys!" Thus one homeboy, cast out by society into the grafitti-stained night, to ex-homeboy Raymond, whom love has made a man of and who has to try to prevent this errant adolescent falling into the dead end gang life.

The social science is strictly basic, but the motivations are credible and the portrayals sympathetic. Pity, then, that the directoral pace doesn't quite match that of the script as the film lumbers more than builds to its inevitable climax.

You could come out cringing rather than crying, but only if you went in frowning in the first place.

Paul Rambali

Beyond The Poseidon Adventure

Directed by Irwin Allen
Starring Michael Caine, Sally Field and Telly Savalas
(Columbia)

As he battles his tugboat through the tidal wave that's totalled the adjacent scale model Poseidon, Michael Caine comes over all philosophical.

"It would be so much nicer somehow," he grunts through gritted teeth, "if all this was somebody's fault!"

My sentiments exactly. But exactly who *is* to blame for this abysmal second dip into the hulk's lucrative waters?

It's certainly not Paul Gallico, whose original novel has now been milked out of all recognition. It's partly the damp, low-budget special effects; partly Irwin Allen's mechanical direction (all fits and starts, 'tension' and recollection); but mostly it's the fault of Nelson Gidding's creaking, rust-ridden wreck of a script that still can't hold water despite its layers of conventional varnish.

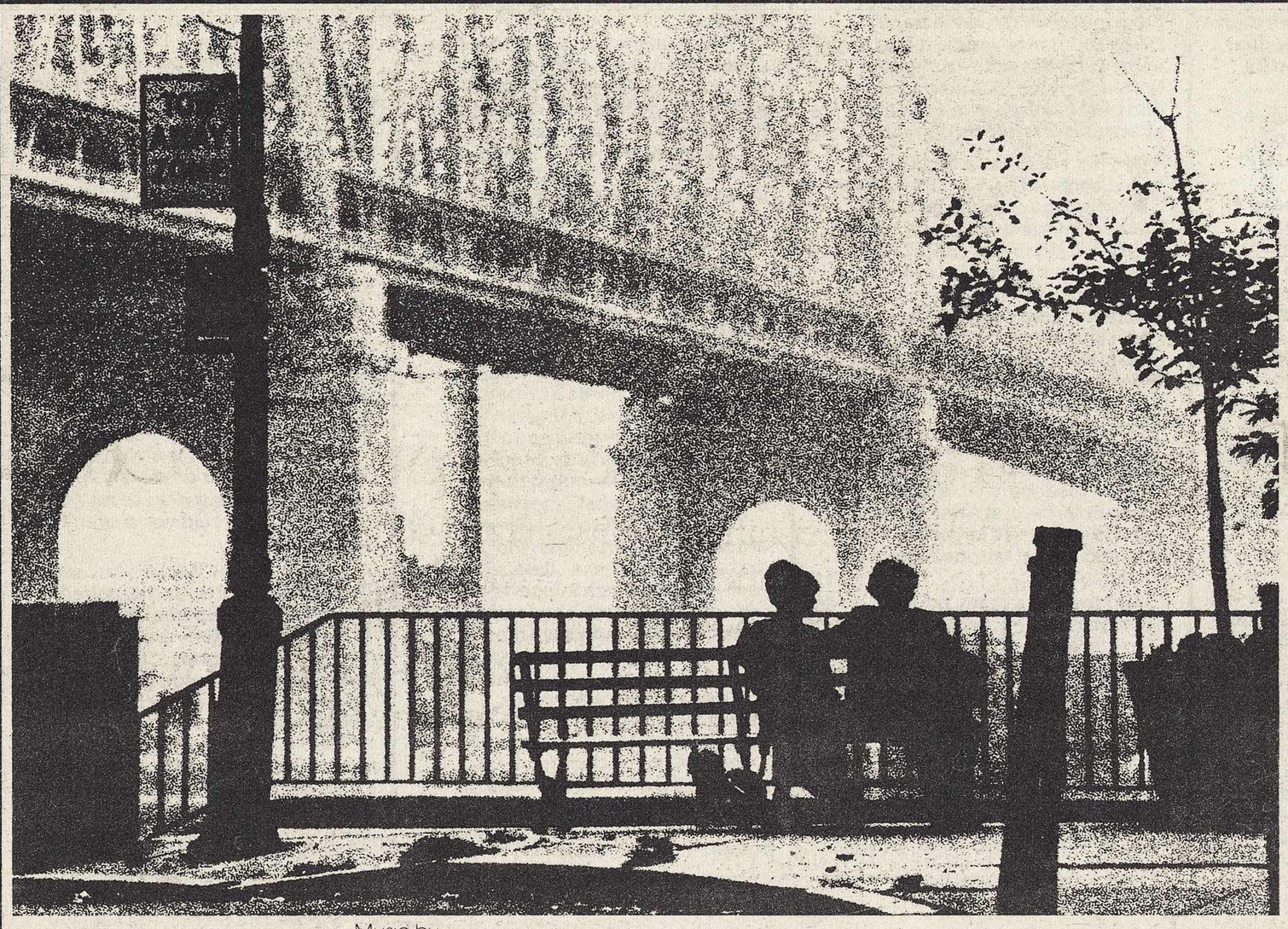
The plot picks up the saga of the morning after the film before. Desperado salvage merchant Caine, and his tom-boy admirer (Sally Field — who's much like the obstreperous Jane Fonda of old), chance upon the capsized craft, and their mercenary eyeballs start spinning like fruit-machine reels.

However, the motives of a rival boatful of bounty-hunters, led by the predictable Telly Savalas (bri-nylon turtle neck and Kojakoloured script), are decidedly suspect and their methods a lot less humane.

Caine assumes command in his brittle *Italian Job* tone when the two crews combine with 22 stuntmen and a few far-fetched survivors (paranoid father, goofy daughter, deluded wine waiter, blind author, nymphette etcetera. In between dodging fires and falling metal, they find time to fight, unite, get heroic and moralistic, share a few laughs and (yay!) fall in love.

Is there life *Beyond The Poseidon Adventure?* It pays to learn how to swim.

Mark Ellen



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DIANE KEATON
MICHAEL MURPHY
MARIEL HEMINGWAY
MERYL STREEP
ANNE BYRNE

MANHATTAN AA

"MANHATTAN" Music by GEORGE GERSHWIN
A JACK ROLLINS-CHARLES H. JOFFE Production
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Directed by WOODY ALLEN Produced by CHARLES H. JOFFE Executive Producer ROBERT GREENHUT Director of Photography GORDON WILLIS
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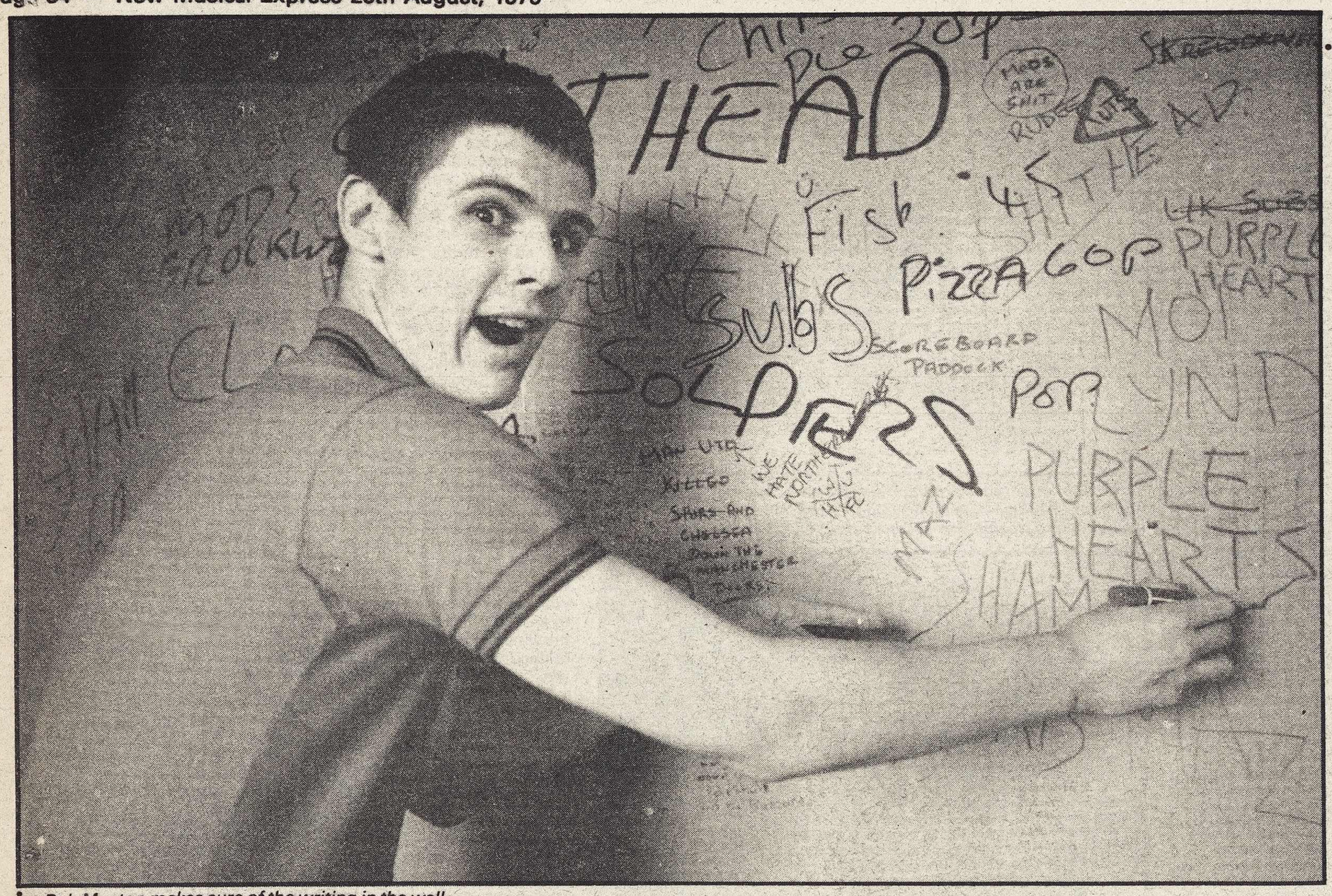


Bob Manton makes sure of the writing in the wall

The Purple Finger Writes

And having writ moves on to another gig of The March of The Mods tour.

DEANNE PEARSON dons parka and hails a passing bandwagon to rattle a few PURPLE HEARTS. Pix: CHRIS HORLER

PURPLE HEARTS — blues' speed and sustenance for the '60s mods, or a band hailing from Romford, Essex who are feeding the '70s mods with a new brand of fun and a new brand of music?

Currently touring the country under the 'March of the Mods' banner with co-headliners Secret Affair and support Back To Zero, it's ironical that Purple Hearts, the band with the name most obviously related to the original mod movement, should be the band who in practice are the furthest away of the three from the original mod sound.

Secret Affair are probably the nearest, and audience and band know it.

"Don't tell me what's going on 'cos I know, right?" shouts vocalist Ian Page as he swaggers across the stage towards the audience. He is arrogant and ostentatious offstage, but his cockiness only works to his advantage onstage, and he totally controls his audience.

Despite the fact that I was hoping he'd fall flat on his face and smash his tenacious ego, be put on a dazzlingly professional show, demonstrating all the sharp flashiness and panache associated with the '60s mod movement. Numbers like 'Let Your Heart Dance' and 'My World' probably best reflect the band's Motown influences, whilst the single 'Time For Action' really represents what the movement is all about with its socialist lyrics and memorable dance beat. The songs are pure, obvious and excellent, and Ian Page's voice does them justice.

Back To Zero however abide too closely to the rules of the game, taking the '60s beat and musical feel but not adding to it. Their music is stark and bare, bland in comparison with the Purple Hearts' and Secret Affair's sound. They're on the right track, but have yet to assert themselves.

The Hearts have that assertion. Their music contains all the driving power and energy, as well as some of the raucous, rough edges of punk, but they have successfully tempered this headlong dash of sound by introducing balanced beats and supportive, stabilising harmonies that produce a lighter, more thoughtful sound with a steady, insistent pulse that makes you dance but listen at the same time.

They were a punk band who, instead of joining the hazy, all-encompassing ranks of new wave music, took the basic pattern of '60s mod music and incorporated that into their music. Thus they formed the base — they were also the first — of the present mod renewal, renewal because it is only the feel of the mod era that has been taken and developed, by bands who have each produced a very distinct, individual sound, a fact clearly illustrated by this tour.

THE Hearts are immediately on the defensive. They try to sweep punk under the carpet and pretend it never existed.

"Saying we're like a punk band is just a load of shit," vocalist Bob Manton snaps. "That all started when we played the Moonlight Club once, supporting The Damned funnily enough, and of course there were a lot of punks there. For an encore we launched into 'London's Burning', just for a laugh y'know, none of us knew how to play it, and then some creep from *Jammin'* reported that we played 'London's Burning' eight times. Eight times! And that was the start of us being called a punk band. It really pisses me off y'know, it really does.

"If we're a punk band, then the early Who were a punk band, 'cos we play the same harmonies and beat as them. When you talk about punk, you're talking about 4/4 rhythm, fuzzy guitars, simplistic bass, screaming vocals and major chords," guitarist Simon Stebbing interrupts. "Well, we've got complicated chord changes and jangly guitars, and that's not punk."

The band did get a much better reception on the tour at Cheltenham than at Manchester the night before, however, and it seemed more than a coincidence that Cheltenham was host to a fairly large contingent of punks as opposed to hardly any in Manchester. In fact most of the audience left during the first few Hearts' numbers, after they had seen Secret Affair.

Although Jeff (just Jeff), the Hearts' bassist, could offer no explanation for the sudden departure of the bulk of the Manchester audience, he was nevertheless pleased by the number of punks attending the Cheltenham gig. "We want to get over to as many different types of people as possible," he said, "not like Secret Affair, who are only interested in being a hip mod band really."

Jeff didn't want any part of the interview at first and only endured the photo session by posing exactly as he was told, face set like a stubborn delinquent being lectured.

His dislike of the press is largely based on mistrust. He feels they have misinterpreted the band's ideas about mod, made it into something it is not — a shallow imitation of the '60s mod music — and then sneered at it, pulled it apart, and foretold its demise.

THEY are all sure that they, Secret Affair, Chords, and other 'mod' bands will get to the States eventually, and judging by this tour it does seem that they are building up a varied following around the country. There are the smart suit-clad London mods, the Parka and scooter boy northerners, punks, skinheads, and the Glory Boys, formed as a direct result of Secret Affair's song entitled Glory Boys, and therefore really more Secret Affair's audience. They have followed the tour everywhere so far, and are distinguishable by their Glory Boys/Secret Affair tattoos around a tattooed keyhole on each arm and 'MOD' tattooed inside their lower lip.

And there are many others who do not fit into any particular category. The interest and the enthusiasm is definitely there, and there is enough variety to maintain that. As Jeff said, "The good thing about it is that bands are going in different directions, all variations of the mod thing. There's no point in doing exactly what was done in the '60s, that's boring and would only appeal to a minority. This is 1979 not 1964."

Amongst all the 'mod-orientated' bands there seems to be a general empathy and bonhommie with the exception, that is, of the Merton Parkas.

"I think all the bands are together except the Merton Parkas," Simon says. "Basically they're just the shittiest band that ever existed, and they're giving us all a bad name."

"You need wheels. . .," Bob whines in mock singing voice, "that's rock and roll that is, grease music, and they reckon they're a mod band."

"People who've never heard any of us lot play," Simon said, "are going to pick up that record, as the first mod record, and think "Oh my God, if that's mod I'm not going to bother seeing the Purple Hearts, Secret Affair, Chords or whatever. On the other hand, if they do like it, they'll come and see us and think "Oh my God, this is nothing like the Merton Parkas, I thought this mod thing was about having wheels".

The conversation wandered around their own single, the anthematic 'Millions Like Us', a good rock number which supports their idea of being a rock band rather than a mod band. Simon says that although this is a one-off deal with Fiction, it seems probable that they will sign to them afterwards, particularly as the tour has been going well so far.

They reflect on their next gig, which was Swansea, and Bob mutters broodily "I've gotta get a passport to get through the bloody border. Innit pathetic, eh? Everyone else has got one, an' I haven't, an' I've only got 60p."

"And it takes a minimum of 12 days to come through," Simon says, completely poker-faced and sounding on Bob. "Doesn't look as if we're going to be able to do the gig now, does it?"

"How irrepressible of you, Manton," Gary shouts, and Bob in turn screams at manager Rob Gross "You're supposed to be the manager, you should have told me."

Simon: "We'll have to unscrew the back of one of the speakers and put you in it."

Bob, obviously completely taken in, and becoming very agitated: "Oh, they'll just see one passport and wave us through won't they?"

Simon: ""Course they won't, you idiot. Have you ever been through the customs? They search you, the lot."

Bob: "Well isn't there a strike on or something? Oh God, why didn't you tell me, you know I only found out about it in Torquay."

Gary and Simon study the map intently, sniggering, and Rob asks if anyone wants to eat. Bob gazes out of the window in gloomy silence. "I just won't be able to do the gig that's all," he mutters, "I always thought they were part of the British Isles."

THE press have got it all wrong from the beginning, the Hearts insist, by hyping up the mod revival/renewal theme all the time, when it is against this tour being called 'The March of the Mods' because, once again, it reiterates that revivalist theme.

"They've got it all totally wrong," Bob says. "We're all a load of little kids in '60s suits playing powerpop to them. (Right—Ed.) They don't take us seriously, but they'll have to soon, because there are so many good bands about."

"Yeah, we're a rock group, or a pop group, really, in our own right," Simon says, "we don't want to be classed as mod."

"When we started off as the Purple Hearts (May '78) we didn't even think of being a mod band," Bob explains, "we just wanted to be a pop group, and that's what we are. We just get classed as mod because we do use some of the ideas, as you said, that the '60s mods did."

Prior to the Hearts Bob, Simon and Jeff, and a different drummer (Nick, now roadie) made up a band called Robbie Hatchett and The Sockets in June '77. Their first gig, arranged even before they'd named the band, was supporting the Buzzcocks, a gig fixed up by a teacher who knew them, and whom The Sockets had convinced they could play.

"But we only played one gig every few weeks, and then broke up in January '78," Bob says. "But we were still the best local punk band," he shouts eagerly into the cassette recorder.

Like most bands' vocalists Bob is the main spokesman, and if he is not the first to answer a question he quickly overrides whoever is by sheer voice volume. Trouble is he doesn't think before he speaks.

"We were the ultimate punk band," he says triumphantly, "now we're the ultimate mod band."

Thought you said you weren't a mod band?

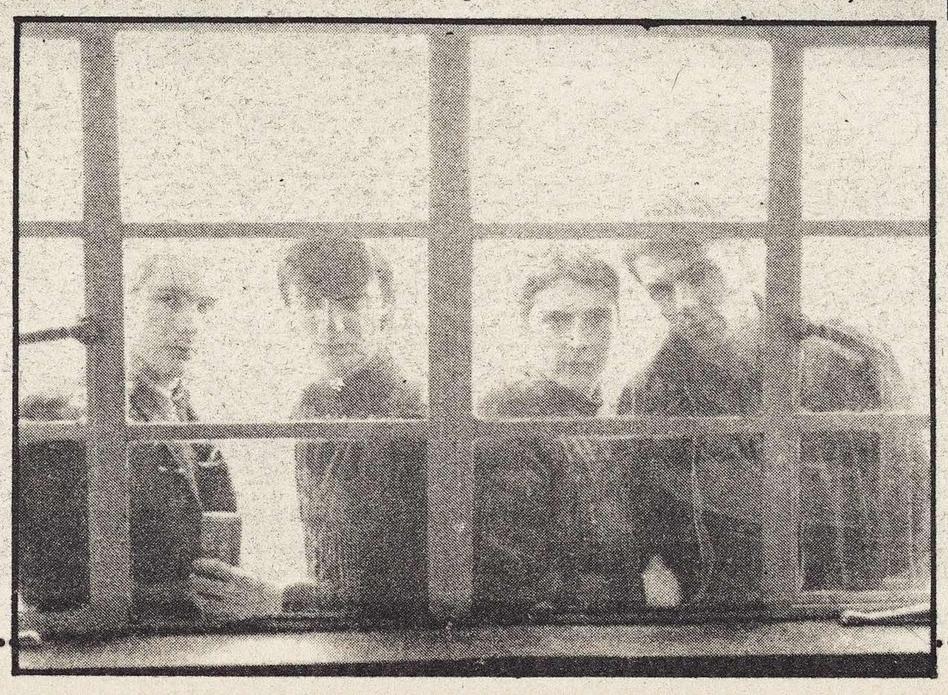
In May '78 The Sockets became The Purple Hearts, and acquired drummer Gary Sparks after Nick broke his leg. "They stole me actually," Gary grins, "from a band called The Oppressed (loud laughter) 'cos I was such a good drummer."

Gary is the only member of the band still working (as an apprentice carpenter); the rest either left or were sacked (Bob, ironically, in part because of his singing around the office, although he fails to mention this until the others remind him). He attempts a tuneless duet with Simon of 'I Write The Songs' (he actually writes the words, Simon the music); everybody complains and quickly shuts him up. He lapses into brief, sulky silence, but soon explodes into life again on the subject of money.

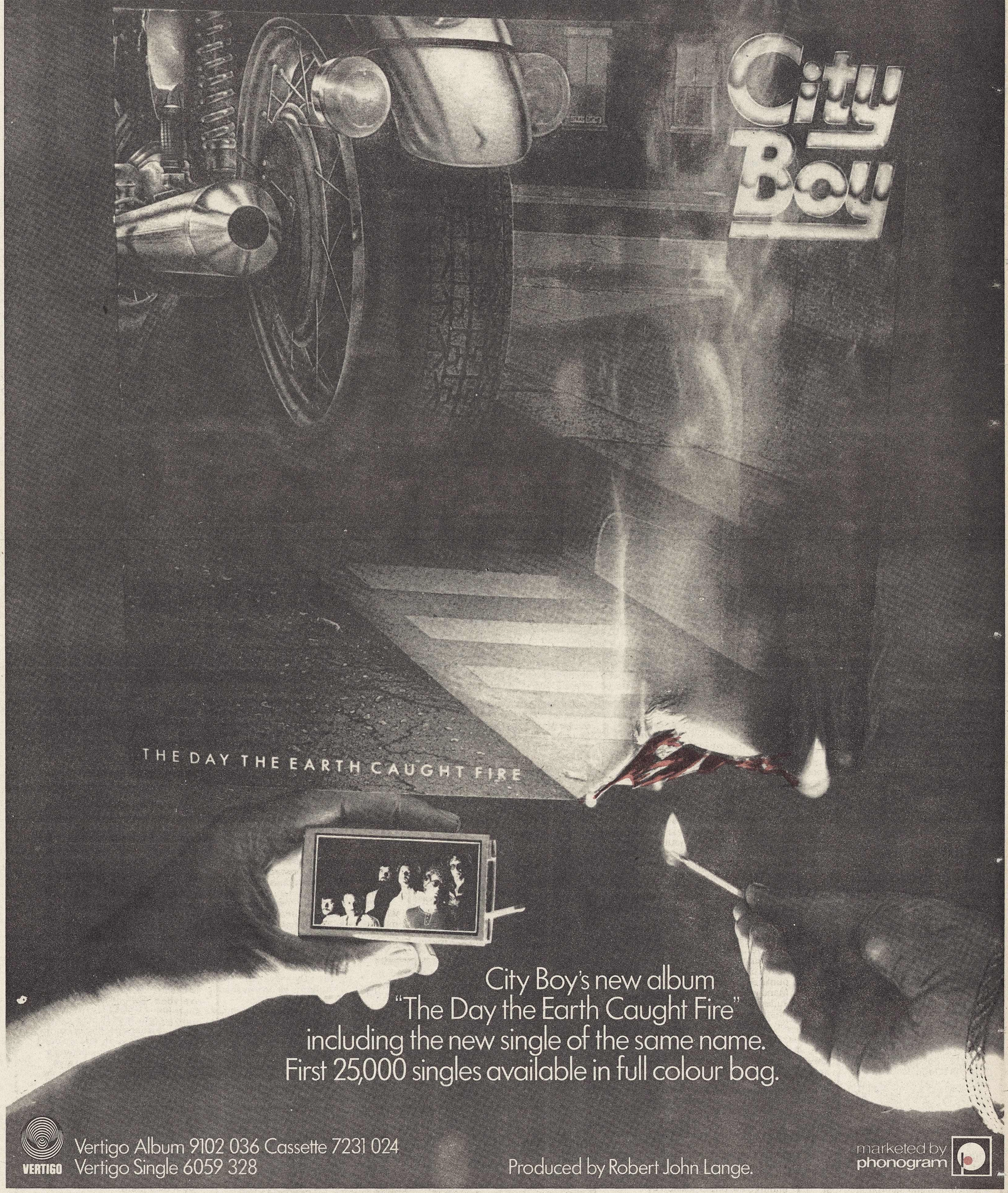
"I don't want to be a superstar or nothing, but I want to be rich and famous, like every group wants to be rich and famous if they're honest about it."

"The one big thing about mod, unlike punk," Simon manages to get in, "is that it's always been accepted that bands do want to be big."

"Like America," Bob says. "I want to go to America, but only for the money and the flashiness of it all, they don't know what music is all about over there."



'THE DAY THE EARTH CAUGHT FIRE'
City Boy caught in the act.



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ALBUMS

BOB DYLAN
Slow Train Coming *(CBS)*

The relationship between rock and religion has always been fraught and filled with tension: back at its Southern rural roots, there was always a serious metaphysical choice involved. Not for nothing did Jerry Lee Lewis fear for the safety of his immortal soul when he debated the morality of his music with Sam Phillips during a Sun Records session back in the '50s; not for nothing did Little Richard veer crazily between his sinful boppin' and the call he felt snaking out to him from gospel music; not for nothing did Georgia Tom, bawdy bluesman supreme, kick it all in the head and become the Reverend Thomas A. Dorsey, composer and publisher of sacred songs.

Elvis Presley was assailed as an agent of the devil even when he recorded spirituals and hymns and even when he recorded a whole album in that vein — the young Presley duded himself up in a suit and tie and sat at a white piano for the cover of 'His Hand In Mine' but, his greasy hoodlum sneer indicated that he was just about to steal the damn piano and some of the Southern stations refused to play the tracks on grounds of sacrilege.

Meanwhile B. B. King cut gospel albums, Hank Williams recorded religious soliloquies under the name of Luke The Drifter, George Harrison became the biggest bore on heaven or earth, Jeremy Spencer and Peter Green were dragged around like men whose feet are caught in the stirrup of a runaway stallion, a million Rastas in a million echo chambers warn us of a million days of reckoning and Bob Dylan . . .

Like Sherlock Holmes after he took a flier off the Reichenback Falls, Bob Dylan may have recovered from his black night crash back in '66, but he was never the same afterwards. Already preoccupied with biblical imagery (consult 'When The Ship Comes In' off 'The Times They Are A-Changing' ' if you're interested) and fascinated with death and retribution as early on as his very first album, he became an avid student of Holy Writ while convalescing from his collision with The Reaper and soon the substance as well as the language of the King James bible became part and parcel of his work. From Zen and Judaism, he ended up a few months ago undergoing rites of baptism with the California-based Vineyard Fellowship and emerges now with a prophet motive, a scourge of the unrighteous, preaching Doomsday and resurrection, breathing fire.

'Slow Train Coming' is the fruit of his fervour, and it's going to make a lot of people feel extremely uncomfortable (I know whereof I speak). As is common with Jews who have converted to Christianity, Dylan takes a severe, sulphurous Old Testament line on the New Testament, communicating little of the joy, warmth and salvation often found in Black American gospel music or in the Rasta testaments of Bob Marley or Burning Spear. The message, spread over nine songs of greater or lesser spiritual import, is: if you are not for Jesus, you are against him. Get it together. Repent or burn.

In other words, this album is not exactly a barrel of laughs (though Dylan's wit has certainly not deserted him). Bobby has found God, and neither of them are pissing about. We're here to talk about your soul, brother. Have you been saved?

Back in '62; an angry young man, an unreclaimed soul. *Pic: Don Hunstein.*

With God On His Side...

What certainly has been saved is the essence and core of Dylan's art.

After the ultimate decadence of 'Bob Dylan At Budokan' — wherein he gave the lie to his magnificent Earls Court shows by singing like a greasy old hack — he returns to the finest vocal form he's ever had. He's never sung more like *Dylan* than he does here: Superdylan is more like it. Every note, every phrase is either caressed or cuffed, spat out or thrown away, twisted and shaped for emphasis and irony.

Every singer who has ever copped an inflection from Bob Dylan is hereby politely escorted to the back door and ceremonially thrown down the stairs. 'Precious Angel' is a finer Graham Parker-style interpretation of Dylan's phrasing and tone than Geep himself has ever accomplished. Lou Reed is similarly seen off. Ian Hunter doesn't even come into it. No-one sings Dylan like Dylan: the verse of 'Precious Angel' beginning *"Let me tell you, sister, about a vision that I saw/You were drawing water for your husband and suffering under the law"* is some sort of peak in the history of vocal rock and roll.

Moreover, Dylan is still the chairman of the board of rock composers: just as a judicious combination of Christian fervour and the guidance of producer Jerry Wexler (who's been recording great singers from Joe Turner and Ray Charles on up for 30 years now and ain't about to start taking bullshit off singers at this stage in the game) has worked wonders for his singing, the occasion has sharpened up his songwriting chops to the highest point they've attained since 'Blood On The Tracks'. Almost every song (we'll reach the single, deliberate exception later) bristles with quotable stabs and pithy maxims. Far from having his wits addled by religion, Dylan would seem to have sharpened up his act all round.

Like any other dedicated evangelist, Dylan has concerned himself with packaging and marketing. Working with seasoned sessioneers (David Hood and co-producer Barry Beckett), members of a currently hot band (Mark Knopfler and Pick Withers from Dire Straights) and the first real producer that he's had since his days with Bob Johnston, Dylan has framed himself with smooth, streamlined music.

With a basic small band of Knopfler (lead guitar), Beckett (keyboards), Hood (bass) and Withers (drums) embellished only by discreet horns and choir here and there, the sound is strong and simple. Some of the backing tracks could've been directly filched from a late '60s or early '70s

but no matter what you say . . .". I'd love to call you 'Zimmy', Bob — in fact I will just to keep things from getting too serious — but what if I don't want to serve either God or the Devil?

The silky stomp of 'Gotta Serve Somebody' gives way to the perky but muted strum of 'Precious Angel' which — in the context of This Year's Britrock — resembles a collision/collusion between Dire Straits and the last Graham Parker album. Knopfler sounds as if he has a switch on his guitar marked 'Limpidly Beautiful' and his solo is as glibly, flawlessly sentimental as Dylan's vocal is gnarled and simultaneously polished. Again, Zimmy tells

Charles Shaar Murray plays the part of Doubting Thomas.

Albert King album, and Knopfler even attempts a few guitar solos (marred mainly by timidity, weedy tone and a silly, exaggerated finger vibrato) in the tradition of the big A.

An unadulterated ten out of ten for form, therefore, but let us press onwards into the realm of content. We open with a relaxed, but menacing soul-blues lope through 'Gotta Serve Somebody' with Dylan telling us — with seemingly endless variation — that whatever your personal circumstances: *"You gotta serve somebody sometime/It may be the devil and it may be the Lord/But you gotta serve somebody sometime."* A rigid definition of good and evil and a black-and-white choice with a sole note of self-mocking levity when he informs us: *"You can call me Terry, you can call me Jimmy/You can call me Bobby, you can even call me Zimmy/You can call me Archie, you can call me Ray/You can call me anything* us that *"you either have faith or unbelief, there is no middle ground."* This is the central polarity around which all religion — indeed, the entire concept of religion — revolves, and throughout the album Dylan presents it to us, time and time again.

In 'I Believe In You', Zimmy puts new strings on his Martin, borrows the opening lines of 'Smoke Gets In Your Eyes' and presents the tale (told in the first person) of a man persecuted for his faith, rejected and repulsed. In the light of Dylan's identification with his Jewish heritage and the centuries of persecution and pogrom thereby involved, the song is lent both resonance and irony: just *who* is the underdog here?

The side rounds off with the title track as illustrated on the cover. A train is seen with workers scurrying in its path laying down the rails upon which the inexorable advance will roll; the figure nearest the foreground (Dylan himself?) raises a pickaxe-cum-crucifix and the whole thing is rendered in Old West woodcut. On the track itself, Knopfler reappears as Albert King and the Muscle Shoals gang hit a 'Born Under A Bad Sign' groove, over which Dylan appears, grim and spectral, to intone a series of damning indictments against civilisation (including a mini-tirade against foreigners — specifically oil sheikhs — controlling America's economic destiny and damaging her reputation overseas, causing Thomas Jefferson to turn in his grave) culminating each time in a chorus which warns *"There's a slow train coming up around the bend."* Retribution, it would seem, is inevitable. You've been listening to your Marley records again, Bob.

The blues groove hardens up another pair of notches on 'Changed My Way Of Thinking' over on side two. Loosely based on Taj Mahal's 'Done Changed My Way Of Living', the writing draws on a rich vein of blues aphorisms to rail ever more furiously against immorality: pornography in schools, the lot. Again, Knopfler lets the side down by playing all the right notes but with far too little attack although Dylan is at his most caustic and commanding: *"I got a good fine woman, one I can easily afford . . . she can walk in the spirit of the Lord/Jesus said 'Be ready for you know not the hour in which I come'. He said 'He who is not with me is against me' just so you know where he's coming from!"* caws Dylan with as much authority as he's ever sung anything.

He makes something of a turnabout on 'Do Unto Me, Baby'. Having judged everything in sight, he then turns around coyly and announces: *"Don't wanna judge nobody, don't wanna be judged/Don't wanna touch nobody/Don't wanna be touched."* The song is intensely amusing (despite the line *"Don't wanna amuse nobody/Don't wanna be amused")* and carries eerie echoes of 'All I Really Wanna Do', but this time the message is a strictly transactional view of human relationships buffered with the cosy admonition *"If you do right to me, baby, I'll do right to you too/you gotta do unto others as you'd have them do unto you."*

However, 'When You Gonna Wake Up' finds him judging all over the place again, machine-gunning aphorisms like there was no tomorrow: *"You got some big dreams, baby, but to dream you still gotta be asleep!; They tell you time is money as if your life is worth its weight in gold!; You get men who can't hold their peace, women who can't control their tongue/The rich seduce the poor and the old are seduced by the young!".* Beckett's soulful, gospelly keyboards are the stuff of sheerest delight under Dylan's grim enquiry: *"Have you ever wondered exactly what God requires?/You think he's just an errand boy to satisfy your wandering desires?".*

'Man Gave Names To All The Animals' is a children's song with the kind of mock-reggae groove that American session players think symbolises innocent levity. Dylan implies that it was very presumptuous of man to name the animals when he can only perceive them in ridiculously naive ways. After all, only God knows their real names. It ends with a portentous reference to the Garden Of Eden and the loss of innocence. It sounds like Jonathan Richman gone gospel, the bass line is silly/logical and it's very cute and catchy.

The Big Finale is Dylan alone with Barry Beckett's piano — who does he think he is? Ian Hunter? Bob Geldof? — testifying on *'When He Returns'. "Don't you burn",* he warns, and achieves his final transformation. Now he is John The Baptist.

As a demonstration of Dylan's powers as a singer, composer and philosopher, 'Slow Train Coming' verges on the awesome. To re-emphasise: he has never sung better in his life, his verbal aim has never been more accurate, the fire of his critical ammunition has never been more withering, his records have never been more perfectly produced (though his sidemen have certainly shed more blood for his music in the past). He has much of present-day society totally sussed and numbered.

But . . . Dylan has divided the world into Good and Evil according to the precepts of a narrow and fundamentalist creed. Unlike the Rastas, he tells us damn little — there's another 2p for the swearbox. Shit! — of love and joy.

Religion can't all be a matter of vengeance and damnation; religion has to love as well as threaten or else the whole thing descends to a bunch of people rubbing their hands and muttering "Boy, are you gonna catch it when teacher gets back!".

What Dylan is preaching talks not of liberation but of punishment, and in sour and elitist terms. If we aren't talking about a God of love, then FORGET IT. The world is already too full of so-called Christians dealing in nothing but repression, and we don't need Bob Dylan opening a munitions factory to give *them* greater fire-power than they already possess.

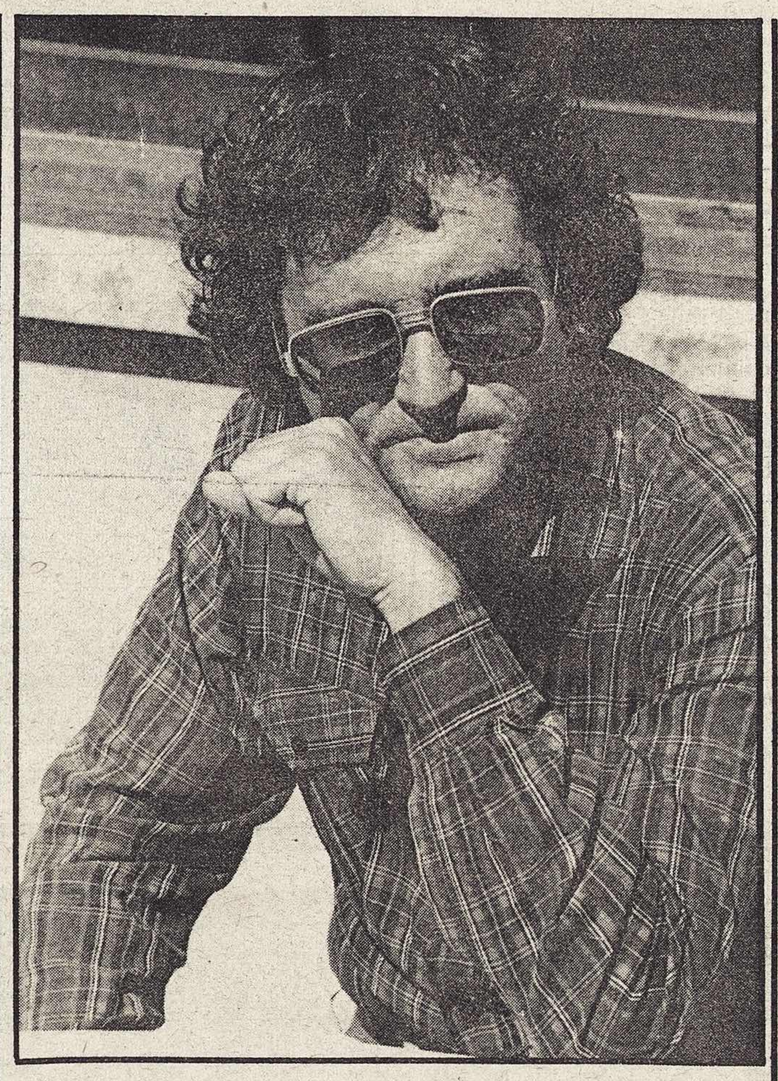
Bob Dylan has never seemed more perfect and more impressive than on this album. He has also never seemed more unpleasant and hate-filled. Take your choice. It's your fiver — and your soul.

Charles Shaar Murray

ALBUMS

With Money On His

Randy Newman receives Monty Smith's commendation.



Randy ponders whether Zim has got it right. Pic: Tom Sheehan

RANDY NEWMAN
Born Again
(Warner Brothers)

Randy Newman makes words work for him like nobody's business. Not even his own, or so he would have us believe.

He's crafty, is Newman, and a craftsman. Every two years or so he'll put out an album and there are eleven or twelve finely honed, superficially simply structured songs ready to be listened to or not, appreciated or not. Mostly not, until 'Short People' took him to the top of the American singles charts in '77. And even that song — an abrasive swipe at the absolutely inanity of prejudice—was monumentally misunderstood by midget-minded people everywhere. Newman probably enjoyed the notoriety, but having a monster hit has made him no less sneaky, no less circumspect.

The success of 'Short People' has meant he can (ha ha) keep the hits a-comin' at his own, painstaking pace. And now he's 'Born Again'.

Tarted up on the cover in the mode of Kiss — white face, black lips, green hair, dollar motifs as eye liner — Newman, dressed in a sober suit and seated at a businessman's desk, makes no bones about it. He's born again as a cynic. Even the children in the family photo album have cent signs round their eyes and a little plastic lamb stares blankly at the desk's other hollow accoutrements.

At first sight it seems like a cheap shot, specially as Randy is doing a Gene Simmons on the sleeve's reverse. But at first hearing fears are allayed.

'It's Money That I Love' is a powerful opener and tougher sounding than almost anything else he's done. A hard-edged, drum-heavy riff competes with a diverting, rollicking piano trill while Waddy Watchel's guitar fights a losing battle with the first of many confidently incorporated synthesizer wails (Michael Boddicker makes the machine speak). This rousing accompaniment adds to the cruelty of Newman's intent.

"They say thet money can't buy love in this world/But it'll get you a half-pound of cocaine and a 16-year-old girl...And a great big long limousine on a hot September night/ Now that may not be love but it is all right."

On the surface, that may be pure cynicism. It's also very funny (it's the way he tells 'em) and not a little sad. Newman, at his best, has the singular ability to convey laughter through tears without being mawkish and he remains a supremely detached commentator.

And sometimes, as on 'The Story Of A Rock And Roll Band', he is just plain amusing. This is the single and it's likely no accident that it follows 'Money'. The band in question is ELO, and Newman's adopted tone for his wicked put-down is so drily deadpan that many who hear it will again take him at face value and be convinced that Randy really digs 'em. Adds to the joke. So does the brilliantly accurate arrangement with its ludicrously pompous bom-bom-bom introductory choral work. Wholly delightful and catchy as a roomful of Boat People.

'Pretty Boy', following, is wholly sinister. Spare and sombre, the piano is eerily melodic against the doomy moog bass line as Randy, eschewing a sledgehammer, dispenses with the big screen macho/teeny mag Travolta image with a shrivelling sneer. The comparatively strident guitar and organ chord break makes it seem all the more claustrophobic and Newman's cold, deadly deadpan delivery impels you to hold your breath.

The strength of these songs makes 'Mr Sheep' seem all the more trivial. To a jovial oompah lurch, Newman tries on his *Play School*-type voice and employs sub-Zappa tactics as he attacks commuting businessmen. That target is beneath his dignity and, unless he's knocking a specific pursuit of money, it seems an uncharacteristic lapse. He's not just cruel here, he's heartless and there is a difference. Any way it's looked at, the song is downright lightweight.

Compassion returns with 'Ghosts'. Newman's adept at assuming a seemingly unlikeable character and them pointing out their vulnerability, their pathetic foibles. He can convey depths of non-comprehension in a single couplet *("There's coloured kids playing/Where my own little boy used to play")* but 'Old Man On The Farm' was a more concise evocation of loneliness and the piano here is vaguely cocktail lounge, more maudlin than mordant. The subtle string scoring is beautifully judged, though, and the best arrangement on the album follows with 'They Just Got Married'. The staccato rhythm is a cross between spastic New Orleans ragtime and syncopated Salvation Army band and the story, delivered delightfully offhand, is a series of sharp, vicious vignettes.

Side two has no weak points. 'Spies' is a shifty, seductive slider with a creepy bass line, perky percussion and clever little musical jokes which echo the words. A mutant born of perceptively paranoid sensibilities (cf. Johnny Speight and Len Deighton), 'Spies' says that every disaster that has beset America since Pearl Harbour is the work of foreign subversives. And if the late Mayor Daley's former domain Chicago, the heartbeat of conservative law'n'order and union corruption, has succumbed then . . . sweat a bit, and take a closer look at your neighbour.

The mild jazz shuffle of 'The Girls In My Life' lends substance to a witty, sour joke, the easy-going accompaniment of Victor Feldman and Willie Weeks (drums and bass) perfectly matching Randy's lazily slurred delivery. A lovely song full of sly humour and euphemistic asides and all of it, miraculously, bereft of innuendo.

'Half A Man' may be the cruellest, saddest song Newman's written since 'Davey The Fat Boy'. Dealing with ageing streetcorner queens, set to a Phil Spector-like arrangement — not half as grandiose but doubly effective — 'Half A Man' is, again, simultaneously funny and affecting. Just why is a matter for your local psychiatrist but Tom Robinson fans may find it a bit too sophisticated.

'William Brown' is another bittersweet mini-scenario, cast so clear you can see the actors' faces. Not bleak, exactly, but a shade desolate and the type of song that tends to outlast Newman's more overt statements ("In my ideal song," he once said, "I disappear completely").

'Pants' is the sign-off, and it's momentous. To bombastic, portentous riffing (straight out of *National Lampoon* and Sid Gormless' 'Art Rock Suite') Randy shouts inspired lyrics. He's gonna take off his pants. Authority and artistic pretension can go kiss his ass. It's done dead straight.

Sometimes I wonder why I bother listening to the mere mortals who mess with rock and roll. Bob Dylan, Neil Young, all the other philosopher-king pretenders can go hang their heads with Tom Dooley-squat.

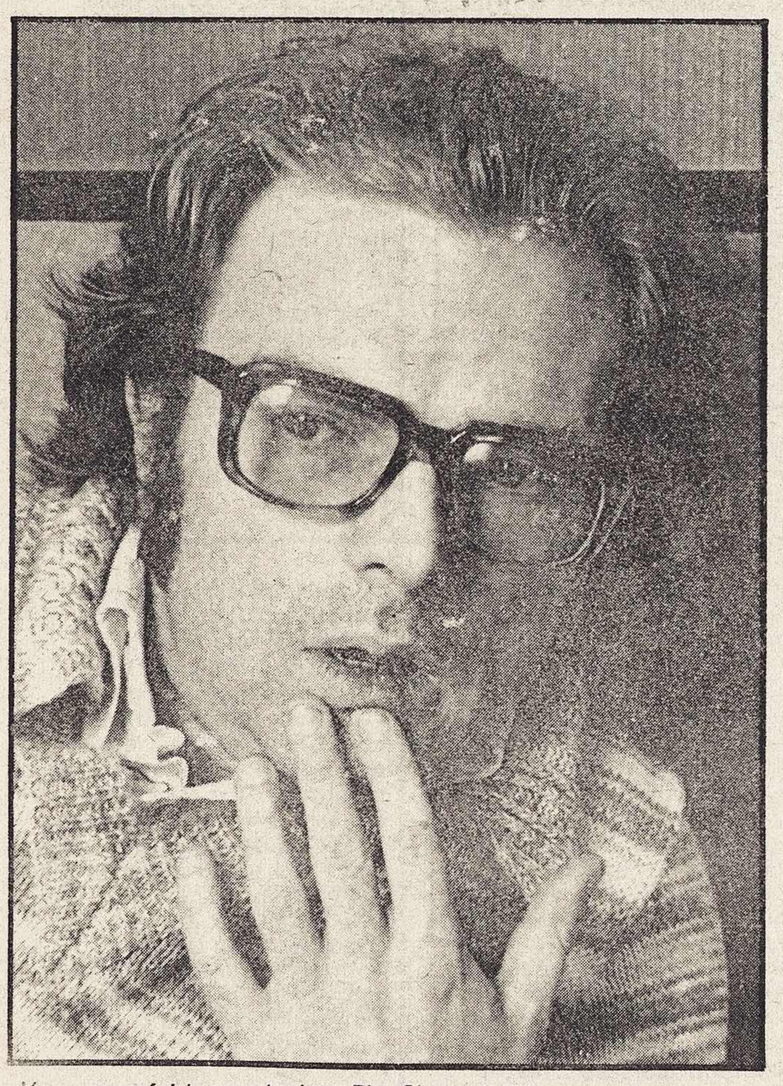
No thematic masterpiece like 'Good Old Boys', 'Born Again' is still an astringent collectin of observations, less downbeat, more brash than 'Little Criminals.' He's certainly in his heavy minstrel period.

And like mankind in 'God's Song', I need *him,* I need Randy Newman to put rock and roll and its attendant posing into some sort of perspective. However bitter and twisted, Randy Newman still makes cents. I hope.

Monty Smith

And With Honey On His

Van Morrison doesn't do so well by Paul Rambali



Van seems fairly sure he has. Pic: Cherry Davies

VAN MORRISON
Into The Music *(Mercury)*

Can this be coincidence? Three of rock's most vaunted troubadors choose the very same week to unveil their newest fare, their last of the spiritually forlorn '70s, and lo!, we find that two of them have entered the house of the Lord.

The odd man out, naturally, is Randy Newman, but whilst Van Morrison's espousal of the joys of faith on two of the songs on 'Into The Music' is many times removed from the obsessional baptist fervour of 'Slow Train Coming,' it is the first time the temperamental old dog has unequivocally tangled with the subject. It's also a marked swell in the endless tide of Morrison's music, which has not been at its strongest ebb these last few years.

To and fro he's been and gone. His history hardly needs revisiting. But it's worth knowing. Inspirational, ribald R&B out of Ray Charles evolved into dark, morose balladry, surrendering in turn to the soft soul centre that held the sway until, on 'Veedon Fleece,' Morrison suddenly and momentarily found the absolute combination. Then he lost it. Here he is trying to find it again.

It's sad. But it's a fact. Over the years since 'Veedon Fleece' Morrison has been floundering in his own backwash. He abandoned three albums whose personnel matches made for awesome expectations, then offered a lacklustre return to the racks that even a band of the calibre of Stevie Wonder's couldn't salvage called 'A Period Of Transition.' That title soon began to sound like a poor excuse. Its successor diplomatically back-paddled to a straightahead soul style; 'Wavelength' must've pleased everybody and astounded no-one.

'Into The Music' (an echo of 'Moondance's' 'Into The Mystic') is Morrison's first for a new label, ending over a decade with Warner Brothers, and as such it aims for consolidation, and goes some way towards achieving it.

For starters, Morrison resumes the light string settings and folk and jazz of 'Veedon Fleece,' but their employment isn't as precise and haunting as they were under the direction of Jeff Labes, and the results hark back even further to 'Hard Nose The Highway.' No bad start, but the rein on the horns and on Toni Marcus' (a new recruit to Morrison's ever-fluctuating team of side-persons) violin and viola could've been tighter.

The arrangements never quite pin down the mood they're meant to underscore, and finally merge the songs into a jaunty, lightweight mass. The exceptions are, on the first side at least, 'Full Force Gale,' a lilting breath of gospel with Ry Cooder on guitar, and 'Rolling Hills,' with former Incredible String Band member Robin Williamson on pennywhistle, which inverts the metaphor of the storm and the gale to portray Him providing the calm at the centre.

But it would be a mistake to take Morrison at his word when he plays in 'Full Force Gale,' the newly sanctified, and in 'Rolling Hills' the faithful peasant; Morrison admits he often writes words just for the sound of them, and therefore probably writes songs just for the feel of them.

A habit he perhaps ought to break. It can't lend conviction to his singing, and much of 'Into The Music,' despite the earnest pose struck on the cover, suffers from a deficit of just that. Van Morrison is one of the great soul singers. Period. He can wring tears from the most commonplace words, usually. Not this time.

On the second side, which comprises rambling, rolling ballads, he works dutifully through his vocal phrase book, instead of teasing along the words like a complete original. He lets his offhand way with words slip to the slapdash and the contrived and becomes, like all such things, terribly transparent.

Again though, there are exceptions: 'Angeliou,' the sort of boy meets girl situation Morrison has excelled at ever since 'Gloria,' and 'It's All In The Game,' vastly different from the Four Tops' version.

I hate records like this — neither particularly good nor especially bad but just, well pleasant. They hang there frustrating you in the run-off grooves. They inspire tepid reviews. And I hate this even more because Van Morrison made it, and because he set out with the right idea this time, too.

Paul Rambali

So You Wanna Hear Some Rock'n'Roll Ska.

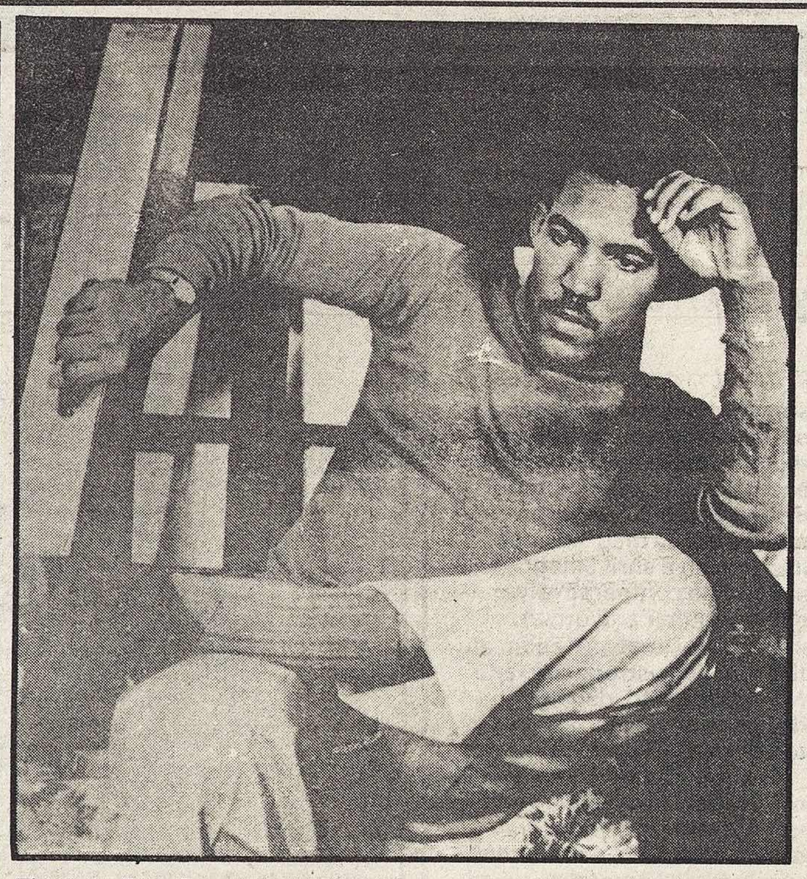
VARIOUS ARTISTS
Intensified! Original Ska 1962 — '66
(Island)

Rhyming and jumping in on the crest of the present pork pie hat upsurge in popular consciousness, here comes the inevitable commercial intervention, dressed to kill up in the garb o' de debbil. Satisfied?

Yeah. Justice is seen to be done (although I'd advise some dancing just to make sure). 'Intensified!' is just that, is as stated, miles above boards, a cosmic chucky ahead of any potential (who can K-tel?) competition. This is the thankful side of cash-in: the 16 ska pearls assembled here would otherwise cost a punter's annual vodka money in collector's prices — if you could find the lucky collector. Brought back from the dead of Island's deleted catalogue, 'Intensified!' was reclaimed and compiled by modest Mr (Steve) Barrow, who is, shall we say, in the know. (We are, shall we say, indebted to him.)

This is the '60s worth getting nostalgic, melancholic, acrobatic and alcoholic over. This Jamaican music is *real* earth music, real roots; simple, unadorned, sensual, blackmarket, poised, rouged, arrogant, scarlet, tender, from the spine . . .

This is New Orleans jump music ripped out — rather than off — via Jamaican airwaves, and distilled through the Isle of Springs' own metabolism: classical black music. It eases up the backbeat spring, a thumping, coiling, perpetual thrill; massed lines of ancient brass emphasise the beats with the aplomb and precision of a be-bop construction crew. Look at these names, man! The incomparable Don Drummond and Rico Rodriguez (trombones), Roland Alphonso and Tommy McCook (tenor saxes), Lester Sterling and Hedley (alto sax — the hippest instrument of all), John "Dizzy" Moore and Baba Brooks (trumpets) . . . why, the sleeve alone is worth the album's price in historical detail.



The late Don Drummond considers reasons to be Skafull

This music is ten years and more old, but the substance outweighs legend. It is more than a record of memories. It is a record of some of the most sophisticated and successful common-ground dancefloor music ever made (it files nicely alongside Tamla Motown collections). It is a record of crazy vocal stylishness mounted on a hazy, pumped up, earthquake cruise tableau of corny horns, horny horns, vengeful basses, and sonourous drums. It features some of the greatest JA musicians, and some of the most addictive riff conjunctions and spirals in anyone's living aesthetic memory.

Midnight, frisky, flirtatious, summery, sticky, flash, silly, risky, making eyes, pre-dubwise dynamic, suicidal, speeding, knife-fighting, neighbourhood-nasty . . .

The words on things like 'The Higher The Monkey Climbs' by Justin Hines predate current Mistah Rasta militant lyrical content; the older the aphorism, the more it is we smile. The truisms of something like 'Penny Reel' by Eric Morris *('Penny Reel-o/Long time me never see you/And you owe me little money . . .')* aren't to be scoffed at.

Other songs on the album display titles such as 'Duck Soup' (Baba Brooks), 'James Bond' (Roland Alphonso), 'Housewifes Choice' (Derrik and Patsy) and 'University Goes Ska' (Don Drummond). So beat that, if you can.

Theophilius Beckford plays piano, though where is not stated. The Maytals sing, and where is obvious. Tommy McCook went on to play with a group called the Supersonics. So beat to that, if you can.

Irresistible, tangential, slippery, tight, cathartic, calisthenic, criminal, orthodox, soothing, headstrong, simple as complex can be . . .

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Ian Penman

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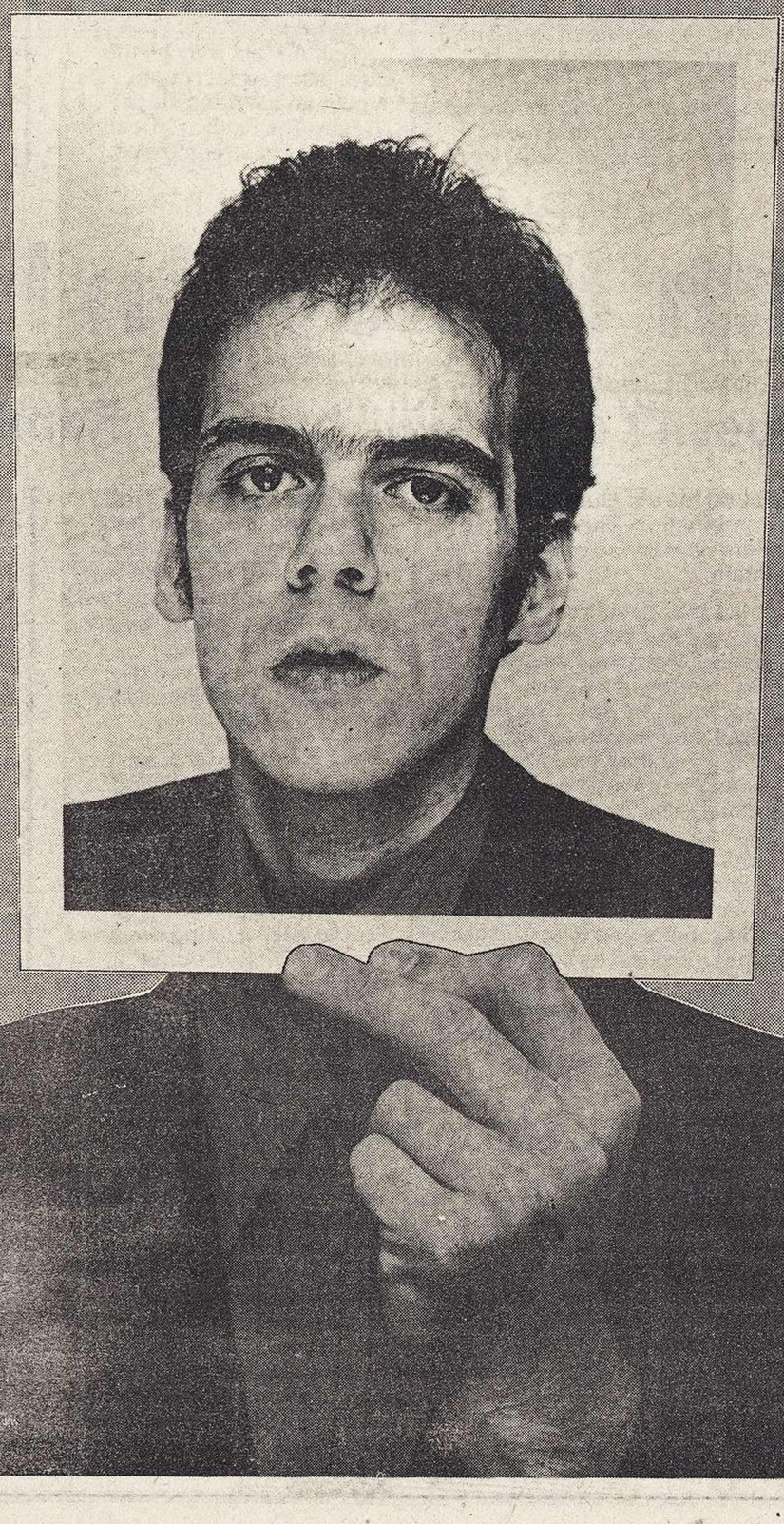

MCA RECORDS

IMPORTS

I'd been led to believe that releases on the Reprise label were the exclusive prerogative of Frank Sinatra and Neil Young. But obviously t'ain't so for an album called 'The Esential **Jimi Hendrix 2**' has just appeared on WEA's least favoured label. A good compilation that includes the usual studio takes of 'Hey Joe', 'Foxy Lady', 'The Wind Cries Mary' etc, along with the Woodstock version of 'Star Spangled Banner' and the live at Monterey cult of 'Wild Thing', the package also contains a free single in 'Gloria', while the sleeve notes are comprised of various 'I remember Jimi' eulogies by John McLaughlin, John Paul Hammond, Larry Coryell, Mike Bloomfield, Les Paul and Johnny Winter.

Mention of the Winter family reminds me that 'The **Edgar Winter** Album' is now out on Blue Sky. Albino disco, it was recorded at Philly's Sigma Sound and co-produced by Winter and Tom Moulton — two facts which should explain everything you wish to know. Cut for cut though, it's well above your usual crop of get-it-up, get-it-on somnabulism, Winter's 'Please Don't Stop' with it's high-flying (dare I say Bee Gee-like?) vocals and romp-till-ready rhythm is guaranteed to cause a plethora of rubber burning in the sneaker area, while the instrumental 'Do What', which has ol' blue eyes proffering squeegee keyboards allied to some healthy-sounding Texan horns, also proves that whatever Dan Hartman (once a Winter sideman) can do, the man from Beaumont can quite easily improve on.

Meanwhile, further North, in Dallas, white Texans still sing the blues with some conviction. This week's proof comes in the form of 'Girls Go Wild' (Takoma) a teasy morsel from **Kim Wilson** (vocals and harp), **Jimmy Vaughan** (guitar), **Keith Ferguson** (bass) and **Mike Buck** (drums), who collectively form **The Fabulous Thunderbirds.** Produced by one-time Zappa sideman Denny Bruce, who's probably best known for his work with Leo Kottke, 'Girls' is really all about enthusiasm and feelin' good. And though the songs are all credited as originals, they're little more than repeats of the favourites you learned back in elementary blues-school, full of way-we-were licks and various obligatory bluesrock sundries. But blues has always been a case of not so much whatcha do but the way thatcha do it. And The Fabulous Thunderbirds, bless their '50s era record sleeve, do it pretty well.

I am considerably less impressed by **'Sorry'** (Kiswell), an album that "was recorded, eaten, drunk and mixed at Studio Antibes, amid the palm trees, hot sands, and hot hands under the swirling skirts of France". Sorry are guitarist **Dominque Ruiz** and British vocalist-keyboardist **Paul Ives,** whose track record includes support work with Yes and Mott and the authorship of 'Rock'n'Roll', an anthem once cut by Rosetta Stone.

With the aid of various sessionmen, they've strung together a collection of anonymous, overlydramatic, sometimes heavymetal-adorned pop, probably dead on beam for the Gallic market — where Ives' 'Oh Cathy' has proven a minor disco hit — but totally out of phase with anything that's happening on this side of the Channel Ferry. Not really my cup of cafe au lait at all. May I have the bill please?

Fred Dellar

MIKE HARDING
On The Touchline
(Philips)

The line-up on Harding's first album of songs reads rather like the bill at some upper-echelon folk fest. There's Maddy Prior, The McCalmans, Dick Gaughan, Hedgehog Pie, Ally Bain, Chris Coe, Bob Davenport — a kind of monster Cambridge renion, in fact.

And strangely enough, it's street music, though Harding's streets are a lot nearer to Hilda Ogden's than Martin Scorsese's, his trip down the cobblestones revealing mill sagas ('Jinny Hobbin' and 'Mills Of The Valley'); memories of Irish emigrants ('The Wild Geese'); a shop window postcard about love for sale ('Shady Lane Lady'); a Chaplinesque ditty involving production-line monotony ('The Man Who Bangs The Button'); and even an R&B instrumental that harks back to the days when Harding formed part of a Mancunian beat group ('Sausage Me A Gregory').

A mixture of folk, music-hall and several other ingredients, it's an odd Lancashire hot-pot, containing much that is extremely palatable.

Fred Dellar

The Mincer

Specially selected panel give mixed response to Mincer albums

NICK GILDER
Frequency *(Chrysalis)*
An all-knowing rock sociologist recently wrote in a lesser music paper that the Chinnichap sound of the early '70s had failed to influence the American chart at this end of the decade. Clearly, this distinguished academic had never heard of Blondie or Nick Gilder. Gilder had a prolonged number one single in the States with his song 'Hot Child In The City'. His new album is along broadly the same lines. High-quality teeny-bop pop, produced this time for Chinnichap by one Peter Coleman. It's sophisticated stuff, and there may well be more hits lurking in the undergrowth. I'd guess, though, that you'd need to be 13 or under to really enjoy it.

ROY ORBISON
Laminar Flow *(Asylum)*
Somewhat unwisely, Roy Orbison has got himself up to look like a punk rocker on the cover of this comeback album. This makes him look not unlike a gross Ronnie Barker send-up. Equally unwisely, the first song up is a disco number with the unfortunate chorus: *"Baby I'm takin the easy way out."* Doesn't Orbison know that Jim Steinman of Meatloaf fame wants to produce him? Obviously not. There's little left of that bombastic sub-operatic style that made Orbison's name in the '60s. Sad.

VARIOUS
Music For Unicef *(Polydor)*
Not many trashy pop albums come complete with an endorsement from Kurt Waldheim, Secretary General, United Nations. Just as well, perhaps. The fact that Rod Stewart, Abba, The Bee Gees and their ilk are donating their royalties to charity does not make the music any more engaging. If you're feeling charitable, why not donate direct? Meanwhile, is there any chance of the Vietnam government hiring out a boat for Rod and Barry and Maurice and Robin? Subscriptions to that worthy cause to this office please.

Bob Edmands passes judgement on the guilty parties

BACHDENKEL
Stalingrad *(Initial)*
A curious item that has lain unwanted in the *NME* reviewing drawer for many months. Main off-putting aspect is the sleeve. The album's got up to look like the work of a duff, old-fashioned, progressive rock band from Eastern Europe. In fact, it turns out to be the work of a duff, old-fashioned, progressive rock band from Edgbaston, Birmingham 16. Ah well, maybe it'll be big in Bulgaria.

ZED
Visions of Dune *(Initial)*
More from Edgbaston, evidently the home of exiled rock progressives. The Dune in question is, predictably, Frank Herbert's while the vision is the property of an electronic keyboard player called Bernard Szajner. Bernard looks and sounds like an Eastern European intellectual, evidently obligatory for recording artistes from this part of Birmingham. His electronic doodles evoke 90 per cent of the Virgin catalogue circa 1969. Musak for spaceports. Eno without fizz.

AIRWAVES
Non Stop *(Phonogram)*
Possibly the best soporific folksy singalong album since Gerry Rafferty's 'City To City'. Airwaves are a real find if you like to doze along to that sort of thing. Guaranteed not to disturb even the lightest coma. I love it.

GREG ADAMS
Runaway Dreams *(Epic)*
Officially described in his press release as a "soft rock artist", the supersoft Greg Adams is said to have had more than 20 of his tunes recorded by other performers "most notably by Roger Whittaker". Enough said?

EDDIE RABBITT
Loveline *(Elektra)*
Authoritative country crooner with a bunch of touching little ballads that'll make you weep so much you'll rust your spurs, dissolve your lariat, and drown your horse.

ROBIN WILLIAMSON & HIS MERRY BAND
A Glint At The Kindlings *(Criminal Records)*

While apparently progressing from the eventual deadlock of The Incredible String Band, Williamson's creative muse has completed a full circle. When he formed the LA-based Merry Band in '76, it marked a return to both his Celtic musical 'roots', in a sharp contrast to the String Band's dodgy electric 'fusion', and to his obsession with Celtic history (and pure fact) as opposed to ideology (and mystic fiction).

This second album has none of the freedom or vitality of the debut 'American Stonehenge', none of its slight references to jazz, blues and '20s swing, and none of the looseness with which Williamson had adapted traditional instruments (harp, flute, mandocello, dobro, etc) to make 'contemporary' folk music.

Rather than expand what's potentially a very flexible idea, this album not only represses his usually colourful imagination (which does no more than illuminate listless sections of folklore), but adheres too rigidly to its traditional framework that it's more an affirmation of technique than an interpretation of style. Lately it's been his prose writing that's been Williamson's most inspired outlet, but even 'Five Denials On Merlin's Grave' (from the vivid 'Mirrorman's Sequences') sounds flat and out of context in its 14 minute slot on this record.

For those who've never pawned 'A Hangman's Beautiful Daughter', 'A Glint At The Kindlings' will hardly inflame.

Mark Ellen

TIM CURRY
Fearless *(A&M)*

It's practically a law of nature that musicians make rotten actors and actors make rotten records.

'Fearless', I fear, sounds a lot like an actor's record, like a studied imitation of a rock'n'roll record. It might be a clever facsimile, but it's still rotten. At worst, as on the central track 'I Do The Rock', the effect is of a horrible piece of dilettante slumming.

For the rest, you get some overblown and characterless New York rock, all wrapped up in Curry's smugly smirking or else 'gritty' observations of street (sic) and disco existence, peppered with contrivedly hip insertions and Ritzy name-droppings.

His singing voice is strong but ridiculously mannered, crushingly self-conscious; it sounds a bit like everyone and not much like anyone. Not surprisingly, an attempt at Joni Mitchell's 'Gold Blue Steel And Sweet Fire' turns out a mess.

Tim Curry might be a decent actor, of course, but the purpose of his day-trips into rock remains obscure. A case of ambition, or conceit, over-riding judgement, perhaps. Or, more possibly, of the notoriously conceited showbiz syndrome which seems to run 'I'm good at this so i must be good at that.'

Curry himself affects to view his extra-mural activities as a form of therapy or rejuvenation (though the sleeve does find room for a self-promoting plug for his international Fan Club). "I do The Rock — it's stimulating," he proclaims. But sadly a case of self-stimulation more than anything else. 'Fearless' deserves to share the fate of its predecessor 'Read My Lips': currently the commonest occupant of the bargain basement racks.

Paul Du Noyer

LEE OSKAR
Before The Rain *(MCA)*

There's something about a chap writing songs with his wife that should warn even the most tolerant to approach with caution. Take it from me, Lee and Keri Oskar are *there.* They co-wrote about half of 'Before The Rain', and the rest of it's just as bad. The seven 'songs' are long, meandering doodles occasionally punctuated by weak, sing-song expressions of Californian bliss (Sleevenote: 'Living sure is inspiration').

I'm not over-familiar with Oskar's playing with War, but his harmonica work here is so colourless as to be largely imperceptible. What with a jewel of an album from Charlie Musselwhite, a searing Hammersmith performance from the Geils Band's Magic Dick and Lew Lewis' re-emergence with a hot little band, the last few months have been kind to the humble-mouth-organ.

Lee Oskar could soon put a stop to all that.

Harry George

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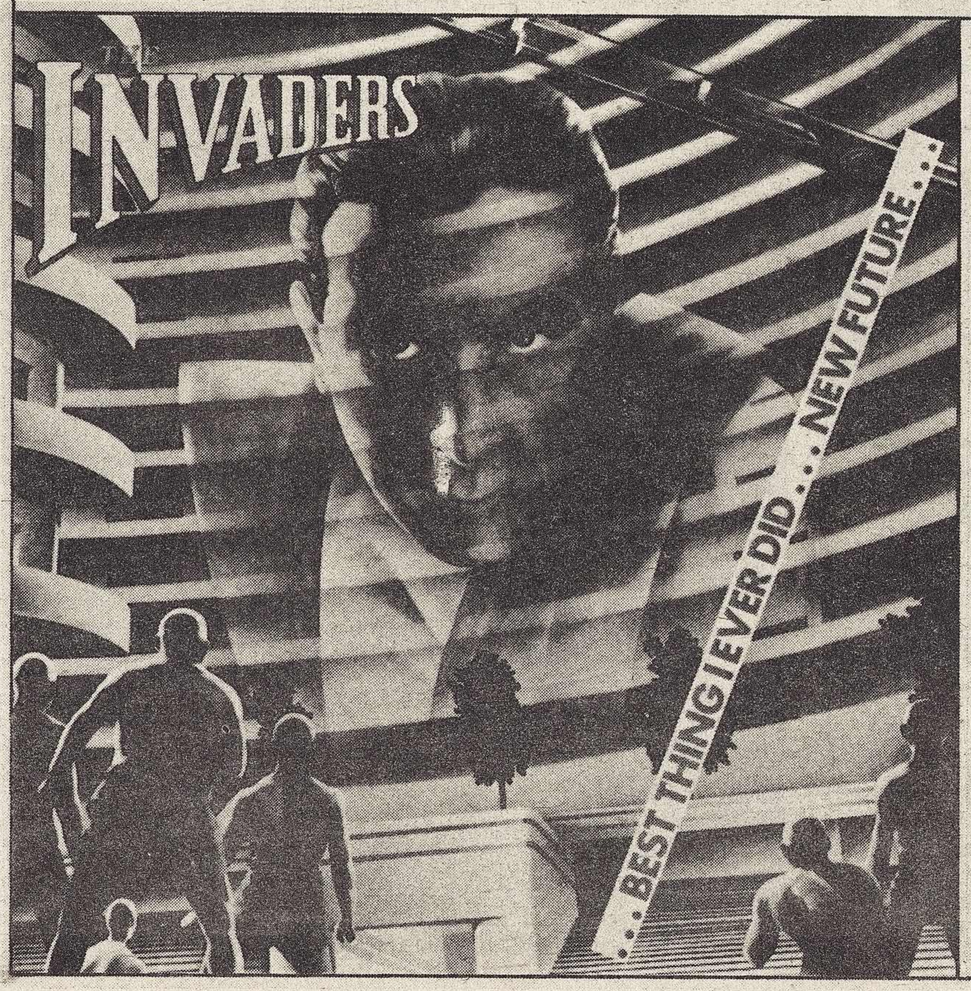

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Doors open 9 pm. Licensed bar + food till 3 am
Admission £2

VESPAS

SATURDAY AUGUST 25th
THE LITTLE ROOSTERS + THE KILLERMETERS + THE NAME
+ D.J. JERRY FLOYD
Admission £2
Doors open 9 pm, licensed bar + food till 3 am
BANK HOLIDAY MONDAY, GONE TO SOUTHEND/CANVEY
SEE YOU NEXT WEEK

VESPAS

STICK UP FOR THIEVES LIKE US

(DO IT) FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE
Single c/w Touch Your Love and Murder in New York
THIEVES LIKE US
Winchester 62581
Tour Dates

August 24th — Magnum's, Basingstoke
August 25th — Cellar Vino, Weymouth
August 26th — Pinecliff, Bournemouth
August 28th — Joiners Arms, Southampton
August 29th — Windsor Castle. Harrow Rd
August 30th — Gloucester Bars, Weymouth
August 31st — Camelot Suite, Yeovil

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
BANK HOLIDAY WEEKEND
SECRET AFFAIR
MADNESS
PURPLE HEARTS
THE SELECTOR
BACK TO ZERO
LYCEUM
STRAND. W.C.2
SUNDAY 26th AUGUST at 6·30
TICKETS £2·50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 836 3715, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245, OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088

TELEPHONE 01-387-0428/9

MUSIC MACHINE

Playing times 10.30 pm and midnight.
CAMDEN HIGH ST. OPP. MORNINGTON CRESCENT TUBE · N.W.1

Wednesday August 22nd — £1.20
YOUNG ONES
+ Zorro

Thursday August 23rd — £1.70
CLASSIX NOVVEAUX
+ The Opposition

Friday August 24th — £2.20
PRESSURE SHOCKS
+ Roaring 80's

Saturday August 25th — £2.20
SINCEROS
+ The Photos

Monday August 27th — £1.70
THE PIRANHAS
+ The Bats
+ Between Pictures

Tuesday August 28th — £1.20
LITTLE BO BITCH
+ Security Risk

Wednesday August 29th — £1.20
STRAIGHT 8
+ The Dazzlers
+ Roy Sundholm

LICENSED BARS — LIVE MUSIC — DANCING
8PM - 2 AM MONDAY TO SATURDAY
OVER 18s ONLY

DINGWALLS

RHYTHM'N'BOOZE

THURS 23 — FRI 24
ZAINE GRIFF THE CLEANERS
SUN 26
AN EVENING OF BRITISH BLUES WITH
GORDON SMITH, BERNIE PALLO, HAMMY HOWELL, CAROL GRIMES, JONA LEWIE, CHRIS YULDEN, LEE KOSMIN, DEN HEGERTY, PLUS THE O.T.'s
MON 27
SOULYARD & SUSSEX
TUES 28 — **COWBOYS INTERNATIONAL**
THURS 30 — **LOCAL OPERATOR**

PANIC PROMOTIONS PRESENTS
A
BANK HOLIDAY MONDAY MOD SPECTACULAR BY THE SEA!
Mods Mods Mods Mods Mods Mods
WITH
SECRET AFFAIR + **THE PURPLE HEARTS** +
BACK TO ZERO — SQUIRE — MOD DJ
MONDAY AUGUST 27th 1979
AT
THE PADDOCKS
Long Road, Canvey Island, Essex.
(8 miles from Southend)
Trains: Fenchurch Street to Benfleet.
Buses: from Southend & Benfleet 3, 3A, 5, 27, from Basildon 151.
Cars: A13.
Open 7pm — Only £1.75

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
LOUDON WAINWRIGHT III
THEATRE ROYAL — DRURY LANE
LONDON W.C.2.
SUNDAY 9th SEPTEMBER at 7·30
TICKETS £4.00, £3.00, £2.00 (INC. VAT) IN ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE 836 8100 5876 LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE. 439 3371, PREMIER BOW OFFICE, 240 2245, USUAL AGENTS OR ON NIGHT

HOPE & ANCHOR

UPPER STREET
ISLINGTON, N.1

Thursday, August 23rd — 75p
RICKY COOL & THE EXTRAS

Friday, August 24th — £1
THE BLUES BAND
featurng PAUL JONES, TOM McGUINNESS, HUGHIE FLINT

Saturday, August 25th — £1
RICO

Sunday, August 26th — £1
RED BEANS & RICE

Monday, August 27th — 75p
THE FLOWERS

Tuesday, August 28th
SPECIAL CHARITY NIGHT

Wednesday, August 29th — 75p
THE OBVIOUS

Thursday, August 3oth — 75p
LEE FARDON & THE LEGIONAIRES

words words (Barry Clarke) words words words

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

Monday

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Freebird**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
Birmingham Thursdays Club: **Tradition**
Bradford Princeville: **Invaders**
Canvey Island The Paddocks: **March of the Mods tour**
Darlington South Park: **American Echoes, The Gibsons, Trevor Reid**
Edgbaston Gay Towers Ballroom: **Black Gorilla**
Edinburgh Tiffanys: **Merton Parkas, Another Pretty Face**
Halifax Cleopatra's: **The Accelerators**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Little Tony 'n' the Tennessee Rebels**
Leeds Heaven & Hell: **Abrasive Wheels, Vinyl Solution**
Liverpool The Crown: **The Clerks**
London Bermondsey Apples & Pears: **Stan's Blues Band**
London Camden Brecknock: **Boyce Band**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Blues Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **64 Spoons**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Flowers**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Shake**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Barney Bates**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **The O.K. Band**
London Putney Half Moon: **Echo Mountain Band**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Penny Royal**
London Southgate Royalty — "Oh Boy — It's Rock 'n' Roll": **Hank Mizell, Crazy Cavan, Shades, Johnny Storm, Mystery Train**
London Walthamstow Carnival: **RAR Gig, Leyton Buzzards, Ambra, Tour de Force**
Manchester Golden Garter (for a week): **Hot Gossip**
Norwich Cromwells: **The Helicopters**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Party**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gwaihir**
Oxford Oxpens: **English Subtitles**
Plymouth HMS Drake: **Souled Out**
Reading Cherry's Wine Bar: **The Romantix**
Southend Minerva: **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers**
Southend Zero 6: **The Bears, New Devices**
Wigan Casino: **Matchbos**
Winchester Theatre Royal: **Chris Barber Band**

Tuesday

Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Brujo**
Birmingham Mercat Cross **Killer**
Birmingham Railway Hotel **Speed Limit**
Birmingham Thursdays Disco: **Paper Lace**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Scissor Fits, The Dialls**
Derby Old Bell Hotel: **The Shattered Dolls**
Keighley Kings Head: **The Accelerators**
Leeds Viva's: **Fixer**
Leysdown Island Hotel: **Hank Mizell**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Cowboys International**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Local Operator**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **The Fixations**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Cleaners, Stagefright**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The V.I.P.'s/ Squire**
London Fulham New Golden Lion: **The Sunday Band**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Starjets/Original Mirrors**
London Marquee: **Live Wire**
London Old Kent Road Thomas A'Beckett: **Stan's Blues Band**
London Ronnie Scotts Upstairs: **Panther**
London Sermyn St Maunkberrys (3 days): **Terry Rogers & Shorty Harris**
London Shelton St. The Basement: **The Guvnors**
London Soho Pizza Express (for 5 days): **Neville Dickie Trio**
London Streatham Pizza Express: **Neville Dickie Trio**
Sheffield Limit Club: **March of the Mods tour**
Southampton Joiners Arms: **Thieves Like Us**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **Katz**
Walsall Dirty Duck: **The Amazing Dark Horse**

NEW YORK GIG GUIDE

MONDAY (27) — Max's Kansas City/**Polly Rock**, Ut Lone Star Cafe/**Larry Coryell** Bottom Line/**Long John Baldry**
TUESDAY (28) — Bottom Line/**The Shirts, Kathi** McDonald Other End/**Ramblin' Jack Elliot (2 days)** Max's Kansas City/**Dirty Looks, The Traitors** Madison Square Garden/**Kansas, Mahogany Rush** My Fathers Place/Super Session 79' /**Skunk Baxter and Danny Kalb** Village Gate/**Dizzy Gillespie** (2 weeks).
WEDNESDAY (29) — Max's Kansas City — **The Blessed, The Stimulators** My Fathers Place/**Canned Heat** Bottom Line/**Walter Egan, Black Jack** (2 days) Club Lorelei/**Nashville Superpickers**
THURSDAY (30) — Max's Kansas City-/**Neon Leon, The Boyfriends** My Fathers Place/**Allan Price**
FRIDAY (31) — My Fathers Place/**Jan and Dean w/Pappa Do-Ron-Ron** (2 days) Tanglewood/**Shaun Cassidy** Palladium-/**Tim Curry** Central Park/**James Taylor Club 57/Buzzcocks** Calderone Hall/**Joe Jackson** Max's Kansas City/**Voo Doo Shoes, The Neccessaries**
SATURDAY (1) — Asbury Park, Boardwalk — **Joe Jackson, The Records** Max's Kansas City/**The Victims, Kongress** Nassau Colliseum/**Kiss, Judas Priest**
SUNDAY (2) — Max's Kansas City/**Brenda Bergman and The Real Tones** — Get Wet Village Vanguard/**Abbey Lincoln**

Wednesday

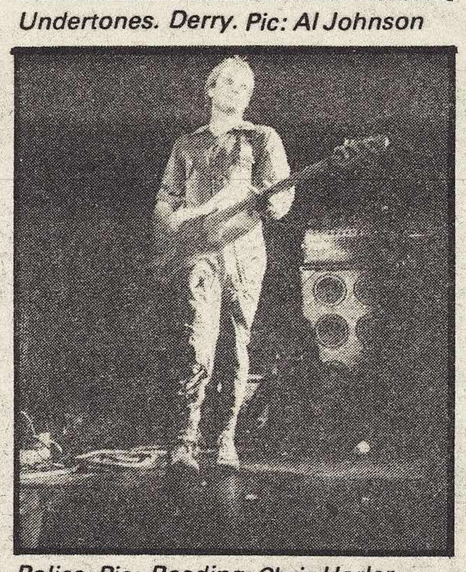
Barnsley Civic Centre: **March of the Mods tour**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Brujo**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Rainmaker**
Bristol Plume of Feathers: **Free Flight**
Bristol Stonehouse: **Vice Squad, Review**
Carshalton St Heliers Arms: **Hank Mizell**
Carshalton St Helier Arms: **Riot Rockers**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Edinburgh Odeon: **Rickie Lee Jones**
Glasgow Easterhouse Project: **The Zips/ Just The Job**
Glasgow Kelvingrove Park: **Snapshots**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Merton Parkas**
Leamington Crown Hotel: **Black Gorilla**
Liverpool Pied Bull: **The Fixations**
London Brixton Spivs: **John Nevitt**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Tribesman**

Special! Non-Gig Guide.

Three of these bands will not be playing this weekend. Spot the odd one out. (Answers at foot of page).

Clash. Derry. Pic. Pennie Smith

Undertones. Derry. Pic: Al Johnson



Police. Pic: Reading. Chris Horler

Ramones. Reading. Pic: Pennie Smith

(lunchtime): **National Youth Jazz Orchestra**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Eddi Thompson Trio**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **Matchbox**
London Streatham Pizza Express: **Eddie Thompson Trio**
London Tooting The Castle: **The VIPs**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
Manchester Pembroke Hall: **T.C.O.J.**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Medium Medium**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Hormones**
Norwich Cromwells: **Joe Brown**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gaffa**
Oxford Caribbean Club: **The Institution**
Oxford Corn Dolly: **Hollywood Wires**
Oxford Coven Club: **Discontinued Lines, Blind Jellyfish**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **The Ramones**

London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Speed-O-Metors/Hollywood Wires**
London Fulham Cock Tavern: **Trimmer and Jenkins**
London Harrow Road Windsor Castle: **Thieves Like Us**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Obvious**
London Knightsbridge Grove: **Free Beer**
London Marquee: **Chelsea, Wimps**
London Peckham Montpelier: **Blue Moon**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Dana Simmonds & Greig's Folk and Blues Showcase**
London Wimbledon Nelsons: **Live Wire**
Manchester The Factory: **Here and Now, Good Missionaries**
Newcastle Madison's (for 4 days): **T.C.O.J.**
Newport Stowaway: **The Invaders**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Gwaihir**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Some Chicken**
Portsmouth Rock Garden: **Matchbox**
Sheffield Romeo & Juliet: **High Flames**
Solihull Golden Lion: **The Privates**
Stafford Bingley Hall: **The Commodores**
Standrop Folk Club: **Bobby Eaglesham**
South Woodford Railway Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
St Helens Railway Hotel: **Mistress**
Whitley Bay Mingles Club: **The Tygers of Pan Tang**
Wolverhampton Lord Raglan: **Circles**

Thursday

Basingstoke Magnum's: **The Strand**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Clinic**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Orphan**
Bristol Crown Cellar Bar: **Free Flight**
Bristol Trinity Hall: **RAR Benefit — The Spics, Stingrays, Revelation Rockers**
Bristol Trinity Leisure Centre: **March of the Mods Tour**
Burntwood Troubadour: **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Cheltenham Robin's Nest: **The Wild Boys, Riot Act**
Colne Union Hotel: **The Accelerators**
Corby Festival Hall: **The Dooleys**
Derby Ajanta Club: **Invaders**
Edingburgh Astoria: **Starjets**
Glasgow Lincoln Inn: **Snapshots**
Hanley The Place: **Medium Wave Band**
Leicester North Luffenham RAF: **Souled Out**
Liverpool Erics: **Toyah**
London Acton White Hart: **The Name**
London Brixton Spivs: **Paul Rogers, Paul Spanton**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Zaine Griff**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Tour de Force**
London Ciapham 101 Club: **Lonesome No More**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Agony Column, The Reaction**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Top Hat/ Void / The Executives / Teapot**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Charlie Ainley and the Misdemeanours**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Ricky Cool & The Icebergs**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Lacey's Allstars**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Kensington Nashville: **Jags**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Martin Taylor & Ike Isaacs**
London Mill Hill Canada Villa Youth Club: **The Wimps**
London W.C. 1. New Merlin's Cave: **Big Chief**
London Oval House 3 days: **"Babble" with Kevin Coyne & Dagmar Krause**
London Porchester Hall: **The Pack**
London E.C.4. W. H. Smith Headquarters

Friday

Ayr Darlington Hotel: **T.C.O.J.**
Balloch Ben Lomond: **Snapshots**
Banstead Ridgemount: **The Small Wonders**
Basingstoke Magnum's: **Thieves Like Us**
Bicester Nowhere Club: **The Bears, New Devices**
Birmingham Elizabethan Days: **The Traitors**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Bright Eyes**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Sanity Clause**
Bridlington Spa Royal Hall: **The Dooleys**
Brighton Alhambra: **RAR Benefit — Disco Students, Sligo, The Whaling Snails**
Brighton Hanbury Arms: **Lics Disco / Disco Students**
Cardiff Grassroots: **Reptile Cancer**
Chelmsford City Tavern: **The Pack**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **March of the Mods tour**
Derby Sinfin Moor Club: **Strange Days**
Dorchester The Tavern: **Scissor Fits**
Dudley JB's Club: **Starjets**
Dundee Bloomers: **Starjets**
Exeter Routes: **Lew Lewis Reformer**
Hastings Carlisle Ocean Bar: **The Lambrettas**
Kettering Windmill Club: **The Bearshank Band**
Kirk Levington Country Club: **Piranhas**
Kirkwall Royal Hotel: **Saffron Summerfield**
London Holborn Conway Hall: **Poison Girls, Crass**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Blues Band**
Port Talbot Troubadour: **Merton Parkas**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Jim Knight**
Preston Romeo & Juliets: **Liquid Gold**
Reading Target Club: **The Injections**
Reading Target Club: **The Romantix**
Redruth London Hotel: **The Fans**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Starjets**
Southampton Holbury Old Mill: **Thieves Like Us**
Stalybridge Hiccups: **Mistress**
St. Albans Horn of Plenty: **The O.K. Band**
Thurso Dounreay Centre: **Saffron Summerfield**

London Kensington The Nashville: **The Members / The Decorators**
London Marquee: **Zaine Griff**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Greig & Nigel's Folk and Blues Night**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Pepper Adams Quartet**
London Tottenham White Hart: **Matchbox**
London Victoria The Venue: **Chas & Dave**
London W.11 Acklam Hall: **The Barracudas, Baby Patrol, 57 Men, The Number 1's, The Prime Movers, The Passengers**
Manchester Factory: **The Yachts, Local Operator**
Manchester Funhouse: **The Fall, The Liggers, Glass Animals**
Manchester Valentine's: **Foundations**
Newcastle City Hall: **Molly Hatchett**
Oxford Caribbean Club: **English Subtitles**
Portrush Festival: **Strawbs, Tom Paxton, John Martyn, Loudon Wainwright (2 days)**
Reading Festival — weekend: **The Police**
Retford Porterhouse: **The Invaders**
Scarborough Penthouse: **The Vye**
Southend Minerva: **Yakety Yak**
Stoke Trenton Gardens: **Kidda Band**
Stroud Subscription Rooms: **Cygnus**
Towersby Folk Festival (for 4 days): **Ossian / Ar Log / Bill Caddick / Dave Burland / Bob Stewart / Webbs Wonders / Packie Byrne & Bonnie Shaljean / Fiddlers Dram, etc.**
Watford Red Lion: **Hollywood Wires**
Weymouth Cellar Vino: **Thieves Like Us**
Gt. Yarmouth Potters Holiday Camp: **Radio Luxembourg Summer Roadshow**

Saturday

Bath Matlock Pavilion: **Vesuvius**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Reno**
Birmingham Cannon Hill Ares: **Steel Pulse/Specials/Ricky Cool and the Icebergs/the Denizens**
Birmingham Hopwood Caravan Club: **Brooklyn**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Strider**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **School Sports**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Special Treatment**
Bodmin Folk Festival (for 3 days): **Martin Carthy/The Watersons/Bob Fox and Sfu Luckley/Frankie Armstrong/Alex Atterson/Tony Rose/Dick Gaughan/ Louis Killen, etc.**
Brighton The Clarence: **Airport**
Brighton Polytechnic: **RAR benefit, Disco Students**
Bristol Crown Cellar Bar: **Sneak Preview**
Bristol Granary: **Lew Lewis Reformer**
Bristol Turntable Club: **Cygnus**
Bury St Edmunds Rougham Fair: **Poison Girls**
Cambourne Trispen Festival (afternoon): **Lipservice, The Fans**
Cardiff Grassroots: **Pettes**
Carlisle Twisted Wheel: **Another Pretty Face**
Cheltenham Whitcombe Lodge: **Pam, Nestor, Madness**
Colchester Embassy Suite: **Matchbox**
Doncaster Mona Club: **The Diks**
Dorchester The Tavern: **Scissor Fits**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Ricky Cool and The Icebergs**
Dundee Barracuda Club: **T.C.O.J.**
Exeter Devon County Showground: **Phantom Orchestra, Available Jelly, Nigel Mazlin-Jones**
Falkirk Magpie: **Snapshots**
Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall: **Local Operator**
Halifax Good Mood: **The Invaders**
Hanley The Place: **Medium Wave Band**
Heathfield Runt-in-Tun: **The Whaling Snails**
Leysdown New Island Hotel and Nightclub: **The Delegates**

Police are playing Reading. For cancellations see News Pages.

Lancaster City Football Club: **The Accelerators**
Liverpool Erics: **Madness**
London Acton King's Head: **Paz**
London Brixton Spivs: **John Nevitt & Co.**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Cleaners, Mark Andrews, The Gents**
London Camden Electric Ballroom: **Bram Tchaikovsky**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Dazzlers**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Iron Maiden, The Bats**
London Cubies: **Tribesman**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Stesko Dolly**
London Deptford Royal Albert: **Rubber Johnny**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Ricky Cool & The Icebergs**
London Harrow Road Windsor Castle: **Bombshell**

Lincoln RAF Swinderby: **Strange Days**
Liverpool Metro: **Bandit, Mistress**
London Brixton Spivs: **Anerley Park**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Stone, The Small Hours**
London Camden Music Machine: **The Sinceros**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Bombshell**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **The Cannibals**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Realists, The Atoms**
London Edmonton Picketts Lock Centre: **Radio Luxembourg Summer Roadshow**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Mainland**
London Hammersmith The Swan: **First Aid**
London Islington Hope and Anchor: **Rico**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Toyah/Tour de France**
Luton Kingsway Tavern: **Gina 'n' the Rockin' Rebels**
London Lewisham Black Bull: **Rockhouse**
London Marquee: **Teenbeats**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Billy Karloff Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Pepper Adams Quartet**
London Southall Hamborough Tavern: **The Injections**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Victoria The Venue: **Chas and Dave**
London Waterloo The Wellington: **Squire**
Manchester Factory: **Straight Eight, Dazzlers**
London Wembley Arena: **The Commodores/The Emotions**
Melton Mowbray Painted Lady: **Chairman Of The Board**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **The Piranhas, The Accelerators**
Milton Keynes Community Festival: **The Institution**
Newton Powys F.C.: **Kidda Band**
Norfolk The Pavilion: **Starjets, Spitfire**
Nottingham Sandpiper: **Merton Parkas**
Odell Bedfordshire Greenbelt Festival: **Just The Job**
Oxford Oranges and Lemons: **English Substitutes**
Redruth London Inn (evening): **Lipservice**
Retford Porterhouse: **The Teenbeats**
Ross-on-Wye Barrel Inn: **Exhibit A**
Standrop Folk Club: **Isaac Guillory and Ray Stubbs**
St Albans City Hall: **Eddi and The Hot Rods**
Sunderland Old Twenty-nine: (lunchtime) **Proles, Doctor Forbes**
West Runton Village Inn: **Starjets**
Weymouth Cella Bar: **Thieves Like Us**
Wickford Memorial Park: **Grinder**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**

Sunday

Balloch Ben Lomond Hotel: **Chou Pahrot**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Prima Donna**
Birmingham Shirley Red Lion: **The Crack**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Tracks (lunchtime)**
Bournemouth The Pinecliff: **Thieves Like Us**
Brighton Buccaneer: **Fan Club**
Bromley The North Over (lunchtime): Bill Scott & Ian Ellis
Burnley Bankhall Miners Club: **The City Limits**
Darlington South Bank Bandstand: **Sabre Jets, Roxoff, Eastside Torpedoes, Ray Stubbs**
Dumfries Stagecoach: **The Accelerators**
Exeter Devon County Showground: **Friends Roadshow, The Lemmings, NoMoFo**
Gravesend Prince of Wales: **Rednite**
Hereford Market Tavern: **Exhibit A**
Huddersfield Amsterdam Bar (for 4 days): **Dave Berry & The Cruisers**
Ilford The Cranbrook: **Raised On Robbery**
Jacksdale Grey Topper; **Merton Parkas**
Leeds Fforde Green: **The Invaders**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Windows**
Liverpool Allinson's (for a week): **Gerry & The Pacemakers**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Camden Brecknock: **Tennis Shoes**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Blues Night with Gordon Smith, Bernie Pallo, Chris Yulden, Hammy Howell, Jona Lewie and others**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Remus Down Boulevard**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham (for 4 days): **The Invisibles**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Piranhas**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Famous Players**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Gordon Hunts Sox**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Red Beans and Rice**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Madness**
London Lyceum: **March of the Mods tour**
London Paddington Q Club: **High Flames**
London Peckham Montpelier (lunchtime): **Blue Moon**
London Streatham Pizza Express: **Ron Robin**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Pepper Adams Trio**
London Wembley Arena: **The Commodores/The Emotions**
Maidstone Royal Albion: **Interface (lunchtime)**
Manchester Didsbury College: **Roaring 80's**
Newcastle Red House: **Hot Snax**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Paisley TUC Club: **Little Tony 'n' The Tennessee Rebels**
Plymouth Breakwater Inn: **Lipservice**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Plexus**
Reading Festival: **Peter Gabriel**
Shanklin (IOW) Theatre: **Chris Barber Band**
Torquay The Pelican: **The Fans**
Walsall Dirty Duck (lunchtime): **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Yeovil Ham Hill Festival: **Here & Now, The Good Missionaries**

Live page 01-261 6153

DO YA DO YA DO YA

FINAL SOLUTION PRESENT

JOY DIVISION
MONOCHROME SET
SCRITTI POLITTI
A Certain Ratio.
Electric Ballroom
184 Camden High Street, NW1
Friday, August 31st, 7.30pm
Tickets £2 in advance from the Electric Ballroom Box Office, Rough Trade and Honky Tonk record shops

London's Newest Rock Venue!

The Adam & Eve
830 Uxbridge Road, Hayes
Middlesex.
Exciting Opening Night
Thursday August 23rd, at 7.30 pm
Neo-Gothic New Wave & Psychedelic Men In Shorts

SCISSOR FITS
+
THE DIALS
Tapes C/O Arthurs Negus
Late Bar
Admission £1, or 75p with this ad before 9 pm.
98, 195 & 207 buses stop nearby

NOTRE DAME HALL
LEICESTER SQUARE WC1
OUTLAW CONCERTS IN ASSOCIATION WITH VIRGIN RECORDS PRESENT
the REVILLOS
PLUS **Another Pretty Face**
THURSDAY 6th SEPTEMBER 7.30pm
TICKETS £2.00 AVAILABLE BY POST FROM OUTLAW 86/87 WIMPOLE ST., W1., OR FROM TICKET MACHINE, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, PREMIER BOX OFFICE.

ALAN STUART MANAGEMENT
presents
THE FEATURES
THE BRECKNOCK
Fri: 24th August

TRISPEN FAYRE
Ennis Farm, St Erme, Nr Truro, Cornwall.
Saturday August 25th
CAROL GRIMES
THE BUZZARDS
THE YOUNG ONES ANACONDA
MICKEY FINN BAND
BRANIAC FIVE LIP SERVICE
PARKING LOT THE FANS
Music from midday to midnight. Tickets £3. Proceeds to International Year Of The Child.

TWIST & SHOUT *presents*
SQUIRE
Thursday 23rd White Hart, Acton.
Saturday 25th Wellington, Waterloo
Monday 27th Canvey Island,
March of the Mods
Tuesday 28th Greyhound,
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The Next Week Archives

"And would I not be an aeon or a millimetre from the truth" enquired The Sergeant surreptitiously," in opinioning that what this is is a 'Next Week Box' that it is?"

"Indeed sir, or — or so I'm thinking," stammered his country constable, reddening visibly in a fashion not dissimilar to the sun setting above the hills of his native Kildare.

"Thinking only?" boomed The Sergeant, with a magisterial elevation of the left eyebrow. "Facts are for the ascertainment of same, and to that end I recommend that you expose the box's contents, or be exposed yerself for a worthless gorm and a gobshite!"

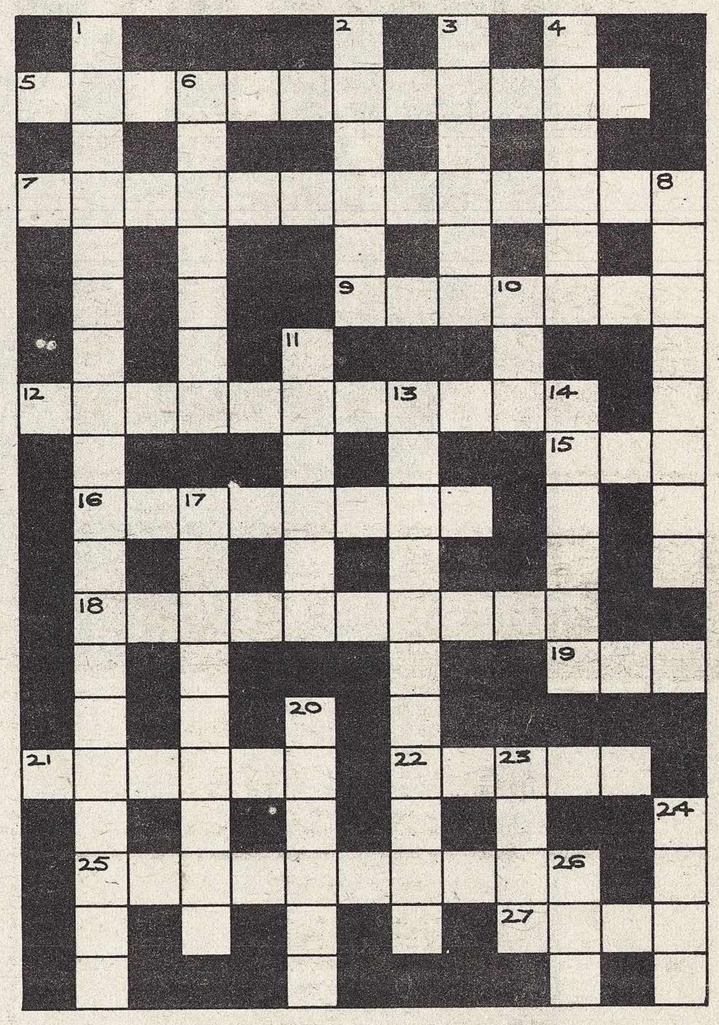
With a wince and a gulp, bethinking himself nervously of the shady one-legged stranger, mysterious depositor of said receptacle, so did the hapless underling peer cautiously inside.

"It says 'READING' sir!" cried the boy — and he knew no more.

For the swift and regulatory application of The Sergeant's truncheon saw to that.

STUDENTS
SEE
PAGES
51, 52, 53,
54, 55
FOR
DETAILS
OF
HIGHER
EDUCATION
COURSES

N M EXPRESS WORD



ACROSS

5 Moddy boys from Sarf of the Thames (6, 6)
7 US soul siblings, their hits include the 1974 single 'Summer Breeze' (5, 8)
9 Inflation at the launderette? Or 1971 album which signalled a second wind for The Beach Boys (5, 2)
12 Tried dog sin (anag. singer, 2 words)
15 1971 McCartney album from a 'Venus & Mars' playback!
16 B.A. Robertson in the footsteps of Cher (4, 4)
18 Australian clever dick who formed an early '70s recording partnership with Pete Atkin (5, 5)
19 Uncultured cry of assistance from dinosaur rock trio!
21 1977 Bowie hit from the LP of the same name
22 The Capitalists' Song, originally a 1961 US hit for Barrett Strong
25 'One Nation Under A Groove' hitmakers from the exploding brain of George Clinton Esq.
27 & 3 The Straits' follow-up to 'Sultans Of Swing'

DOWN

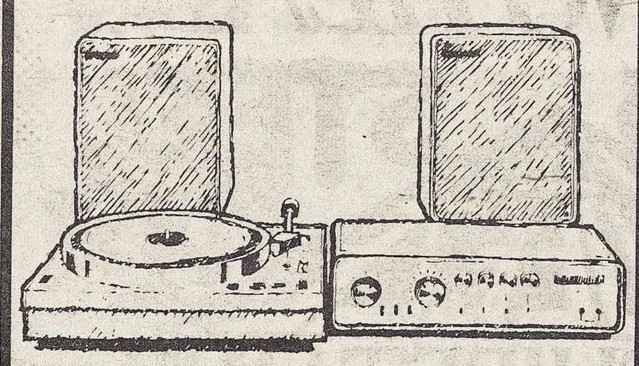
1 Elvis Presley, Wee Willie Harris, John Coltrane, Rico Rodriguez etc (7, 2, 2, 8)
2 Kryptic Quikkie: Clockwatchers in the electricians' union!
3 See 27
4 Still in Pink Floyd! (Witty one, this)
6 Diana Ross' rhyming long player (3, 4)
8 Kryptic reprise: Presumes some kind of rearrangement arrangement!
10 Small anti-perspirant device found in clubs?
11 Mr Hancock, a Disney hero!
13 One man's drum (anag. singer, 2 words)
14 Rocker lubricant?
17 i.e. non-ugly (anag. singer, 2 words)
20 Label prominent in this-land?
23 Innes or Diamond
24 His 'Shotgun Wedding' was a hit in '66 and again in '72 (3,1)
26 They're playing Kraut-rock in the pelican park!

Answers

ACROSS: 1 Jolly Brothers; 6 'Duke Of Earl'; 9 '(Annie) Hall'; 10 Tubeway Army; 11 Cher; 12 Arlo (Gutherie); 13 Specials; 16 Jam; 17 Rough Trade; 19 Waylon (Jennings); 20 'Annie (Hall)'; 22 Bryan Ferry; 24 Tubes; 26 'Cracklin' Rosie'; 28 XTC; 29 Dusty (Springfield).

DOWN: 1 Judy Tzuke; 2 Lee Perry; 3 Buffalo Springfield; 4 Rush; 5 Julie; 7 'Apache'; 8 'Lamplight'; 11 (John) Coltrane; 14 (Cat) Stevens; 15 'Lady Lynda'; 18 Undertones; 21 Python (Lee Jackson); 23 Telex; 25 Rock; 27 Cat (Stevens).

are you an audio enthusiast?



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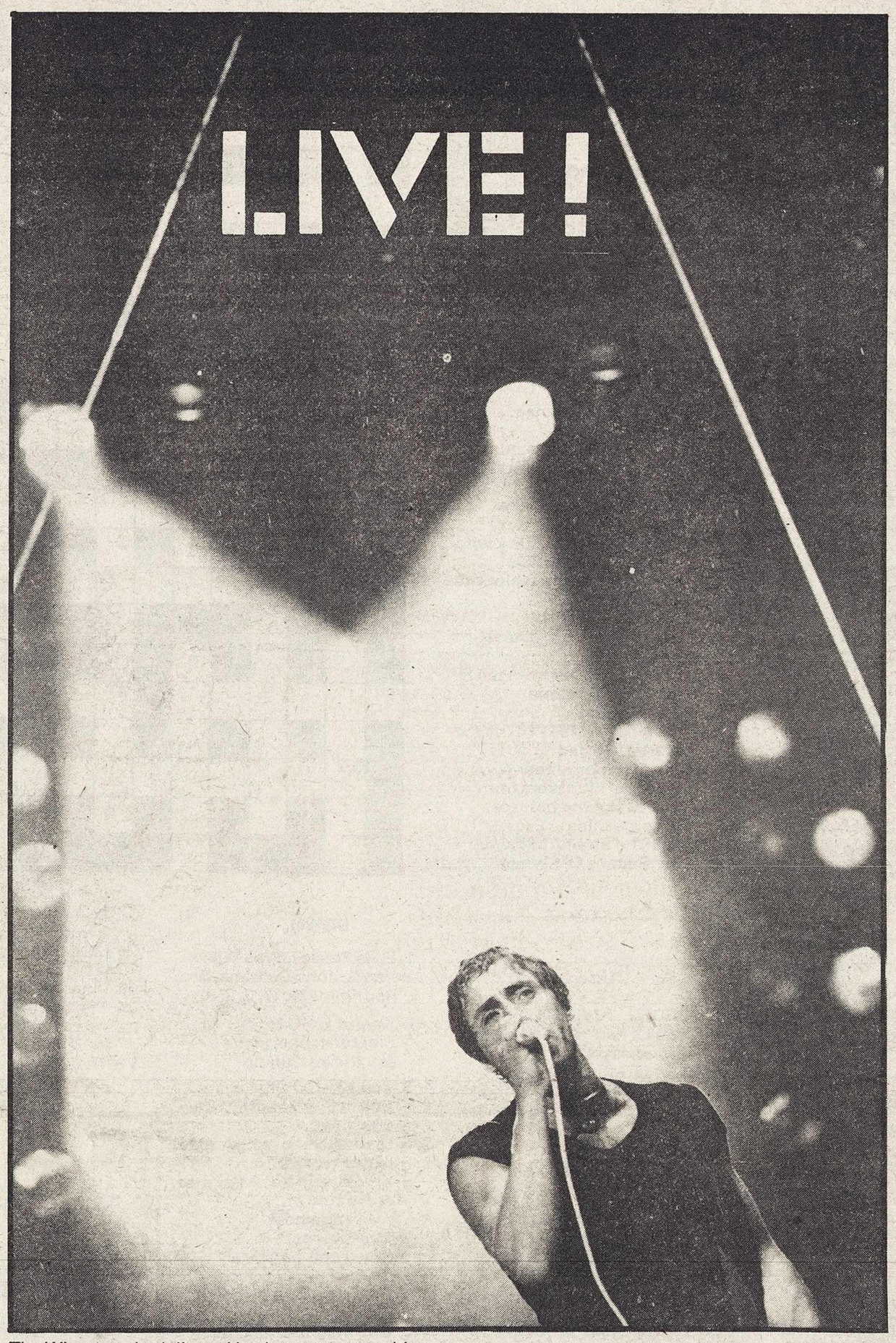
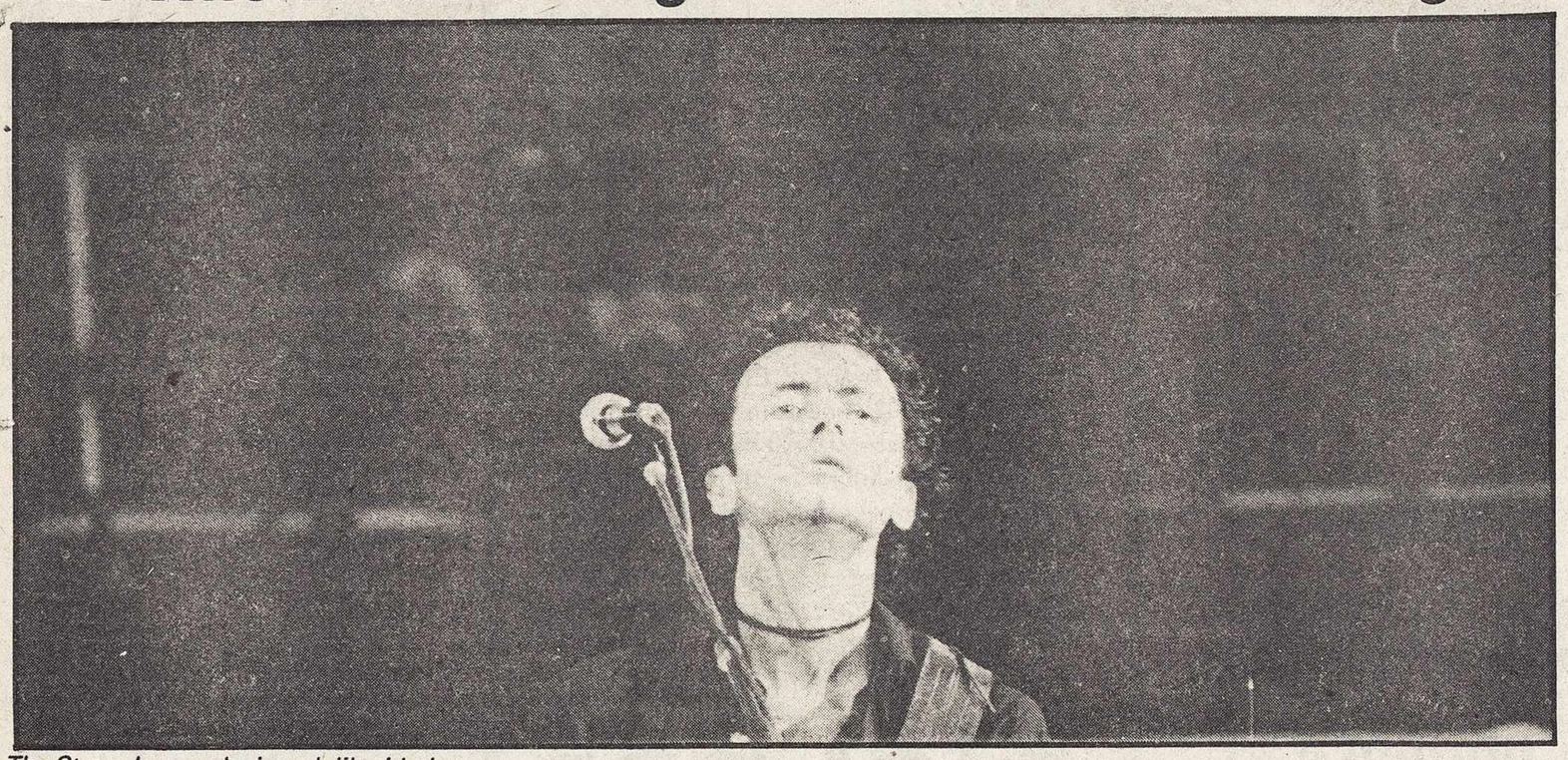


The Who: psychedelia and irrelevant greatest hits.

Laser Laser On The Wall Who Are Complacent After All

The Who ■ The Stranglers ■ AC/DC ■ Nils Lofgren



The Stranglers: redesigned dilapidation.

The middle of the evening and it's getting quite dim. The Who are playing a new song; at least, I take it to be a new song because the 72,000 aficionados packed onto the Wembley pitch and spread around the terraces, are in the middle of one of their lifeless periods.

Hardly any one moves as The Who — plus brassmen and piano player — gamely limp through a lank and unlovely expanse of formula rock.

Suddenly, a treat! We must be halfway through the undynamic stamp, boo and 'gee, the light show's terrific', when somebody I assume to be Pete Townshend (I'm a quarter of a mile from the stage and see little but cute-ish action men pumping away) totters centre stage and spins his right arm around and around and around not quite in a blur over the strings of his guitar.

It's a marvellous trick and for the sixth time this evening it earns him a heartening cheer.

He trips back to his position just to left of Daltrey, who's trotting on the spot. My God, Daltrey hasn't twirled his microphone for a while. Must be saving himself.

After the Townshend flashes, the song plops back into its sodden funkish drifts; Daltrey sings a few more verses with peckish drabness, the gathering is once more settled, lifeless.

The new song grinds through some very Who-ish brass assisted mock climaxes, young Kenny Jones having a ball with the cymbals, and the lights switch through complicated combinations of soft colours.

It's almost dark and . . .

The new song finally edges to a halt.

The shorn (although I can't actually see this for myself) Roger Daltrey harps us into the next song, which turns out to be the quaint 'Magic Bus'. The congregation immediately snaps out of its quiet, meditative period and once more becomes energetic and vocal.

Townshend wrists us into 'Pinball Wizard', and 99% of those present — The Believers — have hysterics. Most of these faithfully sing along with fond memories and The Who rumble through a faded, fake version somewhere over 'there'.

It's dark now and . . .

Daltrey carefully croons *"See Me, Feel Me . . ."*; you know the plot. And here we transcendently rose into the undoubted highspot of The Wembley Epic.

Tommy is liberated and the majority of the gathering suffer simultaneous myth induced mystical orgasms. And me?

Green lasers shoot out from behind The Who, scattering patterns above the peoples' heads; and bounce off the far lip of the stadium. The laser beam effects become more complicated and holy magnificent, criss crossing and swirling above and below, cascading and rippling through the stadium. Fireworks noisily explode, white lights illuminate the gathering as they hurtle towards their ecstacy.

The overall effect is safely, tantalisingly psychedelic.

The Who creak towards one of the 'classic crescendos of our time'; thousands of glazed-eyed wo.shippers are swooning, moaning, ranting, screaming for mercy . . .

And me?

I saw God. Rising out of the centre circle, just behind the ugly scaffolding of the mixing desk, I saw Him — bearded, wrapped in white, smiling benevolently, and beckoning.

Or maybe it was Harvey Goldsmith.

I arrived at Wembley nice and early, well prepared with a bunch of bananas, a packet of peanuts, the morning's *Guardian* but alas no binoculars. Another day out; I am being spoilt lately.

Accidentally, but nevertheless intriguingly, The Wembley Epic bill is ripe for analysis and argument.

Consider four entertainers who could just about be accepted as representatives of four of the major layers in the confusing spectrum of contemporary rock!

Nils Lofgren: representing those who float in a no-man's-land, tolerated and respected, sort of all round selfish but appealing cults. Not as good an example as Ry Cooder or Randy Newman, but he'll have to do.

AC/DC: the classic example of the perversely hip heavy metallists — there could be no better representation, except for Ted Nugent.

The Stranglers: like Lofgren, not the perfect model, but for many the flawed, audacious and troubled archetype of the new wave.

And The Who: an unbeatable example of the established and ageing who spend most of the time vainly justifying their existence — who are always planning comebacks; who have spawned religious followings; who are truly lost if they'd only admit it (and it's not that shameful or difficult). They just won't let go.

Four entertainers from different corners of the myth; rock and roll in the heart of each of them; or so it seems.

I had a love affair with Nils Lofgren that cut short around the time of 'Came To Dance'. They were busy times, back then, and other things were unavoidably demanding my attention. But now my heart is fluttering anew at the mention of his name.

His Wembley set hovered around the immaculate and was my favourite on the day.

Lofgren's undoubted bitterness and confusion manifests itself in the most tender of ways. But it's a tenderness that isn't easily crushed; it's a tenderness that can result in some of the most elusive and delightful melodies — look quick to his divine contributions to Reed's 'The Bells' — and makes his best music so delicately fine and yet permanent.

He plays a transparent, deceptively simple and flimsy rock'n'roll that is gorgeously synchronised and steady. It elegantly walks a thin wire, gently swinging, accelerating, sauntering, lustfully complementing the fragile shimmer of his voice.

His appearance was lamentably short, unforgettably sweet and gratefully appreciated. He didn't try and sell himself and his new album but pluckily played the role of soundcheck man and skipped through some accepted Nils' standards.

Perhaps he played it safe, but he did so with style and spontaneity.

It was 45 minutes of restless, ambiguous music, where pain, passion and disappointment seemed in soft focus — and all the more disconcerting because of it.

His set flowed into view with the pertinently sentimental 'Keith Don't Go', eased into a punchy and fluid 'Rock'n'Roll Crook' and breathlessly whispered and rolled through the elegiac 'Going Back'.

There was a racy, seductive 'Came To Dance' and the articulate warm exactness of 'Back It Up'. They underlined Lofgren's natural ability to overcome the daylight and the obscene hugeness of the venue and be personal and

The who The who The who

Words: Paul Morley

Pix: Pennie Smith

Cooeee!

"The Who creak towards one of the 'classic crescendos of our time'; thousands of glazed-eyed worshippers are swooning, moaning, ranting, screaming for mercy . . .

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I saw God. Rising out of the centre circle, just behind the ugly scaffolding of the mixing desk, I saw Him — bearded, wrapped in white, smiling benevolently, and beckoning.

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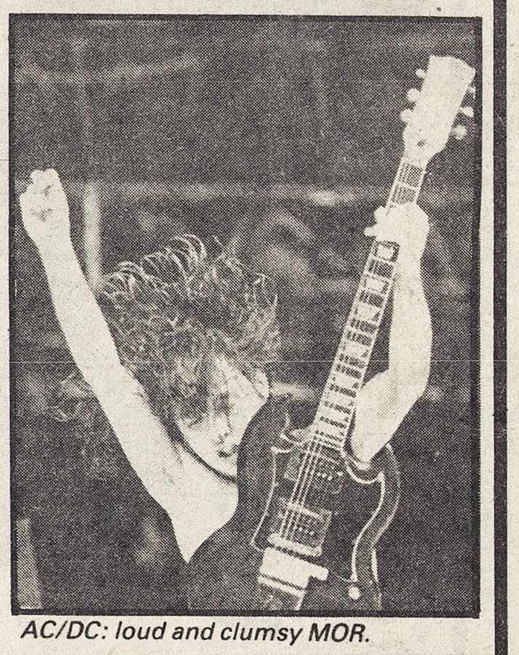
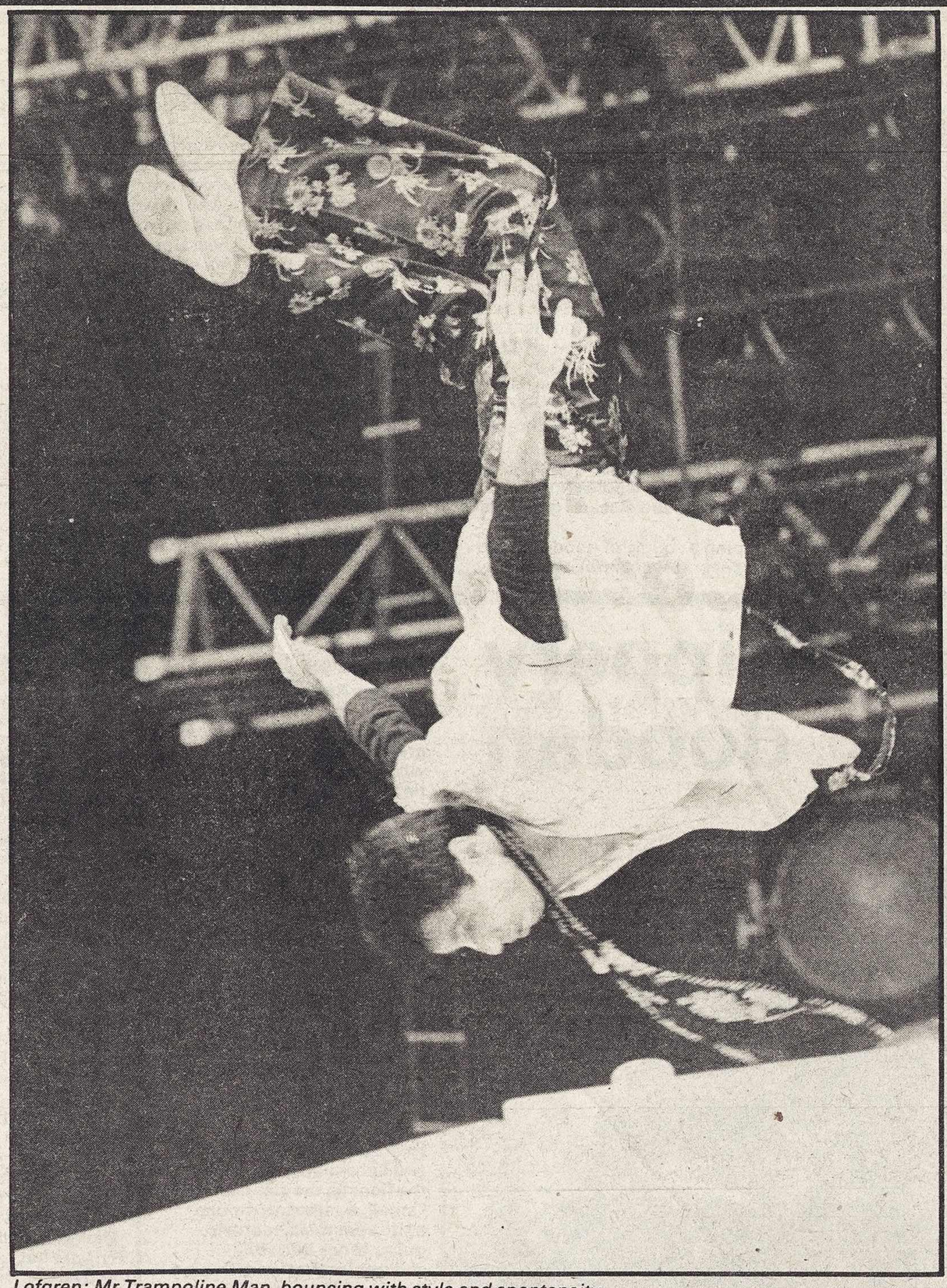


AC/DC: loud and clumsy MOR.



Lofgren: Mr Trampoline Man, bouncing with style and spontaneity.

persuasive.

As soft as he seems to be, Nils Lofgren has some sting. I'm soft all the way through, and I was all his.

I was still in a flush when AC/DC began to clatter. One of the more popular of the Heavy Metal weights, but no less anonymous or plain than is typical.

Well fuzzed, relentlessly frantic, crazy and crude . . . so far, so good.

The trouble is that AC/DC, and HM in general, is so ridiculously orderly and polite. In its predictability, precision and easy clutter, with its neat, tidy and limited range of events, it is nothing more than middle of the road music, a shade louder and clumsier than ELO or Val Doonican.

Where are the surprises? Where is the edge? Long since neglected, and not missed, it seems.

Its popularity is no astounding phenomenon. Despised by elitists, critics, nice people and even the most impartial onlooker, Heavy Metal remains the ultimate underground music of defiance for the grammar school kid.

In 30 second bursts, AC/DC were as much fun (almost) as The Angelic Upstarts. If you are able to forget what's coming next, you'd probably find it as delightful and subversive as the thousands at Wembley did.

But I always know what's going to happen! It's just not fair!

I was still bemoaning this bad luck when The Stranglers sneaked up on me.

The Stranglers, of course, are not making a comeback, merely Carrying On. But they are a group who smart with improvement.

Their sly black humour made me smile; their cunningly redesigned dilapidated overlapping beat music made me yearn for a small dark room, a louder volume, a place to dance . . .

But I tried to concentrate in the late afternoon light, stared uselessly at the black stick insects slumping in the distance, hummed professionally at the terse jolting and jerking of the music from their forthcoming LP 'The Raven', took some notes, crunched some peanuts.

During their spot a fight broke out. Hugh Cornwell, bless him, was sensible and firm.

"If you want bovver on the terraces go to a football match." This gained the second largest cheer of their set.

Cornwell, Burnel, Black and Greenfield made the most interesting and demanding noises of the day, were the most out of place group but kept a sense of the absurd, and (along with Lofgren) dropped hints that they are still discovering, exploring, rectifying: that they are moving forward, somewhere.

The group started steadily with a revealing sample of songs from 'The Raven' — 'Nuclear Device', 'Genetix', 'Dead Loss Angeles', the title track and 'Baroque Bordello'.

'Nuclear Device' and 'Bordello' seemed to be songs that could easily become as favoured as the apparently discarded 'Hanging Around' and 'Grip'. Miserably melodic, recklessly compact and bluntly insistent.

There has been unsettling expansion of the initial bold and prominent Stranglers' principles. Textures are uglier, shapes are pricklier and larger, randomly stuck together, at times pushing the group close to a freeness. Rhythms have become more adventurous, the use of keyboards more varied.

The Stranglers sound is a lot more mature, more jagged and wandering.

Older songs 'Tank' and 'Toiler On The Sea' from 'Black And White', 'Bring On The Nubiles' and 'Down In The Sewer' were underdone compared to the newer pieces. Burnel's singing on the new 'Sha Sha A Go Go' and Cornwell's vocals on the single 'Duchess' were dubious proof of the duo's recent decision to sing, not shout. Burnel's voice sounded awkwardly smooth; Cornwell's slippery and out of control. Such shaky attempts were an endearing contrast to the frigid fluctuation and friction of the music.

The Stranglers new exercises may not win them any new friends but it won't make them more enemies. A start.

And the conclusion of their set was a naughty parody of the following pathetic and pompous display.

A mass of coloured smoke drowned The Stranglers' exit; a cheap and faltering firework display to the left of the stage spluttered into action, eventually forming the words "Stranglers" above a picture of a raven.

This silly stunt gained the largest cheer for their set. If the spectacle had been greeted with jeers, I expect The Stranglers would have encored. As it was, they didn't.

The Who were as far away from what rock'n'roll must surely be as it is possible to get.

I could sense shadows and taunting remnants of times when they were vital, when they were angry, striking, exploring. But their two hour showcase was a deeply depressing and unashamed rite of irrelevant, empty nostalgia and its unsatisfying, predictable triumph relied on past feats, the regressive belief of their flock and, most pathetically, props, gimmicks and the standard poses.

It was an appaliing exhibition of complacency. Songs that must have had special, necessary meaning and feel — 'My Generation', 'Substitute', 'Won't Get Fooled Again', 'Baba O'Riley' — were reduced, bleached, chucked away as passionless golden oldies.

If people were inspired by what those songs once meant, it didn't mean anything NOW.

It was unnecessary nostalgia; unforgivably clinging on to the past; a damning diversion of spirit. Anything but rock'n'roll.

Such a static, stagnant waste of energy had me frustrated close to tears, and when the darkness fell and the effects were dragged in, cynical close to hateful.

Pity is probably the only true reaction. The Who don't need to flop back. They've done everything that they needed to. As a rock'n'roll group, the challenges went a long time ago.

All that's left are the revival shows.

They disposed of their greatest hits with aimless enthusiasm: '5-15', 'Long Live Rock', 'Sister Disco', a couple from 'Tommy', a couple from 'Quadrophenia', 'Boris'. The encores were 'Summertime Blues' and 'The Real Me'.

Kenny Jones was able, Pete Townshend was erratic, Roger Daltrey fiery, John Entwistle steady. They could have been played by actors.

Townshend windmilled a dozen times, leapt spread-eagled as often; each time the audience bawled in worship.

Daltrey twirled his microphone lead a dozen times; each time the audience bawled in worship.

The laser beams lit up the sky; the audience *ooohed* in delight.

It was another little section of The Who Story that is going to look pretty in the history books and splendid on film.

But it meant nothing, absolutely nothing at all. So sad. So unneccessary.

The Who The Who The Who

Jools Holland. Pic Chris Horler.

Squeeze 'em till the pop squeaks

Squeeze
The Yachts

Lyceum

Squeeze and The Yachts: two superficially different bands neatly dropped together to supply an evening's worth of what I had been promised would be 'modern pop music'. But after seeing both acts, I'm certain that such a description is folly as neither band produced anything that came close to what I think is contemporary pop music.

Sure, by stretching the broadest interpretation of the term and deciding that 'pop' is nothing more than an abbreviation of popular, we could conceivably fit Squeeze in there somewhere because they have had a number two single. But if popular appeal is to be the criteria then surely Led Zeppelin, the Stones and Bob Dylan would also qualify for inclusion, and surely, nobody would seriously consider any of them to be 'pop' acts.

As for The Yachts . . . well the Brighouse and Rastrick Brass Band sell more records than they do, so they don't count.

Dressed in bright shirts and ties and all the attendant chic paraphernalia, The Yachts appeared to strong applause. With broad smiles they quickly rounded into their first number which (as time would tell) sounded depressingly similar to just about every song that followed it, including their appallingly overweight version of '24 Hours From Tulsa'.

I don't want anybody to think that I'm punishing The Yachts for *not* being a pop group, as it would be blatantly unfair to hold them responsible for other people's misconceptions.

I don't like The Yachts because they are a poor heavy metal band. Their dubious line in self-effacing humour that separates them from the writhing mass of latter-day vendors of heavy metal is unfortunately double-edged. Initially it's quite appealing that they don't take themselves too seriously, but this stance also blunts the edges of their songs.

A heavy metal band incapable of rocking out with great conviction are not worth much.

Through a frothy dry-ice mad applause, Squeeze emerged to dispel any doubts I may have had about their ability.

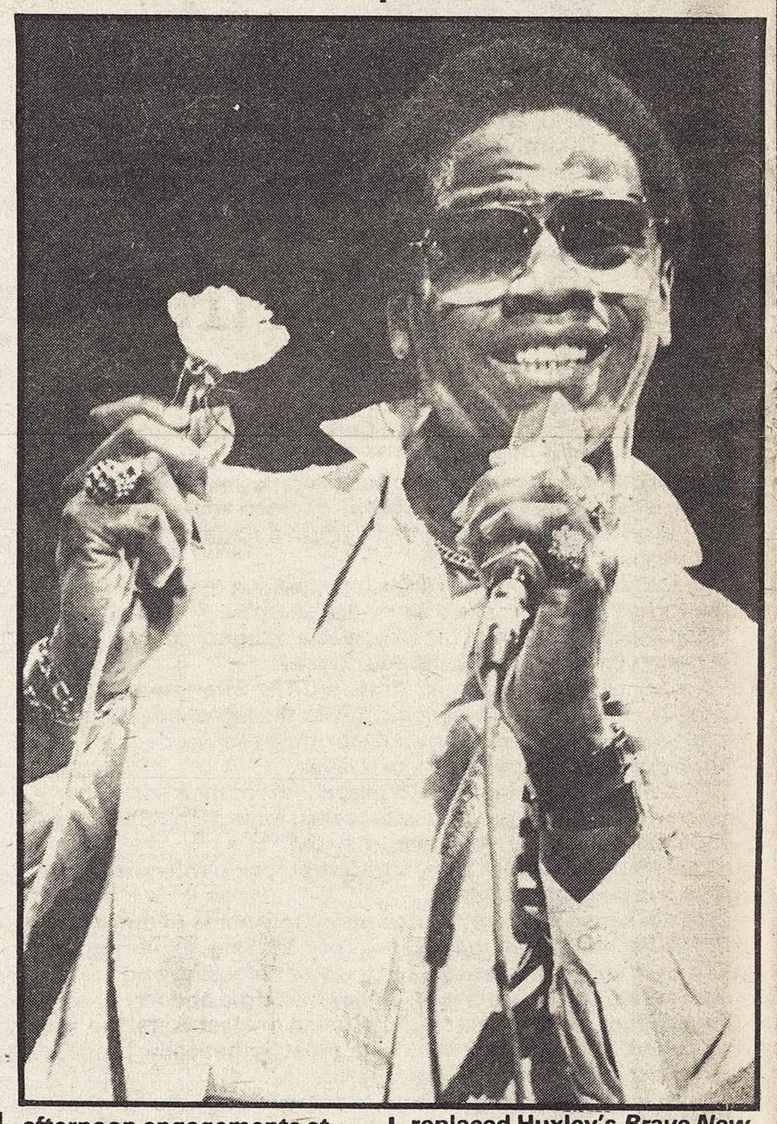
These boys are obviously survivors; their music allows them to be — warm, relaxed, ordinary and as therapeutic as a warm bath. That all the ideas for their best songs have been borrowed from the more commercially viable MOR outfits, seems to matter very little to the converted. They take their bearings from such diverse sources as The Blockheads, The Monkees and Status Quo, and synthesise the stolen goods into a cohesive and bland boogieesque ball which they kick around with considerable enthusiasm, but not much panache.

The large (but surprisingly not capacity) crowd greeted each number with a screen of carefully nurtured enthusiasm; although it was the singles that raised the most rampant displays of happy and secure solidarity.

Predictable and ordinary, bland but happy, everybody seemed to have a thoroughly wonderful evening except me. But this only means that Squeeze (and The Yachts) and I will go our separate ways.

One thing more: nobody will ever tell me that Squeeze are a pop group again; such rash outbursts cause great disappointment.

John Hamblett



Green: reasons to be soulful. Pic David Corio.

Al Green

The Venue

Never mind the nausea of the ongoing Led Zeppelin at Knebworth situation. The most auspicious comeback of the last couple of months took place last week in the wearisome wine 'n' dine confines of The Venue.

The Reverend Al Green, Memphis country boy turned preacherman and soul singer extraordinaire, was playing his first British dates in six years. *This was An Occasion!* A chance, on one hand, to pay respect to one of the giants of early '70s soul. More than that, it was an opportunity to check whether the man's voice live was still as fine as his two most recent US albums suggested.

Any fears on that count were quickly allayed the moment Green started strutting his stuff in a snow-white suit with all the expected class and panache. He also wasted little time in making his intentions clear to the burger-munching hordes huddled at their tables.

"Now, I didn't come here just to stay a little while. I came here to have a good time!"

Too bad that too few of them heeded his advice, the majority of the audience remaining in their seats the whole show.

As a performer, Green is effervescent and sincere, give or take the odd corny rap.

He is also a chirpy chap, swapping a couple of good-natured jibes with a cameraman at the front and even smirking his way cheekily through the perennial showbiz gestures like dishing out roses to all the 'lovely ladies' (including Chrissie Hynde) with the soul to actually forsake their seats. It was only when he chose to remind everyone of his religious inclinations that I began to get bored.

But that voice — so syrupy sweet one minute, so abrasively gritty the next — was beefier than any Venue burger.

The trusted standards, from 'Let's Stay Together' to 'Make Me Happy' were a treat. And he was as equally well at home on the newer songs: 'Belle' is a moving ballad in the 'Tired Of Being Alone' vein, while 'I Feel Good' is one of the inevitable concessions to the more contemporary funkier stuff.

He even closed the show with a discofied workout, permeating the genre with a strident gospel feel reminiscent of Sylvester at his most soulful.

But Green didn't do it all himself. Another ten reasons to feel soulful were provided by the band.

He wisely brought over his Hi label's Memphis house ensemble, the grandly-named Enterprise Orchestra, rather than face the uncertain traumas that a UK pick-up group would have entailed. Particularly impressive were the piping three-piece sax 'n' trumpet horn section and the two harmony back-up singers, Harvey Jones and Margaret Foxworth.

Yes sireee! With his new British outlet Pye now pledged to releasing the albums which previously only saw the light of day Stateside, things are once again looking good for Al Green.

Adrian Thrills

Pic Chester Simpson.

Frippery doodah

Robert Fripp

San Francisco

The two Revox tape recorders were rolling and the small, intense man in the charcoal grey slacks, tan sportscoat, white shirt and narrow black tie was, indeed, already at work when the crowd — some of whom had been waiting over four hours to get into the 250 capacity Mabuhay Gardens — were let in.

As they took seats or flopped onto pillows on the dance floor directly in front of the stage, a dense, layered, pastel-like sound washed over the room. And many of these one time King Crimson fans didn't even realise that Robert Fripp's solo performance was underway.

They chatted among themselves, ordered drinks and knocked chairs against the floor as the self-described "small, intelligent, mobile unit" sent thick, metallic guitar tones into the electronics that were freeing him from the need of a band.

When the first 'piece' was over, Fripp put his guitar down and walked over to a microphone.

"There are different ways to deal with expectations," he began in his calm, quiet but determinedly serious voice. "Last night, a gentleman shouted, 'Rock On!' This would be a typical expectation for a club with the particular tradition of this one. At a concert hall, people would have expectations for a much more formal, serious presentation.

"My way of dealing with your expectations was to begin playing before anyone even came in here," Fripp continued. "It's intriguing to begin playing without determining the audience's response. You seemed confused: 'There's no clear beginning, so how can we get into this?'

"So up until now, this performance may not exist at all."

He explained that he left rock and roll because he was fed up with playing to huge, alienated audiences. Now, Fripp is back, pursuing music and an audience/performer relationship on his terms.

Fripp's return involves intimate concerts at small clubs and even unique afternoon engagements at record stores around the world. But, whether the audience appreciated the theories behind Fripp's 'Drive to 1981', was ultimately immaterial. They dug the music.

Fripp began creating the sound of bees buzzing in the distance. Fed through two tape machines that repeated every sound Fripp made but at delayed intervals, these insect-like murmurs grew louder and multiplied.

As Fripp bent over his black Les Paul guitar, constantly hitting pedals and switches with his feet, the insects were joined by industrial chaos. The whirr of computers, wail of police sirens, drone of conveyor belts all emerged from Fripp's amplifier.

It was a portrait of a nightmarish, not-too-distant future.

Suddenly, like ice cold water reaching parched lips on a scorching hot day, Fripp shifted to mellow, relaxed sound waves. His guitar painted a landscape of cool, blue lakes, lush greenery and a world at peace. Eno's 'Another Green World' had replaced Huxley's *Brave New World.*

But then the jagged shrieks of his guitar pierced the calm. The volume was at ear shattering intensity. Abruptly, Fripp stopped playing and the shrieks continued to echo, slightly more distant on each repeat.

The final two pieces were nearly as gripping. But it was the one just described, that remained imprinted long after the concert was over. It seemed to embody Fripp's current feeling about the state of the planet.

It was almost unbelievable that just one man could create, in live performance, such an alternately terrifying and beautiful sonic vision. The density of the sound, hypnotic pulses that ran through it and the repetition created by the "Frippertronics" system brought to mind the work of New Music experimenter Steve Reich. Of course it takes 18 musicians for Reich to execute his compositions.

There is only one Robert Fripp. Ignore him at your own risk.

Michael Goldberg

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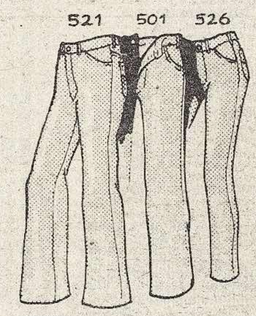
Denim



LEV501. Original Levis, shrink fit indigo denim, button flies, parallel leg.
State waist size
ONLY £15.50
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LEV521. Levis 23" flares, indigo denim.
Sizes 26"-40" waist
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inc p&p

LEV526. Levis straight leg, indigo denim.
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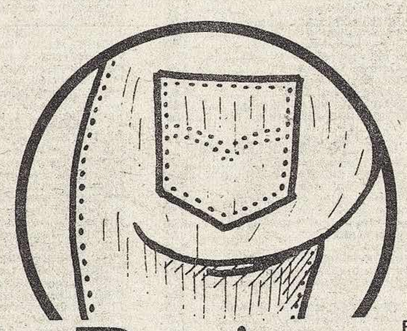
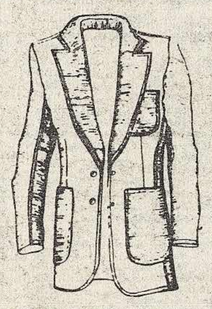
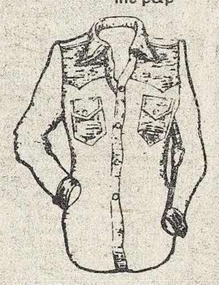
ONLY £13.95
inc p&p



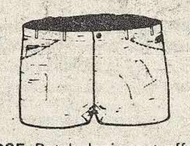
PD01. Patch flare jeans, recycled old and new Wrangler/Levis etc.
Sizes 26"-38" waist.
ONLY £9.95
inc p&p



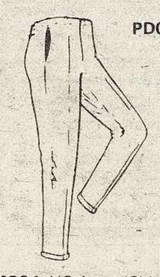
PD02. Lapel jacket old and new denim, centre vent, copper studs.
Sizes 32"-42" chest
ONLY £10.95
inc p&p



PD03. Denim shirt, smart fitted old/new denim.
Sizes 32"-42" chest
ONLY £9.95
inc p&p



PD05. Patch denim cut-offs, recycled old and new Wrangler/Levis etc.
Sizes 26"-38" waist
ONLY £4.95
inc p&p



MS04. US Army 'Chino' trousers, beige cotton, gaberdine tropical issue.
Sizes 28"-34" waist
ONLY £5.95
inc p&p

PD04. Denim bomber jacket old/new denim, heavy metal zip, fur fabric lining.
Sizes 32"-42" chest
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inc p&p

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MS07. Airforce battledress bomber jacket, blue serge, brand new.
State size.
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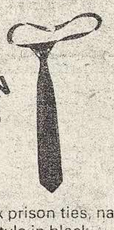

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inc p&p

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PVC

SY05 Super fitting top quality PVC jeans, latest style in black
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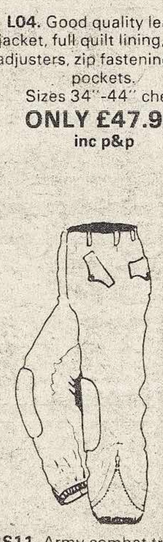
SY07. Harrington bomber jacket, traditional black with tartan lining, buttoned flap pockets.
Sizes 32"-42" chest.
S.M.L.
ONLY £9.95
inc p&p

SY06. Genuine American bowling shirts, all in bright colours with inscriptions over pocket and on back. Great for summer!
State size, colour and alternative colour.
ONLY £3.95
inc p&p

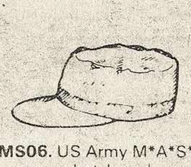
Military



MS11. Army combat trousers with back pockets and zips, ankle zips and knee pads. In olive drab.
Sizes 30"-36" waist
ONLY £5.95
inc p&p
(makes suit with MS08)

MS10. US Army heavy khaki serge jacket. A1 condition.
Sizes 34"-42" chest.
ONLY £5.95
inc p&p

MS09. USAF Tropical jacket, blue with lining.
Sizes 34"-44" chest
ONLY £6.95
inc p&p



MS06. US Army M*A*S*H canvas hat, brand new.
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inc p&p

MS01. Collarless Army shirt, not new but excellent condition.
Sizes 32"-50" chest.
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MS03. USAF/US Army shirts, heavy cotton drill in beige (Topical, Chino) or green drag (M*A*S*H style). State type.
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inc p&p

MS05. Genuine US Army T-shirts, brand new, dark green.
Sizes S.M.L.
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L02. Bomber				
L03. Tie				
L04. Motor Bike Jkt				
PD01. Jeans				
PD02. Jacket				
PD03. Shirt				
PD04. Bomber				
PD05. Shorts				
LEV501. Levis				
LEV521. Levis				
LEV526. Levis				
MS01. Shirt				
MS04. Trousers				
MS05. T-Shirts				

	PLEASE TICK ITEM REQ.	ALTERNATIVE	STATE SIZE	COLOUR
MS06. Hat				
MS08. Combat				
MS09. USAF Jkt				
MS10. Serge Jkt				
MS11. Trousers				
SY01. Shades				
SY02. Flag				
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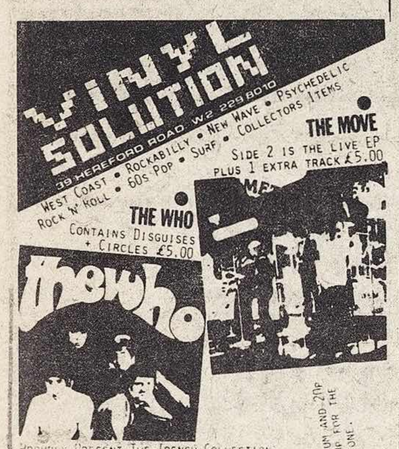

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JAPROCK

From page 8

apart and below.

Their forthcoming Burnel-produced LP naturally draws out the more Stranglerish momentum and manner, but not detrimentally, and is a consistent and compelling collection.

So, the facts must be sung in Japanese language now. Someone should start singing love songs filled with egotism and songs full of anarchism. Blow peoples minds, who believes the peace will automatically continue its way . . .

POPEYE fanzine

What makes the music Japanese is not the sound but simply that it is Made In Japan. It is of Japan, about Japan, for Japan. Although it seems confusingly contradictory that Lizard are so angered by Western domination of their culture and yet sound so Western, this is because they have always been surrounded by Western sensibilities but find it alarming that there is no equivalent native assertion. They are frightened, hurt and angered by the submission, the lack of Japanese creativity, but their expression is destined to sound little different from Western rock, at least for the time being, because of the way they've been brought up.

I ask Momoyo if he feels that Japanese rock can add anything to the culture; it's more enlightening to relate unaltered the reply of Kaz the translator. "What you think of Japan might be quite different from what he (Momoyo) thinks of as Japan. He has been brought up in a Japan that has always been Western dominated, and that is Japan to him. And people who look at the band would maybe think that they are just copycats, but he believes that ther is something strongly Japanese inside themselves. Whether that's typically Japanese to Western people he can't really say."

So it's not much anger at the West but anger at themselves and their complacency? "You could say that, it's not really Western things, you just can't find Japan in Japan . . . that's the difference. What Japanese people think of Japan is not what the West thinks, the tourist book thing."

There's an odd patriotism about this. "I am patriotic," confirms Momoyo," but that is very different from nationalist."

You're proud of Japan? "Of course I'm proud of Japan."

When Momoyo said that he is proud of Japan he is saying that he is proud of himself, his desires, fears, energies. His realisation. Proud of something that seems to have got smothered: the Japanese individual. He wants people to know about Japan and himself. He wants there to be rock'n'roll made by the Japanese for Japan. He wants to help fill a massive gap.

And maybe it's possible. Lizard are singing, in Japanese, about things that are uniquely Japanese. Songs about automation, consumer orientation, media domination, brainwashed masses. Songs about modern Japan. And Japanese people are taking notice. Lizard are receiving attention. They are getting feedback. Lizard, the Tokyo Rockers, should inspire more and more groups to sing about themselves for themselves.

"It's happening now," threatens Monoyo. Watch out.

When Europeans or Americans hear the name of Tokyo, they are immediately reminded of a very oriental image, like The Land Of The Rising Sun. But Tokyo is a rare city with various foreign cultures in confusion: from first class fashion to rubbish. European products, American products, pure Japanese . . . Tokyo has everything. We can get anything we want. The energy of this city has changes its appearance day by day keeping everybody off.

In such city, Tokyo, a new movement (no, it has been brought up in the underground reign for a long time) is about to explode. They've named it 'Tokyo Rockers'.

ROCK MAGAZINE DECEMBER 1978

AL GREEN

From page 29

sound in the rhythms, melodies, the dazzling ensemble playing and arrangements.

"Ah, yeah! You picked up on it too, huh?" Green's sly exterior is certainly a potent forcefield to deal with. "Well that has a lot to do with the spontaneity of the music that came out. I just let the tapes roll and let me and the band soar!

"Lord, we really got some prime cuts that way."

Since 'Belle', Green has released another album entitled 'Time 'n' Truth' in the States. It is more disco-orientated, although much of the power of the previous release is still there. But to Green, both records are old news. Future projects are being readied for public consumption.

"Well, next up I've got a Gospel album — pure Gospel — as

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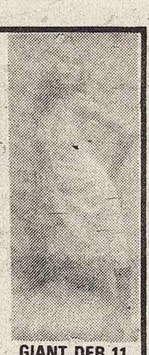
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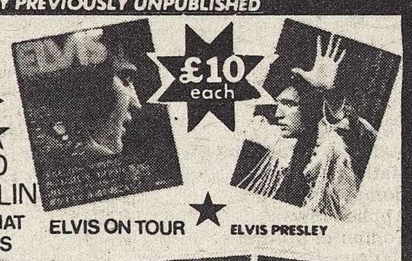

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STUDENTS SEE PAGES 51, 52, 53, 54, 55 FOR DETAILS OF HIGHER EDUCATION COURSES

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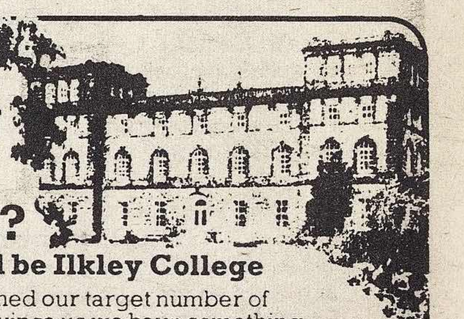

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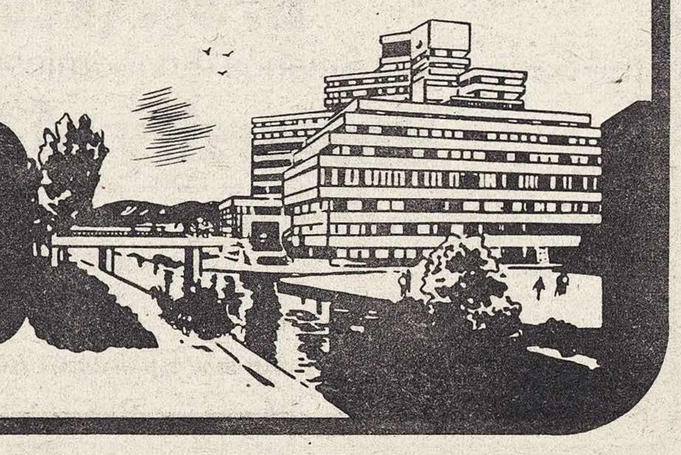

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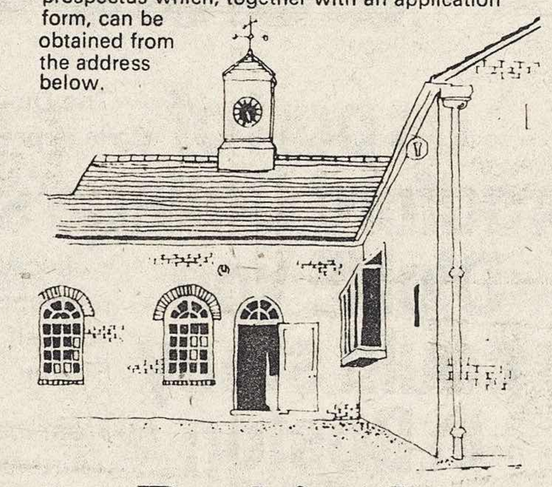

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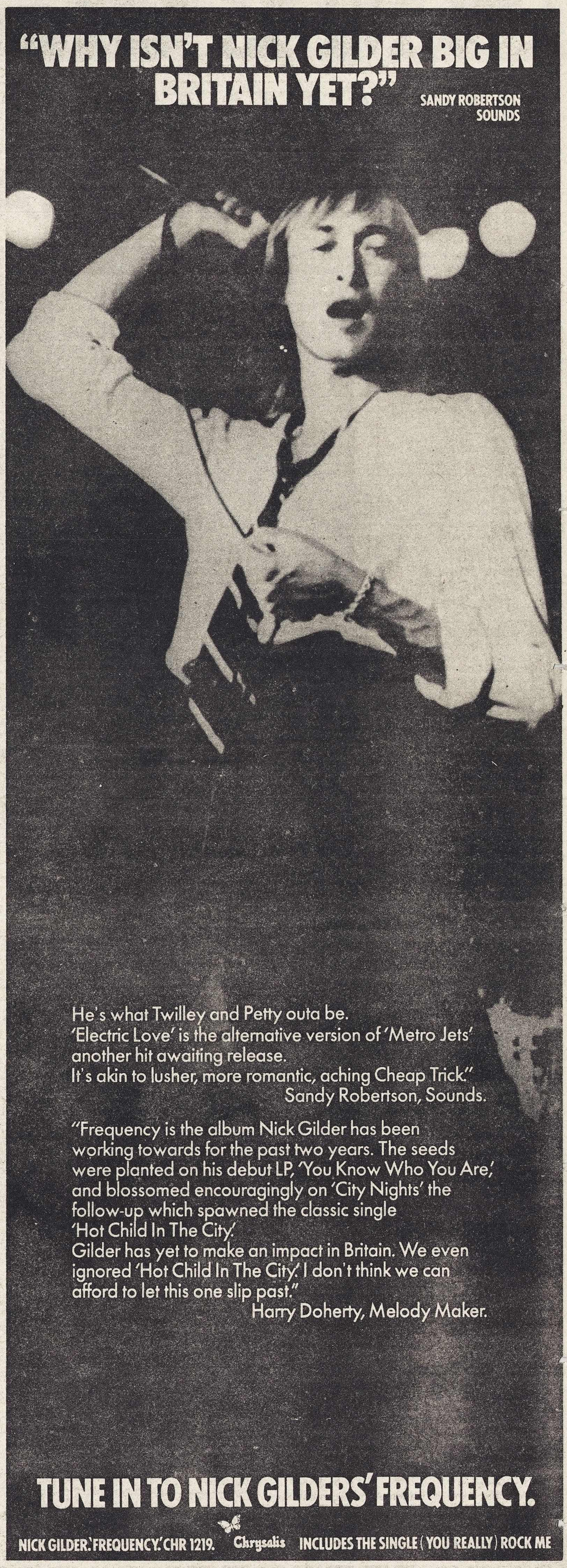

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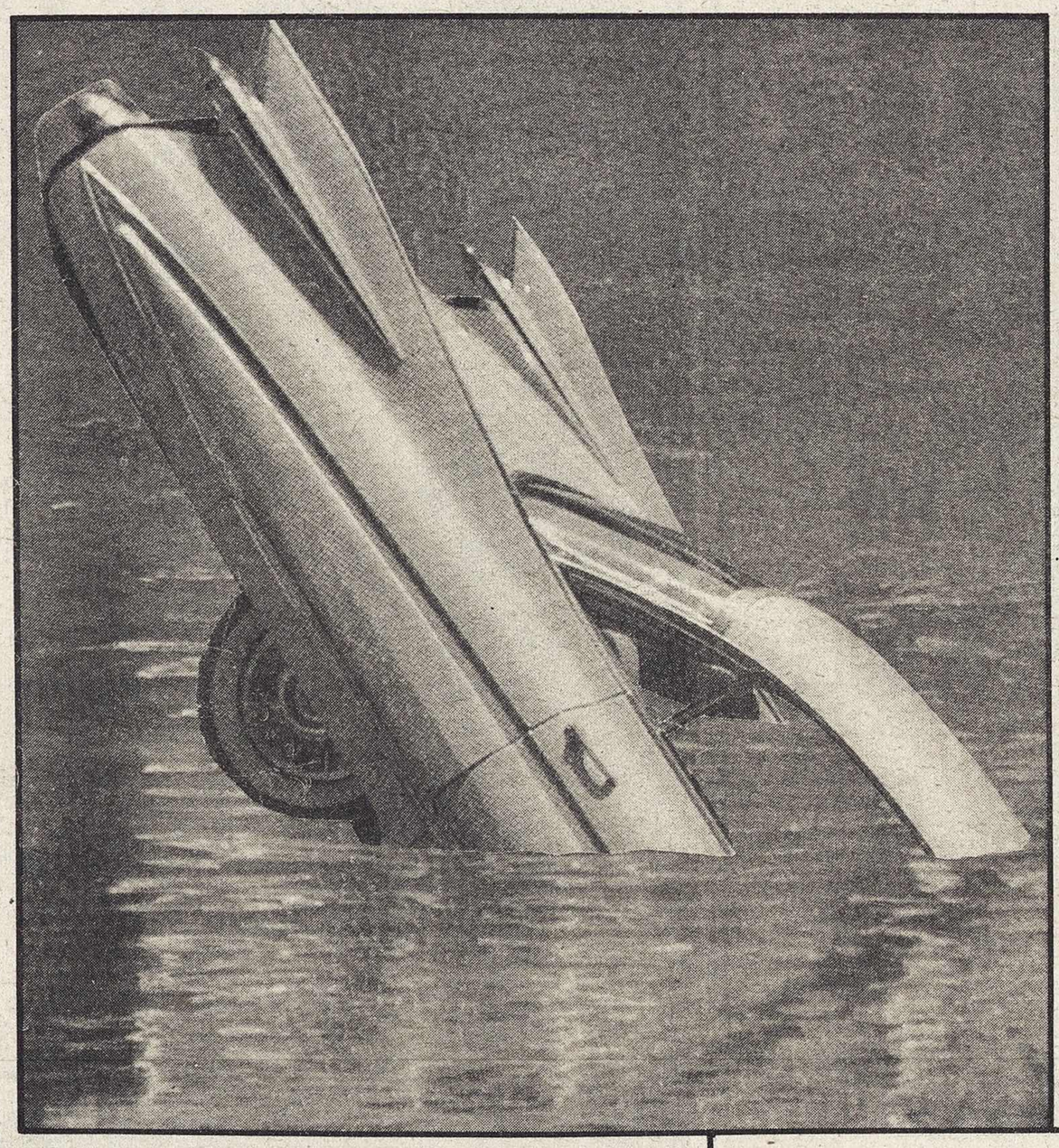
THE BAG THAT DIED OF SHAM...



This country is full of hate. Everyone needs someone to hate in order to survive. Examples: Left and Right, Kids and Police, *NME* and *Sounds*, Teds and Punks, Buzzcocks and fast cars, Manchester Utd fans and all other football supporters, Clash and *T.O.T.P.*, Mary Whitehouse and Sex, Ian Page and Punks, G.L.C. and all bands, John Lydon and all music 'cept P.I.L., Scots and Wembley Turf, Blackburn and good Music, Vicars and Sparrows.

This is a truly hateful country. Surely therefore a state of anarchy is the only sensible solution to this problem. If we destroy Britain now it will not be too late to create a loving country. Let us all make a genuine effort to destroy in order to rid hate and thus create anarchy. Anarchy can save Britain. Surely this is reasonable?
Craig Chads, Derby
You'll never make much of a name for yourself in the field of political science, chum, not if you insist on basing your theories on outdated Seditionaries T-shirts. But let me see. . .You postulate that Britain should be plunged into chaos. Hah! Surely this would just perpetuate the status quo! (Surely this is a joke?) — PR

How long will it take to get the message through to people like you, Paul Monaghan? (N.M.E. 11/8/79).

O.K. so you're pissed off at having missed the Sham 69 concert at the Rainbow. I can understand that, who wouldn't be? But what is all this bollocks about it being wrecked by Skinheads, as usual?

By using the words 'Skinheads', you mean all those kids who choose to shave their heads as a means of showing their appreciation of Jim and the boys' music. They are the followers of Sham, the kids who got to concerts in the hope of seeing their band play the music they love. They don't pay their hard earned cash just to be able to see one song played and then go home! They want to enjoy a bloody good concert. That's why you heard that group of skins say that they were upset that it had been ruined. They were just as upset as you, because once again a bunch of Nazi yobbos had used the skinhead movement to make it look as if the NF bastards had a larger following than they really have.

The National Front is the name of a club, where the only members are thugs, hooligans and murderers with an IQ which collectively amounts to less than the number of Sham songs you saw played at the Rainbow. A vast majority of these members also have the habit or shaving their heads, because it makes them look meaner than they actually are. They realise that if they — infiltrate the *real* skinheads who go to Sham concerts they can cause a lot of aggravation, stop the concert, and win on three points:
1) They receive attention in the media, thus gaining free advertising for their warped and demented ideals (this is what your letter helped with — they must have loved it)!
2) By looking like the rest of the audience at the Sham concerts, they make it look as if their following is much larger than it actually is (as I've already explained)!
3) They've had a good excuse for a bit of Skull Cracking, their favourite hobby.

Don't you see that nobody, especially the skins, are happy with the fact that Jimmy has had to break up the band (seemingly for the last time); that is, nobody with an ounce of intelligence. The Nazi morons will for ever see it as a victory and, although I sympathise with you Paul, you helped them with that victory, by making it look like all the Skins at the concert were NF supporters.

But then perhaps you didn't, because otherwise I wouldn't have written this letter, which will help dispel the ideas and misconceptions in a lot of peoples minds, placed there by a few racist jerks.

I hope that one day Sham 69 will be able to play to an audience comprising of their supporters, where a good time can be had by all.

Unfortunately I can't see this happening until all the fascists are dead; then, come the glorious day *they* will be first up against the wall.
Somebody who daren't sign his name for fear of repercussions.
Your assessment of the situation shows admirable reason. We always suspected that people didn't shave their skulls just to stop their brains overheating. — PR

I wonder why Johnnie Fingers of The Boomtown Rats, 'Topper' Headon of The Clash and Chrissie Hynde of The Pretenders, to name but three, found it necessary to be at Led Zeppelin's 2nd Knebworth bash last Saturday? After all the Rats and The Clash (the latter in particular) have always been full of contempt for groups in the 'old wave' category, especially Led Zeppelin.

After all the badmouthing and shit that The Clash have come out with about the sleeves of Zeppelin albums making them sick, never mind the music, and then hotfooting down to their gig when they play — Jesus, it would make anyone sick. I take Paul Simenon's comment to represent the whole group here. I ask you, Clash and Rats members in the royal box' (press enclosure) at a Zep gig!! So you were hoodwinked in '76 too, eh? Topper Headon probably couldn't wait all these years for his favourite band to return.

Now to come on to Zeppelin themselves. How come Frederick Bannister won't reveal the sum they got for the two Knebworth extravaganzas? Was it so staggeringly large it would be embarrassing to the multi-million dollar mega-stars? Haven't the public a right to know where their £7.50 is going? It's all very well giving the breakdown for Stage, Fencing, Security etc . . . as was done in *The Guardian* of 4.8.79 by Mr. Bannister, but what about the Zep — what vast figure did they haul their well-relaxed (three and a half years) backsides out on the stage for? How come these millionaire superstars can't do a free gig after a three year break? Don't they owe it to their fans? Or if this would not be possible why not donate the concert money from the second concert to charity as they only intended to play one date anyway. Many 'new wave' acts such as Elvis Costello, John Cooper Clarke and Ian Dury have given their services. The latter Mr. Dury doing far more than his share for One Parent Families on this present tour and many others in the past.

If Zeppelin had put up their money for charity instead of making their bank accounts bulge even more, then they might have earned this writer's respect.
John Mc Donnell, Ilford, Essex.

Are we to assume from this last sentence that you are a big fan of Cliff Richard? Whatever, you're wrong about all those new rock luminaries who turned up backstage at Knebworth. They only came to see the Stones. — PR

Rob Halford to Paul Du Noyer (really working class name that) on Violence: "The kids go there; they've probably got what they consider as mundane nine to five jobs, five days a week, and their release is to go to a concert and experience all the volume."

Malcolm Owen to Steve Clarke: "But I used to think if we get all the aggravation out of people while we're doing the gig, when they walk out the gig they'll go, 'Phew' and be empty . . . Like totally devoid of aggravation."

Same kitchen, different music. I believe it's the music press's handling of the news in the first place. If you create tribalism — i.e. Punks, Skins, Mods, Hippies — then by glorifying them you gotta expect a backlash.

YOU write the news, foster the bloody rivalries, make up the titles — so what do you expect? Music should be all types for all sorts, regardless of appearance, hair length, colour, etc.

I believe the people who set out to be violent end the same way. To wit, that posey tosser Vicious. So don't foster this violence crap, or else it might be you for a quick boot in the boat race with a D.M.
G. P. Unk
If the violence didn't happen in the first place we wouldn't have to write the news. If the news wasn't written then perhaps some people wouldn't get certain ideas. But, sharing your faith in human nature, we like to think our readers aren't completely mindless idiots. Just partially. — PR

Are Dalek I really as naive as they'd have us believe?

"I just don't understand how a group like The Pop Group can actually be so sure of their political stance so early in their lives. We haven't the qualifications to actually say, y'know, 'everything else is wrong except for this'."

What qualifications do you need? A licence from the state/big business/police etc? Musicians can't be apolitical or neutral in a political sense any more than I can jump into a parallel universe.

S'obvious isn't it? If two people are fighting, one big, one small, and you stand back and do nothing you're helping the big one aren't you?

This do nothing, play safe, take the money and bugger the consequences stance is just as political-schmolitical as The Clash's street-fighting man chic or J. J. Burnel's pseuderama or even Tom Robinson's Mr Nice Guy of the far Left Liberals. To say nothing is to support the status quo. Stand up and fight for your rights — nobody else will.

Fight the Front, smash the state. The revolution will not be televised. It certainly won't be at Knebworth!
Errico Malatesta, Edale, Derbyshire.
Right on! See you at Reading then. — PR

I would never have dreamed of writing to you for an enormous amount of reasons, none of which is to the point.

I buy *NME*, no longer finding what perhaps was never there. What I imagined I found was creative insight, incisive reviews, committed analysis; bare sparks from the metal framework of life, art, literature, politics and people. Eclectic criticism of pieces of art. Iconoclastic discussion of what we're about. Sticking it where it hurts with anger and didactic, revealing writing — people writing as if they really *cared!* As if they really *needed* to shout and tell us, help us all. As if they wrote expressing their very *selves.* Reviews and articles ranking abreast with the art they began with. Great God! If there's any anger/subversion alive and kicking in the heart of capitalist Britain . . .

I pondered this necessarily suicidal honesty crashing itself upon the rocks while the biz/system/machine turned and promoted the event, trying to turn rebellion into its own currency. However, idealism as wrong or right is not the point. Neither is dry philosophising. All I want is for someone to *tell me the truth! — any* truth as long as it's the truth.

And what do I get? Wheezes of an idiot wind, and outrageous blurb from flabby anachronistic zeppelins aloft on this breeze. Middle-aged cop outs, Dylan and his ilk revisited. Or brick wall background ang-war posing from the latest five minute wonder with units to shift.

NME, if you are just as bad, just a cog of the machine that uses life for fuel, Give It Up! *Or* give me back some honesty!

Does the term artistic integrity stir every member of the *NME* to merciless self-examining of 'commitment', 'alternatives', 'awareness', even 'rebellion'? No? Have you created a cynical, foolproof, smart assed *excuse?* Don't you care enough? Enough to push the rag to become more political (small 'p'), more agitative informative, accessible informative even? But please, not hip, wise, cool, smart, etc.

I'm getting very angry — why aren't *you?*
Terry Deehan
I have nothing to say except: Yeah! But what's an ang-war when it's at home? Or even out on the street? — PR

Institutions we value are sinking fast. To keep (glug) afloat of the issues of (glug) today, kick gently with your feet (gurgle) and slowly (glug) move your arms up and (cough) down in the water. Now ask a (gurgle) friend to hold this page in (glug) front of you (gurgle, splutter, glug, glug . . .)

Edited by Darth Wader Keeping his head above the water: Paul Rambali

Jimmy Page is not a member of the Page family that runs Page Motors in Epsom, Surrey. And we don't want to know him or his band of long haired wallies — ten years out of date and playing shit music . . . So get your facts right next time.
The bosses' son, Page Motors, Epsom
P.S. Print this so people stop phoning us up and asking for him.
Right. I'd want to keep it quiet if he was my brother, too. — PR.

May I draw your attention to the little known case of a recent mass murder. When asked why she had killed 24 of her school chums, 13-year-old Janet Howl replied: "I don't like the Boomtown Rats single". . .
No ordinary Joe.
Scuba-dooba-doo. — PR.

I've just finished reading your long article on Devo in LA and would love to sit down and discuss their relevance to the modern world but I've got to go to work.
Michael Bowman
What time do you clock out? — PR.

If genius is pain, Mike Oldfield is a hedonist.
Chris Eva, Eltham
If genius is pain, Mike Oldfield is a hypochondriac. — PR.

What does 'articulate' mean?
Woody

Recipe of the week:
The mods begat the beatniks. And so it was.
Charlie Parka

T-ZERS GETS OUT OF HAND

DARK clouds gathering overhead, tourists swarming down below, young men crawling out of the suburbs in their thousands wearing camouflage-green one-man portable tents and shouting "We are the Mods" at any passing pensioner with a few minutes to spare before the Post Office closes. All this and more. But look on the bright side: China didn't invade Russia, Russia didn't invade America, Amercia didn't invade us, and best of all, this page is guaranteed free from Knebworth *T-zers* and contains no mention of Led Zeppelin whatsoever *(Oh yes it does. Ed.)* If in any way this product fails to satisfy, simply screw it into a neat ball and fling it at a passing mod . . .

Barely pausing for breath T-zers hands you over to the dean of the soul smooch, **Al Green,** a product that definitely satisfies, judging from the masses of Y chromosomes seen writhing at The Venue last week. Al and his band served up a helping of genuine Memphis Soul Stew, the likes of which will not be seen again in a hurry, and who should be down at the front on Saturday wiggling her booty to the strains of 'Let's Get Married,' but **Diane Keaton,** in London with her new beau **Warren** 'You're So Vain' **Beatty** (tho' W.B. was not in attendance). A short, four-eyed dot wiped its palms and asked Ms. Keaton how she rated Al Green. "I love him," swooned the well known neurotic . . .

Later she tried to explain the purpose of her visit to Blighty to our dot on the spot, and began to nervously gesticulate her meaning, finally proving just as good an actress off screen as on by accidentally poking her fingers in the dot's nose, causing acute embarrassment to all concerned.

Unaware of all this was Al Green himself, who purportedly rang The Venue half an hour before he was due on stage and demanded more cabbage before his foot would touch the boards. The Venue, which had already gone to the trouble of removing colourful punky obscenities etched by **The Damned** from his dressing room wall, promised further negotiations after the show . .

Espied flicking pop corn at the *Quadrophenia* premiere last Wednesday were **Bob Geldof, Phil Lynott, Sting** and **Pete Townsend,** who joined in the fun as the audience cheered on all the 70mm mod high jinx. Outside the Plaza cinema a couple of hundred modern types regaled exciting premiere viewers with chants of . . . go on, use your imagination.

A number of Teddy Boys were seen shuffling around in the vicinity. Teddy boys wear strange clothes and dedicate themselves to the preservance of ancient British Youth cultures. *(Sounds familiar—Ed.)* . . .

Glamorous, outspoken **Bob Geldorf,** was at the *Quad* premiere to try and forget the fact that 'I Don't Like Mondays' is "on the way to becoming one of the biggest singles of all time." Or so boast his record company. Later in the week Bob was aghast to discover the release of the record is likely to be delayed in America because it might prejudice the trial of rifle toting **Brenda Spencer,** aged 17, on whom the song is based . . .

Lurking outside Shepperton studios the other day was former media whipping boy **John Lydon**. Attired in a stainless white suit set off by a pair of black goggles around his chin our anti-hero responded to cries of "Nice to see you, John" from assembled train spotters with a typically curt: "I know." He is planning to spend his summer hols this year in Europe's 16th most decadent town, Great Yarmouth . . .

Something almost stopped them: Up until the very last thirty minutes, **McFadden and Whitehead** were booked on the ill fated DC10 that plummeted earthwards in the US a while back. They were allegedly taken off the flight when their manager had, uh, "bad vibes" about their going to LA at that particular moment in time . . .

After years of experimenting, scientists have finally found the formula for bubble gum that doesn't stick to your face when you pop it. And what's more, **Joe Jackson** and **The Police** both have singles in the charts that were first released last year, when their record company *did* have a press office. Now they don't, the records are hits. Are we twigging something here? . . .

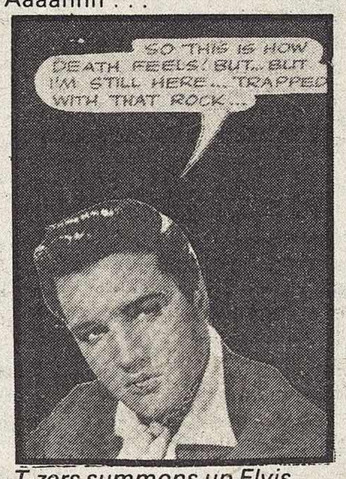
Has **Elvis Costello** ousted **Dennis Bovelle** from production hot-seat for **The Specials'** next single? Will **Rico** play trombone for that extra touch of authenticity? Is it called "Too Much, Too Young"? And did The Specials play at **Rat Scabies'** secret wedding reception? Yes, yes, yes and no. It was, in fact, Stiff Majordomo **Dave Robinson** whose big day went off with that Special touch . . .

Bet you didn't know that **Flying Lizards** 'Money' spinner is Design Centre approved. Lean, elegant, chanteuse **Deborah** used to operate the Centre's cash'n'wrap . . .

Or that lean, elegant **Norman Scott** of **Jeremy Thorpe** trial fame is even now contemplating a showbiz future in cahoots with **Gary Glitter** svengali **Mike Leander,** whilst Thrope himself is said to be a-wooing **Lord Delfont** with a view to TV personality-hood as well . . .

Art Garfunkel stars in the new **Nick Roeg** movie *Illusions,* but the less-fortunate **Doll By Doll** vocalist **Jackie Leven** found himself starring in a blood transfusion operation occasioned by exhaustion and a severe throat infection, though not before braving a foreshortened Nashville set. What a trouper . . .

Fellow-trouper **Ginger Baker** celebrated his fortieth birthday in Dingwalls last Sunday in the way he knows best, with "an impromptu rehearsal" of his new band. While short on famous friends the evening was notable for an equally impromptu rendering of 'Happy Birthday To You' by the massed choir of assembled Dingwalls liggers. All together now: Aaaahhh . . .



T-zers summons up Elvis ectoplasm

Well known American bore **Stephen Stills,** whose contracts when he plays gigs include four pages of stipulations about the size of his name on all advertising material, is set to hitch his wagon to **Susan Saint James.** And while we're on the subject, **George Hamilton,** star of **Dracula** movie *Love At First Bite,* was once married to **Alana Hamilton,** current bride of **Rod Stewart,** whose ex flame **Britt Ekland** has been seen in the company of **George Hamilton.** Bite 'em and leave 'em . . .

In the same vein we find that **Britt's** thoroughly tedious revelations about a bunch of equally tedious dillettante's sack habits are costing *The News Of The Screws* a handsome £110,000! . . .

The Undertones have bagged the opening slot on **The Clash's** next US tour. Just out in the States, and not before time, is The Clash's first album. Apart from the regular stuff, the Yanks get an earful of 'Clash City Rockers,' 'Complete Control,' 'White Man In The Hammersmith Palais,' 'I Fought The Law' and 'Jail Guitar Doors.' That's fifteen tracks in all plus a bonus EP and complete lyrics on the inside sleeve to help the colonials decipher the raging sound of England circa 1977 . . .

After last week's exclusive sighting of Messrs. **Phil Collins** and **John Martyn** in a Holborn hostelry a gentleman by the name of **Lee Brilleaux** was seen entering the same watering hole a week later to squander the fruits of a little flutter on the nags. *T-zers* has decided this can only mean one thing. A supergroup is imminent. So will you put your hands together for the Brilleaux, Collins and Martyn Band. Should be a goodie . . .

The stage at Edinburgh's Big Day Out rock fest is being lowered to the height of six feet to accommodate **Van Morrison's** insipient vertigo. This affliction nearly caused The Man to faint when he played the Glasgow Apollo earlier this year. The Apollo's stage has in the past been likened to the Dover cliffs . . .

Stop jangling that loose change in your pocket and score yourself a copy of the new big size uncensored black and white *Howard The Duck* comic-mag, in which the canny fowl returns to the heartland of the American nightmare and loses even more of the regard he may or may not have once held for us hairless apes . . .

To celebrate the second anniversary of the start of the great posthumous **Elvis Presley** gold rush, Shadow records have released a recording of a seance held to contact the former rock'n'roll singer at his home in the big McDonalds in the sky . . .

Just opened in the US are Francis Coppola's big bucks 'Nam extravaganza *Apocalypse Now* starring **Marlon Brando,** and *Americathon,* which features special appearances by **Elvis Costello** and **Meat Loaf,** whose new album is called 'Bad For Good.' The next *National Lampoon* movie, however, is likely to have a far more imaginative title, something along the lines of *Jaws 3* . . .

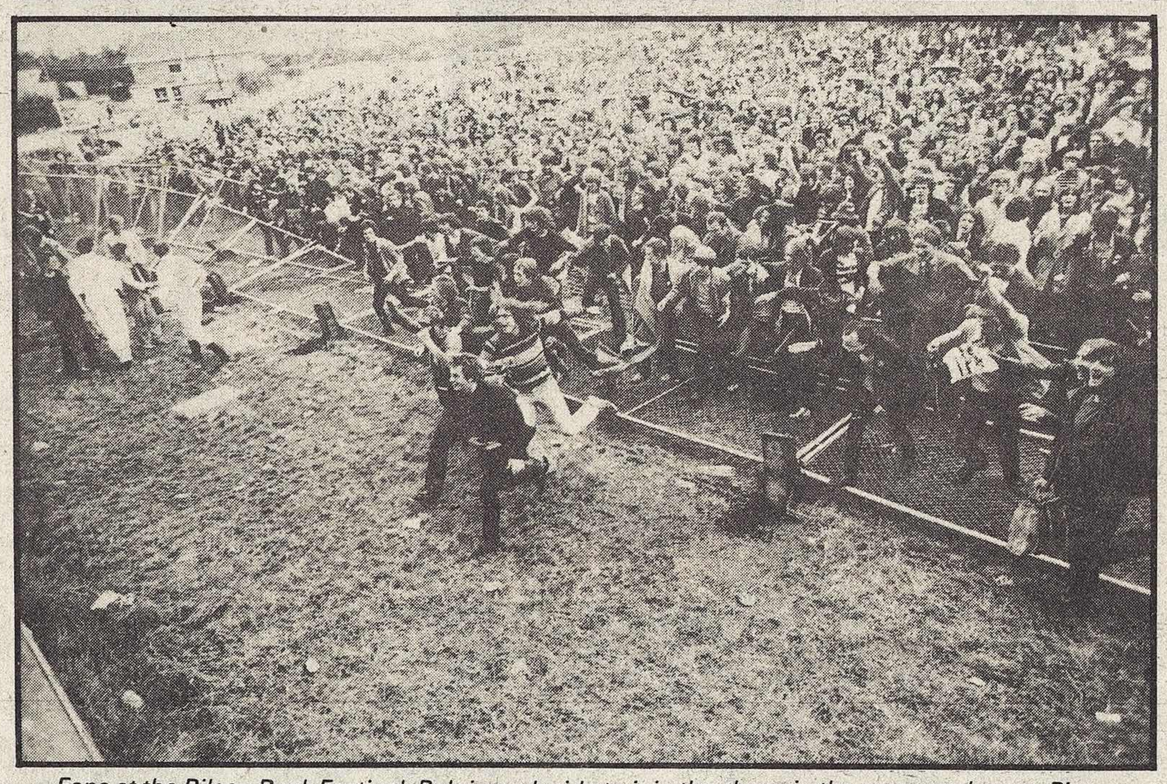
A new **Steely Dan** album is tentatively set for release in October, with a working title of 'Metal Leg: Jazz And The Single Girl.' The inscrutible duo say they've decided to quit writing songs about their college days, and it's rumoured the album contains six new **Duke Ellington** tunes and features **Mark** 'Holy Roller' **Knopfler** on washboard and steel comb . . .

Also in the pipeline is a **Pete Bellotte** (one half of **Giorgio Moroder)** produced **Elton John** disco (what else?) album. A report just in from the American paediatricians' annual conference confirms that over-eager disco dancing is responsible for at least ten per cent of complaints they treat. Not only that, but three Russian gentlemen are at this very moment picketing outside the New York museum of modern art to try to get a disco installed as some sort of art fixture. But what, there's worse to come . .

In the very same week, two goliaths of rock, between them an inspiration to many, have decided to ignore the *vox populi* and get back together. Their names: **Canned Heat** and **Blue Cheer.** Their mission: *boogie!* The spectre of **Black Oak Arkansas** looms before us . . .

Ah, the fragile dreams of rock'n'roll innocence: **Tom Robinson** has traded in his customised Grey Cortina for a somewhat less dashing but much more sensible off-white Ford Fiesta . . .

And completely oblivious to it, since he was *chez* **Mercury** asnooze at the time, was noted pratt **Freddie M.** But while he was asleep a curious thing happened. A large box was delivered to his door and since it was addressed to the big M one of his 'bodyguards' took it out into the back yard to open it, whereupon, completely unannounced, a nubile young girl who had never in her short sweet life heard 'White Light, White Heat' burst out, trembling, expecting Freddie. So determined was she to persist in her adventure that the local constabulary had to be summoned. Mercury's comment: zzzzzzzzzzzzzzz. . ."



Fans at the Bilsen Rock Festival, Belgium, decide to join the chaps in the press enclosure. Pix: Pennie Smith.

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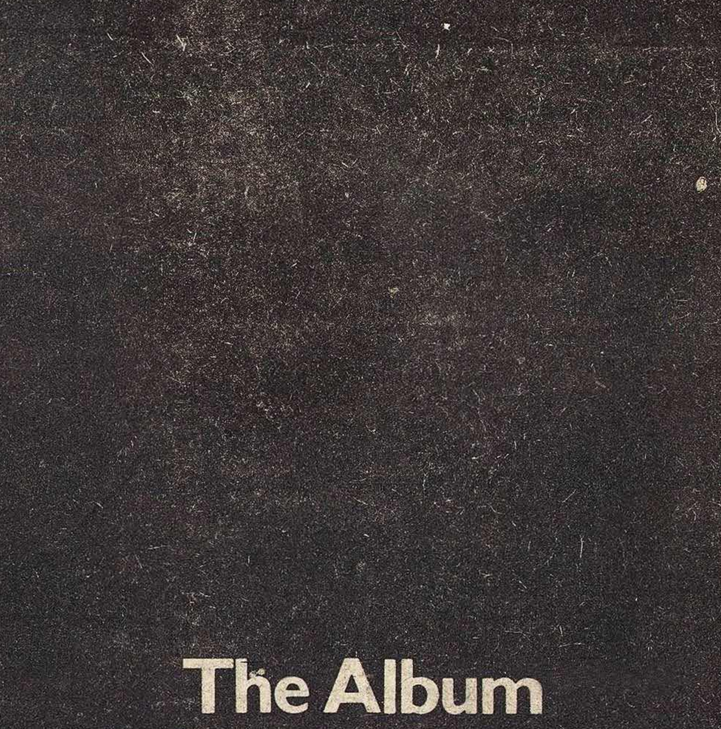

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